



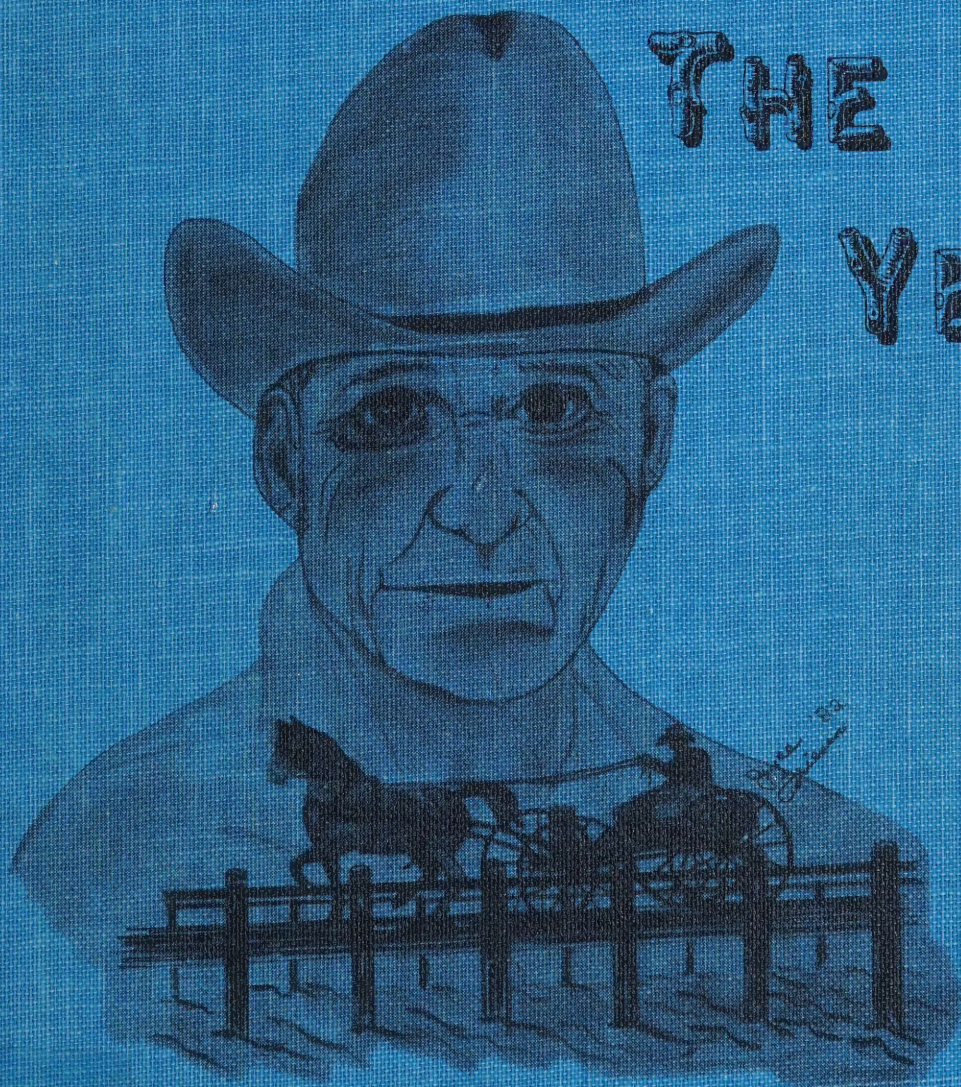
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BRIDGING

THE

YEARS



M. J. Watt

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BRIDGING

THE

YEARS

*Come walk with us over
the bridge of time.
Thru hardships, sorrow and joy
For the magic power of memory
Thrills every man and boy
These memories are our treasures
Just the way they used to be
We have them under cover
For all the world to see*

by Margaret and Norman McCallister

A History of Eastbank, Windfield, Hattonford and East Mahaska

Compiled by the

Hattonford History Book Committee

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Errors or Omissions

The stories herein have been written in the writer's own words. Perhaps some of the stories may conflict in part, it is however, as the writer saw it and remembered them.

We thank the people who took the time and made the effort to share their stories with us. Without them, this book would not have been possible.

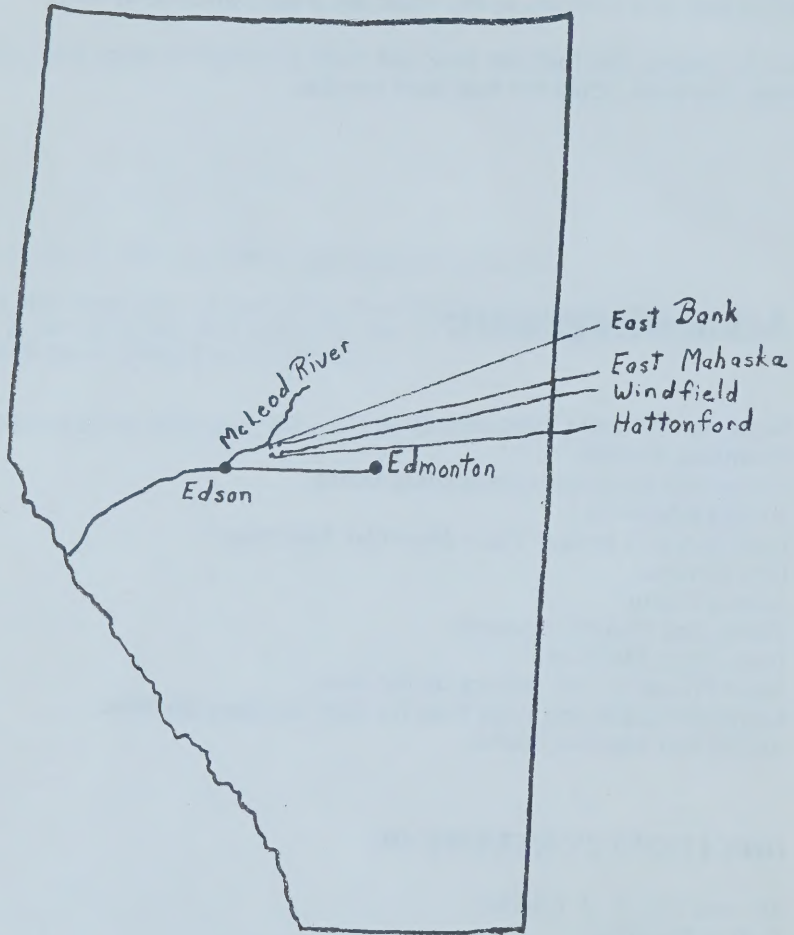
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DONATIONS IN MEMORY OF:

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cundict
J. Ross Woodring
Mrs. Rosa Margaret Lawton
Leonard and Douglas Cundict
Joseph Sim Lawton
William, Petra and Lance Wigley
Ben (Allan) Wiseman and son James
Harry Hodges
Granny Ford
Frank Ford
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ford

Where To Find Us



Sponsored by: The Hattonford Women's Institute

Foreword

Citizens of any community will find one of their finest and most enduring satisfactions coming from an organized effort to capture and preserve the story of their past, ensuring its benefits for themselves and their children.

History, whether local or national in scope, holds interest and charm and much more; it holds lessons from experience and society cannot afford to ignore the records of trials, adventures, hardships, disappointments and triumphs. It is the mark of maturity when the people of any region, little or big, show a wish to record the story --- which, of course, is history.

The citizens of Hattonford and District are to be congratulated for having set about to produce a book based on their short but colorful past. Those entrusted with the preparation accepted a big and responsible task. They deserve the community's thanks. They would find no lack of material, pioneer mistakes, pioneer tragedies, pioneer fun and humor. Oh those frontier tales about reverses, successes and unbelievable adventures that became more fantastic every time they were told. Even the stories that are obviously exaggerated should not be dismissed. Humor based on imagination was a very worthy quality of pioneer years when people made their own fun and humor was a worthy creation.

The area from which the book's contents will be drawn is not big and the population is not big. Hence a bigger burden will fall upon fewer individuals. More power to them, and may they reap the full reward of lasting satisfaction from an important task well done.

Grant MacEwan



Hon. Grant MacEwan, former Lieut.-Gov. of the Province of Alberta

A handwritten signature of Grant MacEwan in cursive script.

THE HATTONFORD HISTORY BOOK COMMITTEE



Back Row L. to R. - Gladys Davis, Susan Ophus, Margaret McCallister, Marie Lawton, Grace Cundict
Front Row L. to R. - Gloria Lawton, Diane Wigley, Shirley Manary, June Priestley-Wright.

The Hattonford History Book Committee was organized in the fall of 1979 by the Hattonford Women's Institute. Because the members had commitments to several other community clubs, the W. I. had decided to disband. However, before doing so officially, they wanted to fulfill a wish expressed by its past and present members.

As early as January 18, 1956 the minutes recorded that Mrs. Joyce Cundict moved, seconded by Mrs. Beatrice Cundict, that the group start to compile a history of Hattonford. This wish was expressed again in January of 1961 when Mrs. Grace Cundict volunteered to write to the University for help in organizing a history of the settlement.

Due to its small membership (the last members being Gladys Davis, Marie Lawton, Grace Cundict, Diane Wigley, Gloria Lawton, June Priestley-Wright and Margaret McCallister), the general youth of the group, and their comparatively short residence in the area, the W. I. felt the committee had to expand to include some of the oldtimers of the area whom they could use as resource people. From this came the birth of the "New Horizons Group" of seniors who became a part of the History Book Committee. These members were: Kathleen Cundict, Grace Cundict, Annie Larsen, Pearl Chalak, John Brooks, Ernie Rear, Harry Lawton, Roger Bowman, Dave White, and Iris Wiseman. As work on the book progressed, two of our seniors, Roger Bowman and Annie Larsen, passed away. We also acquired two new recruits, Susan Ophus and Shirley Manary.

The title of our book, "Bridging the Years", was chosen by the Hattonford History Book Committee as the most appropriate name submitted. The name signifies the uniting of past with present generations who took up residence in the area. A lot of water has run under the "bridge" over the last seventy years and along the way it deposited a treasure chest of memories, here for you to enjoy.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Part I - Way of Life

Transportation	2
Trapping, Past and Present.....	6
Trapping	9
Logging in Mahaska, East Bank and Hattonford.....	9
Logging in the Windfield Area.....	12
Farming, Obtaining and Preparing the Land	14
Crop Production and Harvesting.....	16
Farm Income	19
Brands.....	22
Milestones in the Community.....	24
Gas and Oil.....	24

Part II - Community Services of the Past

Maltson's Store	26
The Hattonford Co-operative Association	27
The Hattonford Post Office.....	28
Beaver Meadow School District #3187.....	28
Grace (Cargill) Mackay.....	32
Mrs. Elsie Watson	33
My Year at Beaver Meadow School - Hattonford	36
Beaver Meadow Meanderings.....	38
Dorothy (Jensen) Cooper	38
Dorothy (Wright) Kjelland	39
The Metro Kondruk Family	40
Windfield School District #4160	41
Remembrances of a School Marm.....	42
Health Services.....	44
All Saints Anglican Church.....	45
Weddings in All Saints Anglican Church.....	46
The United Church	48

Part III - Community Organizations Past and Present

The Community Club 51

The Young Peoples Club..... 51

Sports Teams 52

Hattonford Women’s Auxiliary 53

Hattonford Farmer’s Union Local #570 54

The Hattonford Social Credit Group..... 55

Hattonford Women’s Institute 56

Beaver Meadow Saddle Club 59

Beaver Meadow Recreation Club 63

Beaver Meadow and District Agriculture Society 64

The Three Halls 66

Part IV - Family Histories

(The Family Histories are all recorded in alphabetical order) 68

Part V - Military

Memories of World War I 208

Recollections of a World War II Veteran 210

An English War Bride Comes to Hattonford 218

It’s All Over 219

A Message From King George VI 220

Part VI - Reminiscences

Emigrant Thoughts 222

Bachelor Life 222

The Picnic..... 222

Family Water Sport 223

A Sure-Fire Vote Getter 223

Visiting Officials..... 223

Cowhide Coulee 223

The Hard Winter 224

Horse Tales..... 224

My First Moose	225
Hee-Haw.....	225
The Thirty-Five (S)Cent Skunk.....	225
A Trapper and His Dog	226
Trapping Beaver.....	226
What's Cookin'	227
The Babysitter	227
Mr. Wolfe.....	227
Homestead Visitors	228
Indian Visitors	228
Qualifications for Teaching.....	228
(X!!-?? X).....	228

Part VII - Picture Gallery

Weddings	230
Weddings of Two Generations	233
Weddings of Two Generations, continued.....	234
Pioneer Homes.....	235
More Pioneer Homes.....	236
Homes Then and Now.....	237
Pictures of the Past	238
Aerial Maps of Hattonford District	246



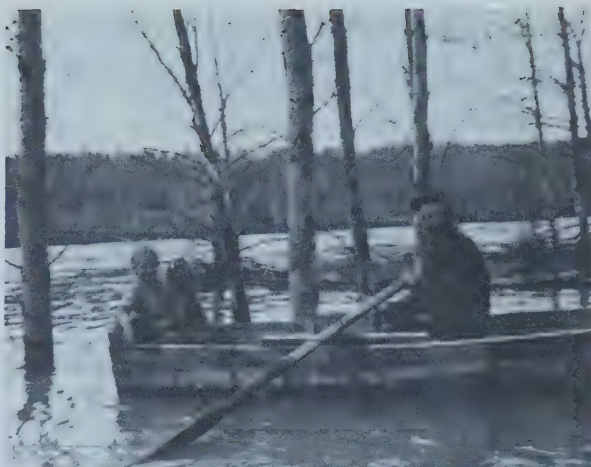
PART I

Way Of Life





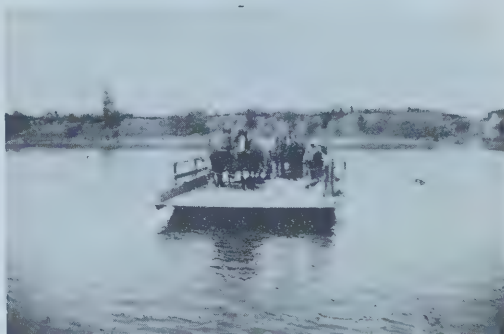
Mr. Albert Williams with his covered wagon



Spike Giesbrecht with Sandra and Sarah on the McLeod River



John Hartley with team and covered cutter



Mahaska Ferry (1918 - 1953)

This ferry crossed at Miller Flats to Cunningham Flats on the 15th Baseline. Operators were: Mr. Cunningham, Harry Hellekson, Mr. Inman, Jim Scott, Jim Milner, Bob Bradford and Lloyd Larson.



Ernie Rear on the old bridge over the Lobstick River



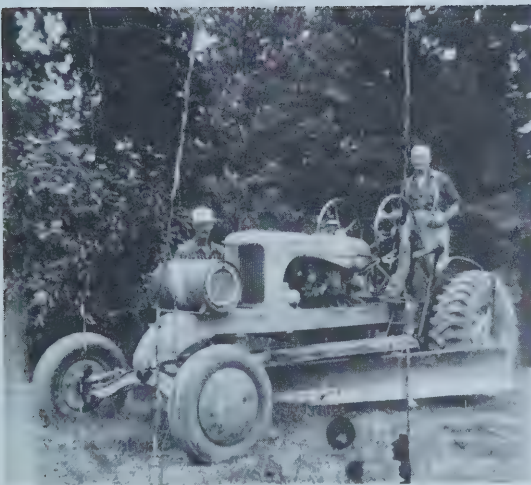
Road to Wiseman's in June, 1952



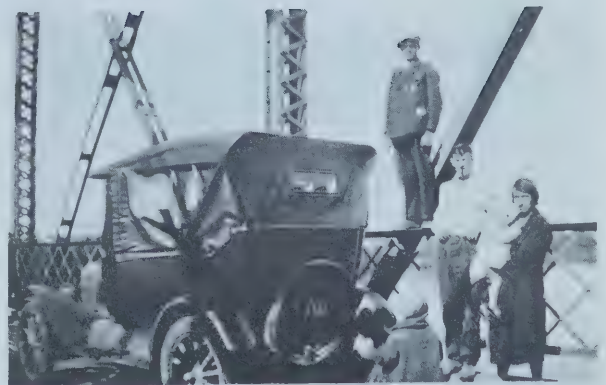
Building the Hattonford-Niton road



Ernie Cox with his first car in 1939



Ossie and Arthur Ford with road grader



The Peter Larsen's on their way to the homestead.

TRAPPING, PAST AND PRESENT, IN OUR AREA

by Claude Hellekson



Modern day road building (Tom and Dallas Ophus)

Trapping is what really opened up the bushland, in fact all of Canada. The quest for furs, mainly beaver, brought the first white men. At first, the Indians did all the trapping and gave the pelts to the French and English in exchange for manufactured goods. Before long, however, adventurous young men were drawn to this exciting way of life as well.

In the days before the steel trap came into general use, the snare and deadfall were used to capture fur-bearing animals. The deadfall was a very humane trap, whereby a heavy log would drop on the animal and kill it; it was used for large game. However, building this deadfall took a lot of time and very few, except the earliest trappers, knew how to build one.

The Indians and Metis travelling the Lac Ste. Anne pack trail were the first ones to trap in this area. The trail angled north and west from Lac Ste. Anne, past Beta Lake, passing north of where Grace Cundict lives, on to where Jim Babcock had his homestead buildings. Here the trail forked, one branch swinging to the south and west across the Hellekson homestead, going around the south edge of Messinger's pond and crossing the McLeod River near Broderson's homestead. Keeping north of the McLeod, it passed between the river and Reflection Lake, continuing on to Edson and points west. This part of the pack trail was called Jock's Trail, after a noted packer who used it, but it was an old Indian trail long before Jock came to this part of the country.

The other branch of the Lac Ste. Anne trail followed a north-westerly course to the north side of Loon Lake, crossing the McLeod River at what is now the Hellekson Flat, and on to the small Metis settlement just north of Shining Bank Lake.

At the forks of the Lac Ste. Anne trail was an old camping ground. Pack trail parties would travel this far together, then let the horses rest and feed for a day or two before separating to follow the two branches west. There was quite an open spot that the Metis kept burned off and there was always a supply of dry wood to build campfires. As each party broke camp, they



A 1965 Ford Half-ton



A 1979 Ford Pinto

removed their canvasses from the tepee poles, which were left standing for the next party.

About 1914 or '15, I went to one of these gatherings with my dad. Two parties were camped there, resting before parting company the next day. To me, it was a scene and an experience I shall never forget. For a boy who loved horses and the outdoors, it was a real thrill. I remember many horses scattered out feeding, horsebells tinkling, cooking fires in front of each teepee, packing gear placed in neat piles, and the murmur of the soft-spoken Cree language. I wish I could have a picture of that scene hanging on my wall today.

When the Grand Trunk Pacific laid the steel west from Chip Lake and the early homesteaders came into the area, many of them worked in bush camps during the winter months, thereby earning a small grub stake for the following summer. Instead of going to bush camps, a very few of these men took to the bush to catch fur-bearing animals, as their pelts would bring in a few of those much-needed dollars.

The animals they trapped were fox, coyote, mink, skunk, muskrat, weasel and, once in a great while, a lynx. The lynx and other valuable animals like beaver, marten and fisher were at the bottom of their cycle. They had been plentiful before the big fire that extended from Lac Ste. Anne to the Athabasca River had passed through some sixty years previously. Due to their exploitation because of the high price of their fur, they were slow in coming back. The timber wolf was not too plentiful in this area during these years either; many years later they came back strongly, as did the others.

Those that trapped in these early years and later included the Bryants to the east edge of Poison Creek district. To the northeast, Dave Guignon trapped in the bush around his homestead and was in a good area for mink, skunk and weasel. To the north of the Poison Creek settlement lived Vollatton, an experienced bushman and trapper. he trapped north to the fifteenth baseline and covered all the territory between there and his homestead.

Del Moffat, who homesteaded where Grace Cundict now lives, trapped in the area west, northwest and southwest. Moffat did not homestead to make a farm, but just to clear enough land to prove up and get his

title. Then he roamed the bush and timber with his traps, always looking to see what lay over the next sand ridge. He was an experienced trapper when he came to Poison Creek from Minnesota. Not a young man, he must have been in his late fifties or more, a small, wiry fellow, pleasant, quiet-spoken and well-liked. Although he was a trapper, he was a student of nature and was in tune with all wild animals.

I must add here that, although I write more about Del Moffat, I do not mean to take anything away from the other trappers. I knew Mr. Moffat much better than the others, as he used to stop in and have coffee with Mother and Dad and our family on his way to and from his bear traps, which were northwest of Dad's homestead. He caught five or six bears each spring. The first two years he trapped them, he fleshed, cleaned, and partly tanned each hide and sold them for a good price.

One time, coming back from his bear traps, he told of a huge bear he had caught. After tearing up things in quite an area, it left dragging the huge toggle, uprooting small trees as it went. Moffat went back with Frank Ford and two other fellows; they trailed and caught up with the bear, which charged at them, uttering great bawling and grunting noises. however, that wonderful big animal could not face the rifles and so another noble grizzly was no more. I say grizzly because, in later years, I was certain this bear had been of that species. Moffat's description matched that of grizzlies I have come in contact with over the years.

One day while we lived on the homestead in the Poison Creek area, about 1914-15, my brother, Harry, took me for a walk south east to Sunset Lake. We came upon a very old trapper's cabin; fur stretcher boards inside and outside the cabin were also very old. While my brother was looking at the stove and other things, I saw a pair of old pants hanging on the wall. Like any kid would, I went through the mouldy pockets and came up with ten cents - the first ten cents I had ever found. I felt rich because ten cents, at that time, would buy quite a sack of candy.

I later wondered who this trapper was and what had happened to him. Maybe he had come from one of the gangs clearing right-of-way for the railroad. Anyhow, it must have been a lonely life while he was there. Like all trappers throughout the northern woods, the only

music he heard were the sounds of nature - the breeze blowing through evergreen boughs, owls hooting, the shrill call of the Canada jay, the "dee dee" of the little chickadee, a woodpecker tapping on a dry tree and always the chatter of the red squirrel. Very often the howling and yapping of the coyote was heard and, sometimes on a cold, clear night, the long, haunting, primeval howl of the timber wolf, as it drifted over sandridge and muskeg, made the trapper wonder at its message.

The early trapper did a lot of snowshoeing; sometimes it was very difficult breaking trail after a heavy snowfall. He always had to be on his toes and watchful. Nature had no mercy on weakness or carelessness in man or animals, and there was no one to help should an accident occur.

What drove men to this lonely way of life? Certainly it was more than just the money for furs - something that reached back thousands of years, something he himself could not put into words. It is the love of a free and healthy life in a natural environment of wild animals, birds and plants that holds most trappers. Sometimes his reasons were just to get away from the law or civilization and all its regulations.

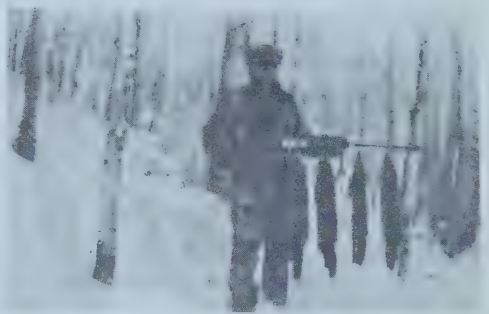
Sixty-seven years have come and gone since I stood with my brother in that cabin on Sunset Lake. Trapping has changed a lot over those many years. All government land is covered by registered traplines or areas. Each trapper pays a ten-dollar license fee and there is a trapping season on the different animals. The trapper must make a report at the end of each season, stating the number and kinds of animals he has taken. These are just a few of the regulations that now apply.

The law now requires a trapper to go over his trapline very often to lessen the suffering of animals caught in traps. With the advent of the snowmobile, this is quite easily done. He loads his machine on a half-ton truck and drives to where his line begins, unloads it and is on his way. Where it used to take him two days or more on snowshoes, he can now go over the same line in one day, bringing his furs out with him. At night, he is back in his warm, comfortable home. No more do you find him sitting in a rough cabin, skinning his animals by the light from candles or the coal oil lamp.

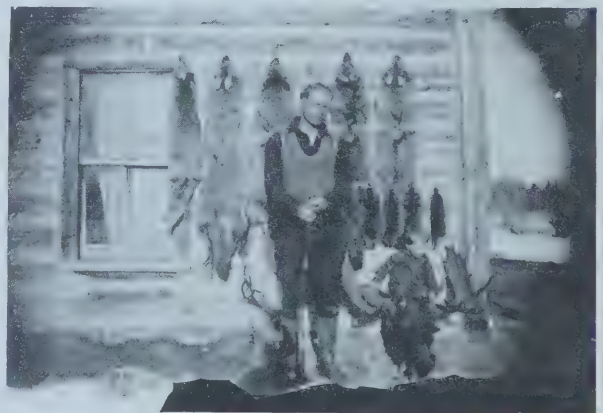
Some of the registered traplines in the area today are

as follows. West and southwest of Hattonford is Tiny McGuire's line, extending north from the railroad to east of the McLeod River. North of him is Wolf Fallbacher's line from the McLeod to the range line just on the west edge of Hattonford and up to the fifteenth baseline. North of the baseline is Cecil White's area. I do not know the names of the trappers to the north and south of Hattonford, but both areas are registered, except for privately owned land. William Elmquist and Mary Wilson (formerly Schomer) have registered traplines in the Windfield area.

Yes, many things have changed in trapping since early homestead days and it will undergo more changes, no doubt, in the years ahead.



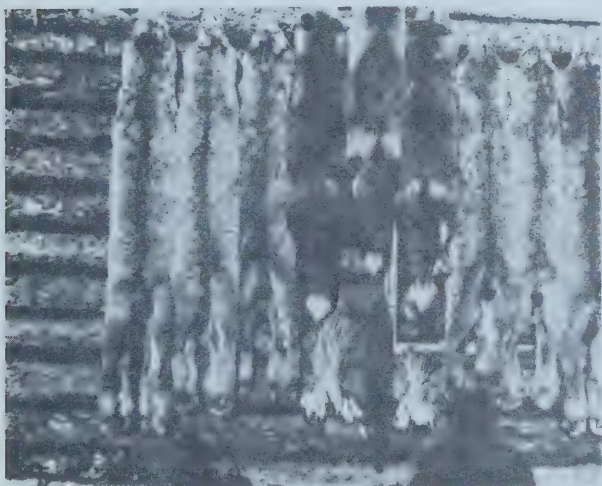
Frank Handwork with his catch of four marten



Claude Hellekson in 1927



Albert Bryant and timber wolves



W. Fallbacher's furs 1925-1955



August Staehle with coyote

TRAPPING

as told to Shirley Manary by Cecil White

Many of the early homesteaders derived additional income from trapping. Early trappers were a hardy lot, as many did not have cabins on their lines but usually just slept under a spruce tree. Travel was done on snowshoes and several men were accompanied by pack dogs. Until 1947, there were no allotted traplines and the trappers generally trapped wherever they wished. The furs trapped by those early trappers did not differ from present day catches, but the prices sure did. Early fur prices are listed below. Today's prices are in brackets.

Lynx	\$10.00	- 20.00	(\$350.00)
Coyote	5.00		(90.00)
Bear	3.00	- 4.00	(60.00)
Weasel	.90		(1.00)
Muskrat	.65		(5.50)
Squirrel	.04	- .20	(2.50)

Trapping undoubtedly assisted the early homesteaders by providing hard cash, a rare commodity, for necessary improvements to their lives, homes and land.

LOGGING IN MAHASKA, EAST BANK AND HATTONFORD

by Margaret McCallister

Logging in this area actually started with the early settlers back in the early nineteen hundreds. Almost the only tool they had was an axe; with it they cut and hewed the logs for any buildings they needed.

In the early twenties, our pioneer families heard of a sawmill, run by steam engine, across the McLeod River. They contacted the owners, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Acorn, to see if they would saw logs for them. The answer was yes, so the settlers went to work cutting and piling logs to be sawn into lumber for their own use. Among them were Bendalls, Cundicts and Fords. A Mr. Shaw brought in a planer and planed the lumber. Ernie Jager and George Bruner from Anselmo also brought in an outfit and did custom sawing.

In the late twenties, throughout the thirties and forties and on into the fifties, lumbering intensified. Many thousands of feet of lumber were taken out, as well as huge numbers of railway ties. The settlers were very grateful for the employment opportunities thus provided. In the lean years during the Great Depression, even a wage of one dollar a day helped to keep the wolf away from the door. As time passed, the salaries improved, but so did the cost of living and the extra cash brought in by lumbering was always appreciated.

The logging in those days was all done by man or horse power. Generally two men worked together cutting the logs, one on each end of a crosscut saw. Other men used axes to cut the limbs off the trees that were felled. After the limbing, came the job of skidding the logs out to the skidway, using horses. From there, the logs were loaded onto big logging sleighs and hauled to the mill site, where they were unloaded onto the rollway and rolled down to the mill. There was no big equipment going through the bush, damaging timber, as there is today; therefore, the same area could be logged again in a very short time. The sawn lumber and ties were hauled through the settlement by four to six horses hooked to a big logging sleigh. In later years, trucks were used for this purpose.

Over the years, some of the truckers involved in the logging business in this area were: Ardell, Walter Badke, Bud Beavercomb, Jack Berwick, Frank Brake, George Cooper, Ted Cundict, Dick Elliott, Leo Fantin, Forcade, Charlie Hartune, John Kapp, Lefflers, Paddy McPhee, Percy Pepper, Jim Rein, Holly Shenfield, Ed Strauss, Bert and Reg Tuckwood, Art Wanner, and John Yakama.

The Swanson Lumber Company was one of the largest in the area west of Edmonton in the early days. They had many lumber berths in different locations. Sometimes they ran their own camps and sometimes they subleased their berths to smaller companies and local people. Swanson had a lumberyard and store at Granada. Many of those subleasing hauled their lumber to this yard and purchased supplies for their camps at this store.

One of the first large camps here, subleased from Swanson's, was located close to the Williams' property and operated for several years, logging in all directions.

The camp was very self-contained, having its own supply store, living quarters for the married men and their families and bunkhouses for the single fellows. The main building was the cookhouse; the cooks in this camp were Mr. and Mrs. Fate.

Another similar operation was set up by Hansons just south of the Kokotovich and Moore properties. They subleased to small companies and local settlers. They worked both sides of the road, two miles to the east, two miles to the west, and south of within two-and-a-half miles of Niton. Although some outside workers were brought in by the company, many men from the immediate area were employed.

Two other quite large camps were run by E. Vankosky and the Boyko Lumber Company. Both operated at the same time along the baseline and both were very self-sufficient, bringing in their own supplies, and setting up family quarters, bunkhouses and a cookhouse. Boyko even had a blacksmith shop, where a hired smithy did the work for their own camp and others.

Some smaller companies logged over the years as well. John Maltson, who had a store in Hattonford, logged for several years in different areas, subleasing from the larger companies. He hired quite a number of men. At one time he had a large camp set up north of the Kirk Arnold property; he also logged on the Hartley land. This same property was later logged by Fred Dool, who also took quite a lot of lumber in the area and employed quite a few men.

Tom Clark operated several camps for many years. Some were his own berths and others were subleased from larger firms. He employed a number of men with quite a large set-up, northwest of the settlement and along the baseline. He made a trail west of Hattonford through to the baseline, still known as Clark's trail. Many of the other loggers used this same trail to haul their ties and lumber.

George Martino logged along the baseline; his foreman liked to hire young fellows who didn't know the ropes and would provide cheap labor. The mill was run by a steam engine, operated by Fred and Charlie Freeman. The cooks in this camp were Vera Brooks and her daughter. Fred Dool, Charlie Skiba, Albin Nero and O'Shea all logged for ties and lumber along the baseline, providing jobs for local residents.

The cooks at these various lumber camps filled an important role, for the men had huge appetites. Some of them were: Mrs. Ashmead, Jean Atkin, Mrs. Clark and daughters, Dot Cox, Jessie Euchner, Art Ingle, Maxine and Jim Lawrence, Nora Major, Verla McQuinn, Edna Robinson, Alice Skiba, Gladys Sterry, Irene Taite, Rose Trudge, Wanny Vickroy and Angeline White.

Two large railway tie camps were the Dave Hellekson camp and the Clapp brothers camp. The former was located between Hattonford and East Bank and the latter to the northwest of Albert Williams's land. Ed Anderson also ran a tie camp, employing a few men, west of the settlement. These ties were first hewed out by hand, leaving a smooth face. However, these became unacceptable due to the difficulty in applying wood preservatives. This led to the use of portable sawmills,

which left a rough face on the ties, allowing the preservatives to be absorbed more readily. The ties were hauled to the railway landing at Niton or MacKay, then peeled and loaded onto railway cars to be carried to their destination.

Families who took out quite a large amount of ties, fence posts and some lumber, working on or around their own property for a number of years, were the Sonnes, Kokotoviches, Moores, Ashmeads, Ingles, Wisemans and Ophuses. These were small operations employing mostly family members. If hired help was needed, a deal was usually made with neighbours who wanted some lumber.

The Cundict family has had three generations involved in logging. Mr. F. Cundict and his sons Bert, Ted and Leonard ran a family operation in the thirties. Ted took up the logging business for a living and Ted's son, Brian, still has a mill and does a bit of logging now and then.



Sawing lumber



Ernie Rear and Art Sonne at Sawmill



Bill Wigley and Ted Cundict sawing lumber

Some of the others who logged on a still smaller scale, mostly for their own use, selling just enough to pay their expenses were: Fords, Bendalls, Wagners, Rears, Coxes, Bengerts, Vidas, Maichens, Wigleys, Lawtons, Smigelskis, Curries, and Davises. Mr. Frank Ford also had a shingle mill and the Bendalls operated a lath mill.

Today, the only sizeable logging operation in the area is owned by Harvey Zerb and Sons. They have a large sawmill set-up on their land and everyone in the family helps in one way or another, handling all phases of the operation. A large part of their living is made by selling this lumber commercially.

Looking back through the years, it is surprising the amount of lumber, ties, mine props and other wood products that have been taken from the bush in this area.



Edgar Ophus, Ted Cundict and Bill Wigley sawing lumber in 1952.



Ernie Cox hacking ties



Dave Hellekson's tie camp



Sawing ties west of Ashmeads with Cundicts mill in 1932.

LOGGING IN THE WINDFIELD AREA

by John Tuckwood

Logging in the times past was always strenuous work, as it was done entirely by man and horse power. I came to this part of Alberta in the spring of 1931 and found out in a hurry that cutting logs, railway ties and lumber was the main source of income needed to stay alive. Even so, there was lots of hard work involved, but not much money. I remember when my two brothers, Reg

and Bert, and myself used to take out railway ties; we worked all winter to take out twenty-four hundred ties and earned twelve hundred dollars. After paying a stumpage fee of ten cents per tie, a subleasing fee of five cents per tie, paying for our food and that of the horses, we broke even. No money was seen for all the work cutting, sawing, hauling, and peeling. Times got so hard, we moved to Cloverdale, B.C. for awhile.

When my family and I came back, I returned to logging, working with my father-in-law, Dave White. We made ties with the broad axe and the logs were cut with a swede saw or crosscut saw.

A fellow by the name of Staple had a sawmill in the twenties, run by a steam engine. He also had a lath mill and this operation worked for several years. Sam Acorn also had a sawmill and planer in the area for a short time. Another one who had quite a big outfit was Hec Ross; he employed quite a number of men.

In the early years, Ernie Jager had a saw mill and did quite a bit of sawing for local people. He sawed enough lumber for a school and a community hall. The school was built, but the hall never was.

Some of the local people to take out logs were: Larsen, McNally, Schook, Patterson, Skorobohaty, Chalak, Marenchuk, Toby, Antonich, Kostiuik, Heggblade, Foster, Guignon, Leeming and the Shaws. Many of these people were early settlers and logged for their own use; a few of the sturdy buildings they made are still standing today.

In the 1930's, the Corser Brothers ran a big camp in the Mackay area; the mill was steam-powered. As well as providing much-needed jobs for the local men, this also kept many away from the soup kitchens in Edmonton, as they employed a large number of outsiders as well. The men worked just to have a roof over their heads for the winter and food in their stomachs. They would cut logs, skid, haul, or do any kind of work available. In the spring, they would end up owing the company for their board, which generally didn't get paid. This camp also provided a market for any extra food products the farmer had.

Jim Brooks ran a camp along Irish Creek in the forties; he had some of the Desjarlais working for him and they made their home along the creek as long as the

mill operated.

Amos McCastle ran a mill for awhile; he had John and Jim Brooks and John Antonich working with him. In 1945, he had a sawmill and logging setup on NW16-55-11-W5, the property I now own. I have logged and farmed it since 1959; this goes to show that, if the timber is logged with care, it can be harvested many times.



John Tuckwood



Dave White, daughter Gertrude, son Ted



Frank Wilkinson loading ties



Gibb Thompson, Charlie Larsen, Will and Alex Foster, Don McDonnell sawing wood

FARMING OBTAINING AND PREPARING THE LAND

After the western lands were purchased by the Government of Canada from the Hudson Bay Company in 1870, Dominion surveyors divided those lands into townships, sections and quarter sections in preparation for settlement. Immigrants from many countries were lured here by the promise of free land.

Any person over the age of eighteen could claim a quarter section of one hundred sixty acres (the homestead) for a ten-dollar registration fee. The homesteader agreed to build a home, live on the land for six months each year and have a set number of acres under cultivation. If these conditions were fulfilled at the end of three year's time, the land was his.

The first settlers came to this area in the early 1900's. They came with very little material wealth, but they had much determination and enthusiasm. The homesteader would first pick out his parcel of land and then put in his application. The ideal locations had meadow areas which could be put into production right away. Land that had light bush was also preferred, as it was easier to clear. However, much of our district was quite heavily forested, requiring considerable clearing.

As soon as the shack and shelters for the horses, cattle and chickens were built - usually of logs, the most readily available material - the chore of clearing the land began. After felling the trees, the stumps had to be removed. This was done by using a shovel, grub-hoe and axe, along with plenty of muscle and sweat. The

larger stumps were loosened with stumping powder and pulled out by horses or oxen. Huge bonfires burned up the trees, brush and stumps. Often these got away from the home-steader's control, speeding up the process of clearing!



John Maichen and his home

Next came the seemingly endless job of picking rocks and roots, before the land could be broken with a breaking plough. Following this, a disc was used to break down the furrows. A team of horses or oxen pulled this equipment with the homesteader walking or riding, in a standing position, behind.

In modern times the same steps must be followed, but the use of the "cat" to uproot and pile the trees and tractors pulling larger ploughs, discs and harrows has made the job of land preparation much easier and faster.



The Strudwick barn



Bill Wigley breaking land



Ernie Cox with his walking plow



Arthur Ford on his disc



Jim and Lloyd Bendall ploughing



CROP PRODUCTION AND HARVESTING

Seeding, haying and harvesting are the three main operations involved in farming. A few of the early homesteaders seeded by hand. The hand seeder was carried on his back like a pack sack. He would walk up and down the field cranking a handle which was attached to a propellor, causing the seeds to be spread out over the soil. Most used a seed broadcaster, pulled by a team; this consisted of a long seedbox mounted on wheels and equipped with an agitator to disperse the seed. This was later replaced with the tractor-pulled seed drill, still in use today.



Haying at Larsen's



Stacking hay

Before the homesteader could afford machinery, hay was cut with a scythe, which had a long, curved blade fixed at an angle to a long, bent handle. Learning to swing it rythmically was a real art. The hay was then



In 1975 the old method of raking hay could be seen on the Tom Ophus farm.



R. Karl holding Marie, Anne and Karl

raked with a wooden-toothed hand rake or pitch fork. When it was dry, it was lifted by pitch fork onto a wagon, hauled to the loose stack, and pitched or hoisted off. Later hay mowers were purchased; this machine, approximately five feet wide, was equipped with cutting blades. A dump rake with long teeth would gather the hay into a coil and a hay sweep, shaped like a large, spread-out fork, would pick up the dry hay. A hay sloop was used for stacking. All of this machinery was pulled by horses. As mechanization progressed, tractors replaced the horses. Haybines and forage harvesters, often self-propelled, do the cutting; square and large

round balers gather up the hay; bale movers or trucks carry the feed to where it is stored.

Grain was first harvested by the homesteader using a cradle; this was a frame of wood with a row of long, curved teeth projecting above and parallel to a scythe. It laid the grain in bunches as it was cut and these bundles were then tied together by hand, using straw. This was soon replaced by the horse-drawn binder which cut the grain stalks and tied them into bundles with twine. These bundles then had to be stooked, by setting six or eight of them upright in a circle, with the heads leaning against each other. The binder was used for many years, the tractor later taking the place of the horse.



Ksenia Marenchuk stooking



E. and E. Rear cutting grain

One of the first methods of threshing grain was with a flail. This implement consisted of a staff, to one end of which was attached a swinging stick or bar. Beating the grain from the straw by hand was very hard work and it took many long days before the job was done.

This method was replaced by the handfed threshing machine. This was quite an expensive piece of equipment and there were very few in any one community. Pattersons and Bruners from Windfield were the first to own outfits in this area. They would travel from farm to farm threshing grain, sometimes on into the winter months. The bundles were put into stacks far enough apart for the threshing machine feeder to fit between them. Two men would cut the twine and feed the bundles into the machine from both sides. The grain came



The Cundict's threshing machine

down a spout into hundred-pound sacks which had to be carried away. Two or three men also carried away the straw, as it just fell from the rig and would pile up there. The threshing machine was run by a stationary steam engine. All in all, it was a pretty slow procedure.

In the 1930's, the tractor-powered separator was welcomed and stook threshing was introduced. Cundicts and Wagners were the first people in the area to have this type of machine. They and their crews went threshing all around the district. It took six teams to haul in the bundles, two men to operate the machine and a spike pitcher to throw the bundles to the feeder. The straw was blown into a big straw pile and the grain was augered into granaries. It was quite an improvement over the old way.



Threshing



The Cundict's threshing machine



Pull-type combine

Because these methods were so labour-intensive, large threshing crews were necessary. It was probably the time dreaded most by the farm wife. She would rise very early to prepare a large breakfast, then make a mid-morning snack to be carried to the field, followed by a big noontime meal. Another lunch was required in the afternoon and a large supper in the evening. Then piles of dishes had to be washed and baking done for the next day.

Today, harvesting requires two pieces of equipment, each of which can be run by the farmer himself. The crop is cut with a swather, left to dry, and then separated into straw and grain by the combine. The grain pours into a truck-box from which it is augered into granaries and the straw is baled like hay.



FARM INCOME



Mr. E. Sterry with his first tractor



Little grain has been shipped from the settlement because the locally grown grains are chiefly used as livestock feed. However, a certain amount was shipped in the past. The Windfield people would take their grain to the Mackay elevator to be loaded into railway cars. The first elevator man was Jack Apple. The Hattonford residents would usually transport their grain to Niton, where Pete McCormick operated the elevator. Sometimes the farmers got as little as twenty-five cents a bushel for their grain.

Throughout the years, cattle, pigs and sheep have been shipped from the area. In the early days, the cattle had to be herded to the railroad stations, loaded onto the cattle cars and transported to the packing plants in Edmonton. Pigs and sheep were hauled in wagons or sleighs and loaded into cattle cars. Now trucks come right to the farm and pick up the animals, in most cases.

The main source of income for farmers over the years was milking cows and separating the cream to be shipped to creameries or dairies. The cans were first transported to the stations and loaded on the train. Later, they still had to be hauled to the highway, where full cans were exchanged for empty ones by the trucker. In recent years, the expensive machinery, milking parlours and storage facilities required, make dairy farming a very specialized field and most farmers in this area are involved in beef farming, either in cow-calf operations or feedlots.

Just as many of the earlier residents had to supplement their income by lumbering or trapping, today's farmers often have to hold down part-time or full-time jobs to increase their cash flow.

With the technological advances in recent years, the greater number of animals he must have, hence a larger land base, and the steadily increasing cost of production, the farmer has learned that he must be a very sharp businessman in order to keep up with our progressing times.

Dec 24 1951

DETACH BEFORE CASHING.

DETACH BEFORE PRESENTATION

[illegible]

The Twelve Days Of Harvest

adapted for use by the Hattonford History
and written by B. Wood, Egnar, Colorado

ON THE FIRST DAY OF HARVEST my true love said to me, with our kids to help
he wouldn't need me.

ON THE SECOND DAY OF HARVEST the kids all laughed with glee, 'cause the chicken chores
and milking chores would now be up to me.

ON THE THIRD DAY OF HARVEST my husband said to me, "Help tie the tarp down,
run this half load into town, pick up some salt blocks and then check the cattle,
'cause we're too busy."

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF HARVEST they gave a broken part to me, said, "try the Co-op
at Mayerthorpe, every implement dealer, just keep driving till you find the right pul-ley."

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF HARVEST my husband said to me, "We're moving to the other field,
you bring the pickup, fill up the gas tanks and water jugs, put in the tool box, a can of bolts
with nuts and locks, better bring our dinner and this time don't forget the loed tea."

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF HARVEST my daughter called to me, "The elevator's tied up I can't
get unloaded. Take the old Chevy truck, make sure it's gased up check the oil and battery
and get over the west field in a hurry!"

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF HARVEST my husband said to me, "We're going to bring some wheat in,
will you clean out the north bin?" Then he set up the auger and left me scooping breathless-ly.

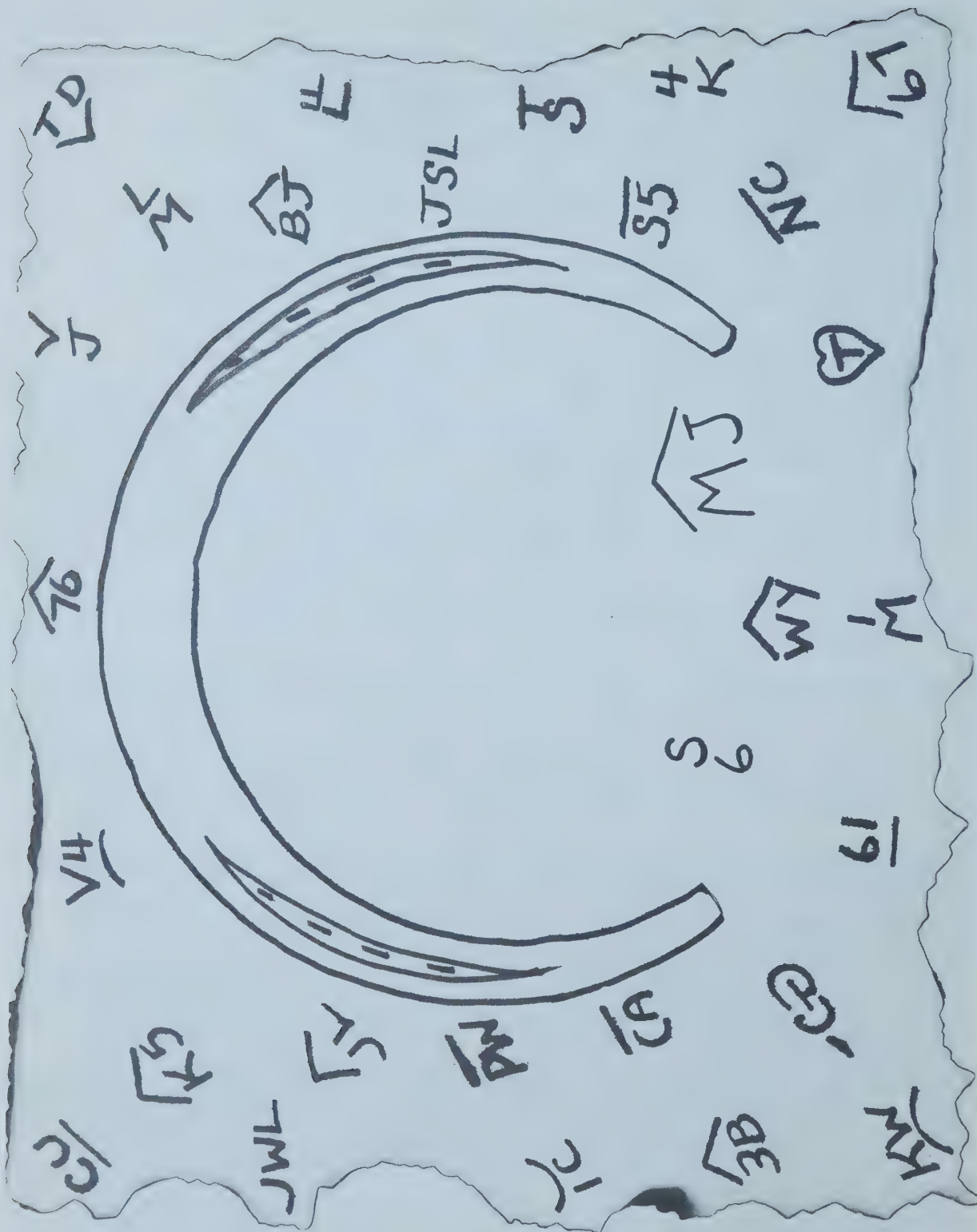
ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF HARVEST my husband gave a list to me, "Don't know if this belt will last,
better get to town fast, I need another reel slat, filter and bearing. Bring it by the field,
throw in an extra scoop and don't forget the goop that makes the chains run free."

ON THE NINTH DAY OF HARVEST at eleven-thirty, the clutch went out on the combine
and he called on the CB. Said, "Find the heavy log chain, get the Ford tractor and come pull me."

ON THE TENTH DAY OF HARVEST my true love snapped at me, as I handed tools up to him
....very nervous-ly.

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF HARVEST the whole crew said to me, "Want to fill the gas tanks
while we eat, take home this load of wheat and bring back one wrench, lug, another water jug,
and a spray bomb for the sweat bees."

ON THE LAST DAY OF HARVEST my husband grinned at me, "If everything goes right,
we should be done by midnight," and "Aren't you glad you didn't have to help HON—NEE!!!"



CU - L.Sh. - Estate of Mrs. B.M. Cundict SS - L.Sh. - Fred Smigelski

K5 - L.H. - Kathleen Cundict I - R.H. (Horse) - Tom Ophus

JWL - L.R. - James W. Lawton

JL - L.Sh. - J. H. Lawton

JSL - R.R. - John Lawton

BJ - R.H. - Basil Manary

PW - R.H. - Fred Priestley-Wright

IC - L.H. - Clarence & Mary Bowman

L - L.Sh. - Brian Cundict

CA - L.Sh. - James Carie

TD - R.H. (Cow) - Tom Ophus

3B - L.H. - John Clark

V - L.Sh. - Julius Vida

KW - L.H. - Klaas Wildeboer

76 - R.R. - Paddy Green

-C D - L.R. - Clarence Wilkins

V4 - L.Sh. - Mrs. Idela Vida

61 - L.H. - Norman McCallister

WY - L.R. - Dale Wigley

MJ - R.Sh. - John Maichen

M - L.Sh. - Martin Bauman

S - R.H. - Jacob Schriever

T - R.H. (Cows) - Lee and
- R.Sh. (Horses) - Gladys Davis

L - R. Side - Lawton Farms

67 - L.H. - George Lawton

NC - Cecil White

4 - L.R. - Karl P. Larsen

MILESTONES IN THE COMMUNITY

All the modern facilities which we enjoy today came to our area less than twenty-five years ago. Power was not installed until the spring of 1958 and telephone service was not made available until the summer of 1966. Natural gas was introduced in 1974. It is truly amazing how the community has progressed from the "dark ages" in such a short time.



Putting in a power pole

These local wells provide some extra income for the landowners, which is one way in which the presence of oil and gas is felt but the major spin-off is the jobs which it produces. Many of the younger farmers in the community worked, or still work, on the rigs to earn the money to begin farming. Others work in oil and gas related jobs on a part-time basis to supplement farm income, as the earlier settlers did by lumbering or trapping.



GAS AND OIL

by Gloria Lawton

One cannot call a history of an area in the province of Alberta complete without mentioning the influence of gas and oil.

The first wells drilled in the area covered by this book were in 1954, on SE 22-55-11-W5 by APL Oil and Gas and on SE 17-56-12-W5 by Shell Resources. Both wells were abandoned.

Although several wells have been drilled, as yet only a few are in production and several have been capped. The area is basically a gas field and there is some indication that it has not been developed to its full potential.

PART II

Community Services Of The Past



MALTSON'S STORE

by Gladys Davis

John Maltson was born in Germany. After coming to Canada, he lived in the Fabyan and Wainwright, Alberta areas. He became a travelling salesman for National Blend Tea and Coffee and Stinson Bakery. This is how he acquired the name “Coffee John”.

It was on one of these trips that he decided to homestead in the Hattonford district and build a store. In the winter of 1935-36, John had Mr. Fjeld and his sons, Albert and Louis, build the log building. To open the store on February 5, 1936, a dance was held there.

Harry Chow and George Sing were the first people to run the business. The groceries for the store usually came out from Edmonton by train to Niton. Then they were hauled by team or truck to Maltson's Store. Sometimes, John would bring some things out when he came through on his travels.

George Sing passed away May 28, 1938 and is buried in the Hattonford Cemetery. After his death, John Franko and his sister, Margaret, came to help Harry Chow. It was these two men who built the log house that adjoined the store.

Besides groceries, the people in the neighborhood were able to buy oil, sacks of feed that were kept in the large log garage, and other necessities for farming, as well as for logging. In addition, the store served as a depot for people to haul ties by team. From there, they were taken by truck to the railroad at Niton. It also served as a depot for livestock. Farmers would bring livestock there that they wished to sell. These would be picked up by truck and taken to town for them.

Later, Harry Chow decided to move back to Edmonton and, over the remaining years that the store was open, Earl Schomer, Dave Bowerman, Glen Ashmead, Jim Bendall, Peggy Cooper and Arthur Bryant each spent some time running the business. John also spent the last while running it himself. It burned in the winter of 1947.



Maltson's National Store

— PLEASE KEEP THIS BILL FOR REFERENCE —

Bought of

Date, March 7 1940

M

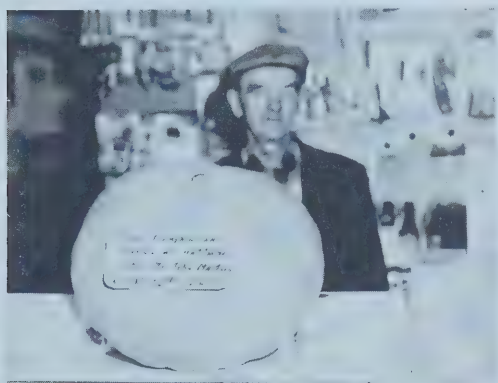
Address

		Account Forwarded	
10	lbs sugar	✓	45
1	pkg mince meat		30
1	lb coffee		45
1	pkg tea		65
1	lb jam		50
3	lbs milk		30
1	dozen oranges		30
			3 35
bottle soap			10
paid			3.45
m22 m d r			1.55

WESTERN SALES BOOK CO. LTD. FACTORIES: WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER

After the store and adjoining house burned, John had Philip Beauprais build a new house for him. Throughout his life, John was a very busy man as a travelling salesman. He peddled such things as eggs, butter, blueberries and "cheery oats". He also ran logging camps, creating a lot of work for people in the area.

In 1965, John's health was failing. He spent most of the summer in the Edson Hospital and died August 28, 1965.



John Maltson with prize pumpkin

THE HATTONFORD CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

by Grace Cundict

The Hattonford Co-op Association was first started as a livestock shipping association. Then in 1946, a small retail outlet for gas, oil, livestock feeds, nails, wire, etc. was established.

From this start came the idea that, for the convenience of proximity, buying in bulk quantities, and a lower mark-up, a general store to include groceries and some dry goods would be a benefit to everyone. It would also help to keep the community spirit alive and, by Co-op regulations, perhaps small dividends could be paid. A general meeting was called and it was decided to apply for a Co-op grocery membership and licence. Quite a few members pledged one hundred dollars or more to fund the initial orders.

A slab building was bought and moved onto the land already purchased from Grace Woodring for ten dollars. With volunteer labor on the building and the acquisition of a few necessary items of equipment, the Co-op Store opened for business in 1947. Some of the wartime quotas were still in effect and items such as cheese, chocolate bars and dates were just not available. The Co-op handled fertilizer supplies for several years as well as hardware on order.

The managers of the store through the years were: Grace Woodring, Frank Ford, Ed Strauss, Harry Hodges, Joyce Cundict and Grace Cundict. Mr. D. Bowerman was secretary for many years.

In 1967, with the combination of better roads, higher shipping costs and more competition, the board of directors asked the general membership for a vote to close the business. This was done in a few months time. The stock was cleared by bargain sales, the equipment was auctioned and dividends were paid to the members from the total monies from these sales.

This Co-op served a good purpose during the twenty years it was in operation but, like the small post offices and other businesses, it too fell by the wayside in the name of progress.



Moving building for Co-op Store



Harry Hodges at the Co-op Store



Co-op Director's meeting

THE HATTONFORD POST OFFICE

After the road was cut through the bush to Niton, a post office was opened in the district at Herb Ford's place. His sister, Miss Nellie Ford, was appointed postmistress and Mr. Dave Strachan, the mail carrier. In their honor, the name suggested for the post office was Strachanford but, due to misinterpretation at the

head office in Edmonton, it was registered as Hattonford Post Office. Later, Miss Ford and Mr. Strachan were married and the post office was transferred to the Dave Strachan residence on the southwest quarter of 4-56-12-W5.

After a few years, Mr. H. Bendall was appointed mail carrier and postmaster. He later gave up both these positions due to the terrible condition of the Niton road. Mr. A. H. Bryant became the new mail carrier and post master and the post office was transferred to Mr. Bryant's place. The post office remained at A. H. Bryant's until early in 1945, when Mr. Bryant retired. Then Mrs. Grace Woodring was appointed and moved the post office to her home on SW-27-55-12-W5.

When the Co-op was formed and started business, the post office was moved into the store. In 1947, Grace Woodring gave it up and Mr. Dave Bowerman was the new postmaster. When the Bowermans decided to leave Hattonford in 1956, Grace (now Cundict) took over again and kept the office in the store until the store closed in 1967. Once more the post office was moved to her home, where it remained until closed on August 29, 1970. During these years the mail carriers to and from Niton were: Henry Ford, Ossie Ford, Gordon Harris and Allen Wiseman. At the present time, there is a set of mailboxes on Grace's corner and the mail is brought up Tuesday and Friday mornings by Dorothy Kjelland, the Niton postmistress, or her daughter, Connie Strauss.

The following is a copy of the date stamp for the last day the Hattonford Post Office was in operation.



BEAVER MEADOW SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 3187

by Triss Wright and Kathleen Cundict

On September 25, 1914, the Beaver Meadow School District was established. The name was chosen because of the many meadows in the area that were flooded due to the work of beaver.

Beaver Meadow

S. D. No. 3187

Attendance for the Month of _____

March

1917

PUPILS REGISTERED No.			Teacher		1ST WEEK							2ND WEEK							3RD WEEK							4TH WEEK							5TH WEEK							TOTAL
AGE	GRADE	NAMES OF PUPILS.	DAY OF THE MONTH.																																					
			MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.			
18	9	Alice Hennon																																		6				
16	8	Harry "																																		8				
12	3	Claude "																																		9				
11	3	Arthur Sonne																																		8				
10	2	David Hellekson																																		9				
7	1	Paul "																																		9				
10	1	Albert Condict																																		7				
8	1	Beatrice "																																		7				

Contract terminated by mutual agreement as district is a cashless state and unable to raise money by loan

TOTAL DAILY ATTENDANCE		58888855	63
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Enrolment for the month 8

No. of teaching days school was open during the month 9

I hereby certify that the above record of attendance is correct in every particular.

Aggregate days' attendance for the month 63

Average attendance for the month 7

Percentage of attendance for the month 87 1/2

Teacher R. W. Morehouse

In those days, the school business was run by a local board. The board consisted of five members, a chairman, a secretary-treasurer, and three trustees. Mr. F. J. Cundict was the first secretary-treasurer. School taxes were collected by the local board and a per pupil government grant was received with which to operate the school.

The school was built of hewn logs, on the northwest corner of Section 27, in Township 55, Range 12, West of the Fifth Meridian. It was built by volunteer labor, but due to a lack of funds at this time, it was not opened until the latter part of January 1917. In the meantime, some families left and went where their children could go to school. The first teacher was Mr. Moorehouse. He was here a very short time, perhaps a month and a half. The first pupils were Alice, Dave, Claude and Paul Hellekson, Bert and Triss Cundict, Arthur Sonne and Dudley Rutter. After the school closed at this time, more families left, leaving only three children of school age in the settlement. School did not open again until more families with school-age children moved into the area and sufficient funds to pay the teacher were in the bank.

In the spring of 1920, school was opened again with a university student, Mr. F. A. Rudd, being the teacher. He came in the middle of May, after the university year had ended, and stayed until the middle of September. For some time, school was only opened for approximately four months at a time. Some children had lessons by mail from the Department of Education in Edmonton. These lessons would be completed and returned to the Department for correcting. Often when a qualified teacher was unavailable, a supervisor was hired to work at the school and supervise the correspondence courses.

Eventually the School Board was able to hire a teacher for ten months of the year. During the severely cold weather in January and February, the school was forced to close, since many children had too far to walk in such weather. The time was made up by opening the school in July and August.

The older children took turns doing the janitor work for five dollars per month. In the winter, it was quite a job to keep the school warm. Many times the desks were pulled around the big wood-burning heater to keep the children warm, and they often kept their coats

on. The appointed janitor had to go to the nearest residence for a pail of drinking water.

The school was used for social events, church services and general meetings. Once it even took on a hospital atmosphere when the District Nurse from Peers (Mrs. Freifeld) and a doctor came and removed tonsils and adenoids of some of the children.

During the early years, the teachers boarded at various homes, wherever there was a spare room. Later a teacherage was built next to the school. After some years, the old log school was taken down and used for fire wood, and a new lumber school was built in about 1940, and a well was drilled. This school had the honor of being the first painted building in Hattonford.

As time passed, a central school was formed at Niton Junction and the Beaver Meadow School was taken there to be used as a classroom for a short time. From there, it was moved to Edson. Kathleen Cundict purchased and moved the teacherage; the coalshed and barn remained and eventually succumbed to the elements. The land, after several owners, was sold for taxes to Dale Wigley who eventually sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes. They have built a log house on it and now call it home.

The school bus drivers over the years in the Beaver Meadow area were: Metro Kondruk, Dave Kondruk, Pete McCormick and George Dickson.

Following is a list of teachers and supervisors who were at the Beaver Meadow School at one time or another.

1917 - Mr. Moorehouse
1920 - Mr. Rudd
1921 - Miss McQuarrie
1922 - Miss Davis
1923 - Miss Burgess
1924 - Mrs. Lillo
1925 - Mr. Garry
1926 - Mr. Clark
1927 - Mrs. Pitblado
1928 - Mr. Pauley
1929 - Grace Cargill
1930 - Edith M. Larsen
(Sept. 3 - Dec. 22)
1930 - 1931 Marion Paulson
1932 - Margaret A. Davis

1933 - 1940 Elsie Watson
 1941 - Ailsa Walker
 1942 - Hazel Willetts
 1943 - 1945 William M. McTavish
 1946 - Dorothy Jensen
 (supervisor)
 1947 - Olive Anderson
 1948 - Dorothy Wright
 (supervisor)
 1949 - Olive Kelly
 Mabel F. Overton
 1950 - Barbara Ressler
 1951 - Mrs. Kessler
 1952 - Metro Kondruk



Mr. Clarke



Mr. A. Pauley



1920 Mr. Rudd and students



Miss Davis



Back Row l. to r.
P. Arnold, O. Ford, R. Williams, K. Cundict, M. Clark, N. Ford, I. Schomar, G. Schomar, J. Ford, T. Cundict, K. Ford, M. Babcock, E. Guignon, E. Babcock, R. Ford, L. Cundict.
Front Row M. Bryant, A. Bryant, L. Stracken, A. Strachan



Church picnic at the old log school



Beaver Meadow School



Teacherage at Hattonford. Marion Wiseman, Mildred Wiseman and Nellie MacDonald

GRACE (CARGILL) McKAY

My memory of Hattonford is rather sketchy at this date. When I went there about 1929, I boarded with the Fred Cundict family. Bert, Beatrice, Ted, Kathleen, and Leonard were all pupils of mine.

Closer to the school lived the Bendall family; Rosie and Jim attended school. Joyce, Nora, and Renee were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ford. Joyce and Nora attended school, but I don't think Renee was school age. Another Ford family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ford, was represented by Ossie, Raymond, and Kenny; they had younger children as well. Mr. and Mrs. Ed



Grace Cargill

Sterry were neighbors of the Cundicts, but both their girls, Gladys and Nancy, were too young for school. I used to visit there quite a lot, escorted by a young man, Bill Jillett. Since vehicles were at a premium, we walked many miles, calling on many of the people in the district.

I later boarded at Art Guignon's. His wife, Lizzie, and I became good friends. Their oldest daughter, Evelyn, came to school, but Gracie had not started yet. As Lizzie Guignon was a daughter of the Pattersons in the adjoining district, I got to know her brothers, Jim, John, Bill, and Bob very well, as we often visited there on Sunday afternoons. Their sister, Maggie, and her son also lived with the old folks.

Other pupils I remember teaching were the Anderson brothers, Bill and Donnie, the Williams' children, Ralph and Edna, and Pete Arnold. Pete came the farthest to school and used to ride horseback.

My memories of the community also include Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, an elderly couple who ran the post office.

There were not many unattached males in the district, but I remember Ernie Cox, Ernie Rear, and Bill Jillett. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodring also lived in Hattonford and Jack Bartley stayed with them. They were not in residence all the time, as Ross worked for the Edmonton newspaper and they were back and forth to the city.

There were many enjoyable dances in the old schoolhouse, which was built of logs and located on an open flat. I well remember the long drives to Niton in the wagon, over miles of corduroy roads. Winter was the best time to travel when the sleighs went merrily over the snow.

MRS. ELSIE WATSON

September 1933. I had turned my back on the dust bowl, the depression, the incessant winds howling across the treeless southern prairies. Somehow enroute to Niton, I closed the door on the past and stepped off the train to be met - welcomed is the better word - by Harry Ford. God bless him, for on that long dark ride to Hattonford he gave me the story of this community that was to be my new home, a narrative full of enthusiasm and courage of these farm folk who were truly pioneers.

Eventually, there in its perfect setting, was the Ford home, with Mrs. Ford at the door smiling her quiet, gentle welcome. Incredibly, tea was ready, a hot breakfast on the table almost before I could get my coat off. For the only time in my teaching career, from the very outset I was made to feel at home.

Even before school opened, I prowled a bit. Do you oldtimers recollect the peaceful beauty of the Hattonford landscape as it used to be? There were the stately evergreens, the masses of poplars and willows, the delicate green of young growth, the mystery of the rare tamarack, the thrill of finding a wild ladyslipper at the muskeg's edge. We had a variety of bird life, the ever-present "Whiskeyjack", saucy fat red squirrels whose language was unprintable, should we intrude on the gathering of food for winter consumption. We welcomed the burgeoning of spring, the rapid growth of summer, the glory of autumn, and oh! those winters. But they were fun times, too. I remember a wintry Saturday party at the Williams' home when all the

young people went sliding down a hill on anything from skis, to sleighs, to big shovels. And the warmth indoors afterwards, the long table laden with delicious food. No restaurant can compete with the special meals served on a farm dining table.

Agreed, in the Thirties a farmer's life was hard. These were not great twenty-section mechanized farms. Acre by acre the land had to be cleared and the soil prepared for seeding; from the very beginning to the completion of harvest, results came only through intense physical effort. Plus seven days per week, morning, noon and night, the CHORES! Farmers maintain their work schedule but the weather may not co-operate. There can be drought, frost, rain when it is not wanted, deadly hail. Just hours before an annual school picnic, I remember standing at their doorway with Mr. and Mrs. Ford watching a vicious hailstorm batter into the muddy ground their vegetable garden, their fields of wheat and oats. I wept. Mrs. Ford stood silent. Mr. Ford tucked his hand under wife's arm and said, "Never mind, duckie. We'll plant again next year." What indomitable courage! And was the picnic cancelled? No. Farmers face disaster and get on with the job. Give recognition to the farmer and to the farmer's wife: they feed the world.

From this background, it can be no surprise that children attending the old-time rural schools were a very special breed. Interest, enthusiasm, perceptive grasp, personal skills, the individual aims and ambitions were as varied as the number of children in the classroom. That is as it should be. Were we all cut from one pattern, what a bore this world would be. Sadly the rural school with its grades one to nine is being eliminated in the name of progress. Progress?? Or is it bureaucracy?

From twenty-two years' experience, I know how much the little ones absorb, consciously or unconsciously, from the lessons going on with the more advanced classes, be the subject history, geography, the sciences, or whatever. As an example - Oral French. Recess time found the wee ones jabbering away with glee, the older pupils too inhibited to chance an error and the laughter of their peers.

The rural school had a social advantage, too; public relations they call it nowadays. As adults we have to associate with, and respond to, all ages and types; the rural school youngster got an early start in this training as they mingled with, and adapted to, all the per-

sonalities in their classroom. A teacher's aim is not to cram a young brain with isolated dates and facts, but rather to develop individually enquiring minds seeking reasons for, and results of, specific events. The possessor of an enquiring mind becomes a reasoning citizen, and to me developing citizenship is the primary function of the school.

That school. Good thing I had an almost reverent affection for log buildings, since this one proved to be exceedingly hot in September and June, frigid and drafty all winter. Being adaptable, we survived. In early summer what a delight (and temptation) was the little brook that sometimes drained across a corner of the schoolyard. What excitement we shared as we trimmed the classroom for Christmas; how great the pride and delight when pupils helped decorate the blackboards for all the festive dates. We practised for concerts; we prepared items for the fall fair - a fair embracing the entire community with entries of calves and vegetables, grain samples and preserves, bouquets and pickles and such elegant cakes and pies and cookies, with all exhibits to be graded by an impartial judge from Edmonton. All these are satisfying memories, as are the ball games, the dances that lasted long after midnight, our musicians seemingly never weary. There were special times when Mrs. Anderson would sing for us, times we'll never forget. Do you remember when she sang, "When I Grow Too Old To Dream" and we demanded she sing it all over again? More rarely, Ernie Cox would fill the hall with his velvety bass-baritone rendition of an old semi-classic favorite melody. Once we had a duo of adagio ballet dancers visit us and thrill us with the beauty of their performance. And those plays we were conceited enough to stage - utterly amateur - but fun.

Do you remember when, by government order, all the children had to be vaccinated against smallpox? Remember my fury when the Social Credit government cut the annual grant from one hundred dollars to twenty-five dollars! Twenty-five dollars did not stretch very far toward supplying materials we needed. How grateful we were when, three times a year, the University of Alberta Extension Department loaned us crates of books for our library, my only expense being the cost of shipping them back to Edmonton. Our inspector was always generous. When he visited us, the back seat of his car was loaded with magazines and newspapers usable for current information reference. Finding others so generous to us, all the school children

started collecting coupons which we forwarded monthly to the Junior Red Cross to help them buy supplies. I'll bet many a mother wondered where her Nabob coupons went!

My daughter, Betty, and I felt ourselves to be a real "family" and a real part of the community when the young men of the district got together and assembled a shack for us, just a little distance from Mrs. Bartley's house, and close to the school. To create our home, so many good neighbors "lent" us furnishings. Harry Chow shopped for me in Edmonton, bringing back a pretty set of dishes, cutlery, pots and pans, even a small radio, all at wholesale prices, bless him. Flour sacks and sugar sacks made good tablecloths and dish towels. From the Eaton's catalogue, I splurged on pretty short curtains for the windows. Then in the spring we started a garden for vegetables, and some flowers, too. It was home.

Each fall Mr. Williams would call in with his saw and cut firewood for us. Jim Bendall was one who never passed the shack without finding out if we needed any wood chopped. When the weather turned cold, I would be offered a chance to buy beef or pork, and many were the roasts of moose and deer meat quietly left in my cold storage box at the north end of the shack. Then, and in the after years, Betty and I often spoke with gratitude of the many kindnesses that made our years in Hattonford such a happy time.

The deer maintained the steep path to the spring. Even in winter, their sharp hooves cut icy steps. Many's the time I slipped going down, but I always managed to get back up without spilling pails of icy water on myself. As a thank-you to these four-footed friends, I kept a brick of salt adjacent to their trail, and at night-fall always put out potato and carrot peelings and cabbage leaves for them; no sign was ever left of this "midnight snack". One summer dawn, Betty and I awoke to see a doe with her head inside our open bedroom window, quietly regarding us with her beautiful limpid eyes. We watched, motionless, until she withdrew. Later, we found she had eaten our nasturtiums - a small price to pay for the delight of her visit.

I left Hattonford at the end of June 1943, when Betty had graduated from Alberta College. Memories are no longer consecutive. I do remember how enjoyable were

the many long talks I had with Mrs. Bartley, a delightful, fascinating personality. Iris Wiseman, then a near neighbor, always helpful, is now doubly special, in that she still keeps in touch with me. I think back with great



Mary Ford, Grace Guignion, Betty Watson and Della Strudwick costumed for the Christmas Concert.



Rene Ford, Evelyn Guignion, Rose Bendall, Rosanna Alspach, Jim Bendall, John Strudwick

appreciation to those occasions when Mr. Rear and Ernie would come for supper and conversation with Betty and me. The Arnolds enriched our lives in so many ways; always there was the warmth of their friendship. There are Hattonford folk in Edmonton, good neighbors all. During the Hattonford days and ever after, Mrs. Harry Ford was my personal tower of strength. At no time would she let me surrender to despair, or ever lower her own standards. Honouring her, I quote to you the advice of a very special lady: "You can't quit - so, chin up!"

In retrospect, I have no regrets that my personal choice for so long was to try to function in rural schools. I'm deeply moved by the number of Christmas greetings I receive annually from "my children". Hattonford oldtimers must be equally moved and intensely proud of the life patterns of their children and of the children of those children. They have moved to many places but, wherever they are, they demonstrate the enthusiasm and steadfastness of their pioneer background.

Congratulations, Hattonford.

MY YEAR AT BEAVER MEADOW SCHOOL, HATTONFORD

by Ailsa Walker

I arrived at Hattonford to begin the school year in September, 1941. I was nineteen years old and had already had one year of teaching. My first decision was where to stay - there were two boarding places offered to me, the Lawton's and the Coxes. I stayed the first night at the Lawtons who lived a mile from school. The second night, after school, I went to the Coxes for supper and decided I would stay with them. I remember my reasons at the time were that the Coxes had no children and they were so much fun. They lived two miles from the school and promised that they would drive me to school if it got too cold in the winter. Interestingly enough, that winter was very mild (something like this winter of 1980-81) and I was only driven to school a couple of times.

On Thursday of the first week of school, I had a small catastrophe. I had put a can of tea on the stove to heat for my lunch. I took it off the stove and put it on the floor while I pried off the lid - it went 'whoosh' all over my legs. (Being a city girl, I did not know that you had to loosen the lid before putting the can on the stove to heat!) To cool my legs, I put them, one at a time, under the tap of the creamer which held water and let it run. I took off my silk stockings (before the days of nylons) and thought I could carry on for the rest of the school day, but I could not, and sent Billy Wigley to the Coxes for someone to bring me home. As he had to walk two miles, it was after two o'clock before Dot Cox arrived with her buggy. School was dismissed until Monday.

I developed huge blisters over my legs but treated them with boracic acid powder. Whether it was due to the fact that the burns were made with hot tea or the boracic acid treatment, I have no scars on my legs to this day. I had to keep them bandaged for about two weeks so I wore slacks to school, which was not the trend in those days.

We had an early fall of snow that year, but it soon melted. The children all walked to school except for one boy, Julius Vida, who started late. He lived several miles away and rode a horse to school. He was allowed to start at the age of ten because he lived over a certain distance from school.



Beaver Meadow School, Spring 1942. Back Row-Carl Sonne, Raymond Bryant, David Sonne, Peter Ford, John Strudwick, hiding ??

Front Row-Julius Vida, Frank Wiseman, Fred Wright, Leslie Bryant, Bill Wigley



Beaver Meadow School, Spring 1942. Back Row-Nancy Sterry, Peggy Lawton, Lorraine Sonne, Dorothy Lawton. Front Row-Dorothy Sonne, Mildred Wiseman, Jean Ford, Mavis Wigley.

We planned a Christmas Concert but had to scrap the play just beforehand, as the children of one family had to stay home due to illness and some of them had important parts. It was too late to train others to take their parts, so the concert had to go with what was left.

That winter, my social activities included attending dances at local community halls in the surrounding districts with the young people around my own age. I usually alternated my escorts, but one night when I had a date with one young man, the other turned up as well. I was unable to face them both at once, and would not come out of my bedroom until Mrs. Cox explained the situation and the 'undated' gentleman left.

Another evening entertainment during the winter was a quartet which sang barbershop-type songs. The members were Ernie Cox, Mr. Rear and his son, Ernie and myself. I sang tenor an octave higher, as Mr. Rear carried the tune. We met at the Coxes and practising these songs provided many a hilarious evening.

In the spring, the woods became very dry and forest fires were burning all around. They were burning within a mile of Coxes' house and Dot and Ernie went to help the neighbours save their house. The road from Hattonford to Niton had burning brush on either side which frightened the horses. We preferred to go in Coxes' Model T Ford rather than take a wagon while the fires were burning.

In May, 1942, Dot and Ernie took me fishing in a shallow creek. We used wire nooses on the end of a long pole (the best way to catch a fish, but they tell me it is illegal). We had to put the noose over the head of the fish and then pull up on the pole. It took real skill to put the noose over the head of the fish before he could swim away but not once was he caught. He could wiggle loose. I caught a grayling and cooked it and ate it all myself. Ernie caught three good-sized jackfish.

My horseback riding did not improve much at Hattonford. I remember riding over to Strudwicks for dinner one day and I could hardly sit down to eat. The fact that my saddle consisted of two blankets on the horse's back might have contributed to my discomfort.

Before Christmas, I had sent in an application to join the RCAF, but was turned down because I was too young - the age for women was twenty-one. Shortly af-

ter, they lowered the age limit to nineteen so I applied again. I had my medical during the Easter holidays and had to report for enrolment on the 27th of May, 1942. I was very happy over my enlistment in the RCAF (W.D.) even if Mr. Lawton did call me a quitter for leaving before the end of the school year. I left Hattonford on the 24th of May, saying good-bye to my teaching and a district I had enjoyed very much. I have done much travelling since then but have yet to return; maybe I shall one day.

(This is all written from memory of events that happened thirty-nine years ago, so please excuse the fact that I have forgotten so many names and probably a lot of events. I have said very little about the school and the children which means that not much that was startling happened to stick in my mind. The pictures I have contributed show the children in the fall and spring and a few people in the district. I hope they bring happy memories to those who reacquaint themselves as they were then.)



Ailsa H. Walker (1941)

BEAVER MEADOW MEANDERINGS

by Joan Stollings

The weather governed the school curriculum. In summer, many lessons were conducted outside in the shade. Why did it always seem colder inside than out in the winter, and hotter inside than out in the summer?

In winter, only subjects done in pencil could be scheduled for the first part of the day, as the ink bottles had to be thawed beside the stove each morning. The morning recess came immediately after roll call and was spent around the wood stove waiting for the school to warm up enough for coats and boots to come off. Above the smell of drying mocassins and wet wool, rose the aroma of cocoa heating - the brewing of a cup of cocoa still brings back memories of the chatter and companionship. That was when you learned that teachers were people, too. The contours of that stove, though, are more vivid in my mind than the faces of the teachers!

There was great competition in our old school - who came on the coldest day - whose lunch froze the hardest - who was the first to attempt the mile or so walk to school in the spring without rubber boots (with or without your mom's permission).

Our recesses were spent square-dancing, playing hide-and-go-seek or run-sheep-run and our sports program consisted of "ball". One bat and one ball comprised the equipment inventory. The bat, to my recollection, was whole, and lasted the four years I spent at Beaver Meadow. The ball, on the other hand, was not whole, but still remained in use. As far as I can remember, it was always torn, it's red stuffing flashing in the sun as the loose flap made it sail a wild and erratic path. Curve balls were "old hat" to the alumnae of Beaver Meadow School.

We all survived without benefit of air-conditioning, indoor facilities or high-efficiency lighting.

Skippping was not common - there was no place to go except home - and the majority of pupils had to work much harder at home than at school. We could, on occasion, extend the noon break by not waking the teacher from his after-lunch nap as early as he had instructed!

Beaver Meadow School has gone the way of most country schools, but memories, thankfully live on. On quiet summer evenings, on the corner of my mom's (Grace Cundict) farm, you can almost hear the call - "Ready or not, here I come!"



Beaver Meadow School Class 1946-47
Front Row L. to R. Dicky Cundict, Ray Wiseman, Billie Lawton, Albert Maichen and Joan Ingle
Middle Row L. to R. Margarette Wright, Gerald Ingle, Nellie MacDonald, Marion Wiseman, Bud Wiseman, Verna Cundict, Christine Lawton
Back Row L. to R. Alex Vida, Mildred Wiseman, Frank Wiseman, Jean Ford, Freddie Wright, Joan Woodring, Dorothy Maichen. Missing Julius Vida and Dorothy Lawton

DOROTHY (JENSEN) COOPER

On the day before school started in the fall of 1946, my uncle hauled me, my ugly trunk, and box of ragged books up north of Niton, Alberta, to the end of the world at Hattonford. Here I planned to spend ten months straightening out and smartening up the under-fifteen age group at the Beaver Meadow School.

We arrived, after a muddy, bumpy trip, at the Woodring home where I was to board. There was no one home, but a note on the door stated, "Please make yourself at home - we have gone berry picking and will be back about five p.m." Simple as that - no locks, no bars - make yourself at home - complete trust of a stranger. The house was big, built of logs with lots of windows; I did make myself at home and have never really left, although I'm not there most of the time.

There were twenty-one pupils in Beaver Meadow School that fall - in eight grades - ages five to fifteen. We had a good time (at least I did) with a little learning and a lot of playing. We had a party every holiday that

came along and a big effort was made at Christmas time for the concert. Mr. Williams played Santa Claus and as he entered the hall all muffled up, he barked his shins on a bench carelessly left sticking out too far and what he muttered wasn't ho! ho! ho! Our treat sacks had been purchased at "Coffee John's" store and that experience I'll always remember - the dark interior of the store, the smell and the Bendall brothers doing their "Rich Little Act".

The Co-op Store was built that year and the post office was housed in one corner of it. The official grand opening of that building was a whole story in itself but, suffice to say, it was a good one. I can still see Mr. Guignon romping around very late in the evening in a pair of ladies very large bloomers that he found lord knows where, and my future mother-in-law managed to "damage" a window! Yes, it was a real official grand opening.

That winter was probably the coldest winter I can remember, but throughout the bitter weather Frank Wiseman faithfully made the fire at the school and packed enough water along with him so we could make hot cocoa at noon. In spite of minus thirty temperatures, the school remained open with a good attendance - kids were tougher then. The morning the radio announced school was closed until it warmed up, the thermometer said - 53 degrees Fahrenheit. We sat up late at night keeping the fires going, talking, reading and doing a little needle work. One night Grace and I sat at the table in the front room, fire blazing, busy "putting up our hair" because tomorrow was mail day - a big day once a week. We knew for sure it was time to go to bed when Grace dipped her comb into her coffee instead of the water glass and doused a strand of hair ready for a pincurl! Then we laughed until we were nearly crying. Grace and I still do that - laugh, I mean.

I went out for Christmas holidays that winter and could hardly wait to get back up there. While I was gone, the stork had visited at the Ted and Joyce Cundict home and dropped off a wee girl which really floored me - nobody told me! Boy, how dumb! Anyway, they hadn't chosen a name and I put my two-bits worth in for "Noel" but was out-voted in favor of Carol.

When spring came it was bare feet, marble, and spring-fever time. One morning Frank Wiseman caught

two baby partridges on his way to school and after showing me his prize, ran back to where he caught them to put them with the old hen who still clucked around there. We had a "real" fight one day when Billy Lawton and Albert Maichen came to blows over some trivial thing, but they refused to carry on the feud after we got it organized with a referee and ringside seats!

We had a year end picnic-party. Hurray! School was out! I bawled, the kids bawled and we all had a good time!

Nick Kokotovich heaved my trunk up on top of a load of lumber, piled the rest of my wealth into the cab of his truck and "moved me out".

And it will never be the same again!

DOROTHY (WRIGHT) KJELLAND

I came to Hattonford in the fall of 1948 to supervise the school children at the Beaver Meadow School. In those years we could "teach" school with Grade Twelve education and the aid of lesson books supplied by the Department of Education. Frances Cicerelli of Edson was our supervisor.

I stayed for the first while with Grace and Leonard Cundict, then moved to the little teacherage on the school property. The Wiseman family kept me company and invited me for supper several times a week. How I looked forward to my evenings with them!

The children came to school by horseback and by horse and sleigh; they put their horses in the little barn in the daytime. Some of them came over six miles to school and the little ones were often very tired.

I enjoyed putting on community dances when everyone came and helped; the music was supplied by those in the area who played various instruments. The highlight of the year was the Christmas Tree, complete with Santa Claus. The people really knew how to work together in those days to have a good life and enjoy themselves.

THE METRO KONDRUK FAMILY

by Shirley (Kondruk) Whelan



Dorothy (Wright) Kjelland

In 1948, at the age of nineteen, Metro started teaching at Two Lakes, where his first and second children were born. He moved his family to Edmonton in the summer of 1951 while he went to university until April of 1952. At that time he saw a job opening for a teacher at the Beaver Meadow School in the Edson School Division. He applied and was accepted. Immediately after university, he went to Hattonford to stay with Rosa and Harry Lawton and family and began teaching in May of 1952. His first classroom at Beaver Meadow consisted of grades one to nine.

In August 1952, he moved his family out from Edmonton into the teacherage at the Beaver Meadow School. The teacherage consisted of three rooms - a kitchen and two bedrooms. There was a wood burning stove, a double bed, a table and three chairs, a wash stand with a basin and slop pail underneath and cold running water from the pump exactly one hundred thirty-five paces from the house. In between the house and pump, you were treated to a scenic view of the outhouse, coal shed and horse stalls from days not-so-far-gone by. You can't imagine the impact this scene had on a girl from the city.

Before moving out to the teacherage Frances had decided to spend a weekend with her husband to see exactly where he was teaching. She came out by train early one morning from Edmonton and was met by Bessie and Max Miller. Metro couldn't meet her, as he had to teach that day. What Frances saw when she got off the train was pleasant enough; but quite different from Edmonton. There was Miller's store and home, the train station, a boarding house run by Mrs. Peterson and a couple of other homes, one of which was Setzer's. But alas, this was not where her husband was. She was to find out that she still had ten to twelve miles of travel to get to the Hattonford Store, another mile to the Beaver Meadow School, and still another mile to Lawton's where her husband was staying. She did not get to Lawton's till late that night, only to find out that Metro had decided to spend the weekend in Edmonton, and he promptly took her back to Edmonton and asked her how she'd like to move out to Hattonford in a couple of months. She still hadn't seen where her husband taught or where she'd be living, but her



Beaver Meadow School - 1948

Back Row-Joan Ingle, Fern Ingle, Albert Maichen, Dick Cundict, Ray Wiseman, Bill Lawton

Second Row-Christine Lawton, Bud Wiseman, Gerald Ingle Verna Cundict

Front Row-Dorothy Maichen, Marion Wiseman, Nellie McDonald, Mildred Wiseman

pioneer spirit rose to the occasion, and two months later the whole family moved out to the "Little House on the Meadow".

Travelling those Hattonford roads was an adventure in itself when it rained. During the time Met and Fran lived out there, the school was centralized in December of 1952 and a school bus was needed to transport the children to Niton Junction. Metro drove this bus and, about the same time, bought himself a car - a tiny Hillman. When it rained the roads got so muddy - the mud reached midway up the hub caps of the car. On weekends in order to get through to the better roads beyond Max Miller's store, Met would drive the bus, followed closely behind in the car by his wife and kids (which now numbered three and one-on-the-way.) If the car got bogged down, the bus pulled it out. When they got to Miller's store, they parked the bus and continued on their way-only to return and repeat the whole trip again, more often than not, late on a Sunday night.

Metro, Fran and their four children (Shirley, Wayne, Dianne, Lynn) lived at Hattonford till 1954, and that summer moved to Niton Junction to be closer to the school.



Windfield School

School continued in Windfield until 1954, when Windfield joined the move toward centralization and the children were bussed to Niton Central School. The children now had a better opportunity to finish school, since they no longer had to leave home in order to complete their education.

With the closing of the school, the land reverted to the Crown and the school was purchased by the Hattonford Community to be used as a community hall. It served that community well until 1981, when it was resold to Al Klassen of Hattonford.

WINDFIELD SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 4160

by Gloria Lawton

The Windfield School District was established on January 8, 1923. The name was chosen from a list of names sent out from the Department of Education.

On February 13, 1923, the school site on SE-29-55-11-W5 was approved. However, due to a lack of funds, a school was not built immediately and classes were held in homes. First, the home of Millie and Ray Bruner was used, the students being three of their children, three of Ted Bruner's children, Eva and Bob Larsen and Dorothy White. Their first teacher was Peggy Smith. From the Bruner home classes moved to the David White home, then to the Rasmus Karl Larsen home. At this point, a teacherage was built and classes were held in it until the first school was built in 1926. However, on December 8, 1936, this school burned to the ground and a new school was built.



Old school house at Windfield with Miss Donnelly, teacher, and her pupils: Anne, Jim Brooks, Earl and George Brunner. Late 20's.

The bus drivers who have served the Windfield District are Curly Hewins and Ted Dye.

Over the years, both Beaver Meadow and Windfield

Schools belonged to the same school division and still do. However, that division has undergone two name changes over the years. In 1938, the name changed from the Pembina School Division No. 12 to the Edson School Division No. 12. Finally on January 21, 1970, the name changed to the Yellowhead School Division No. 12, as it is known today.



Windfield School in the early Thirties.

REMEMBRANCES OF A SCHOOL MARM

by Margaret (Peggy) Lawton

On May 1st, 1950, I began my teaching career at Windfield, north of Mackay, Alberta. I don't know who was more scared - me, at the tender age of eighteen, or my ten students, some of whom were only a couple of years younger than myself.

My first memories were those of frustration; things didn't run as smoothly as they had in the big city school where I did my practice teaching. For some of the children, I was their first real teacher; all lessons up to this point had been done by correspondence with a supervisor. Naturally, it was a big change for the children and it required some adjustments. By mid-June, I could see that the children had quickly adjusted to my methods. My frustration that perhaps I was a poor teacher began to disappear. I had made the transition from being a student myself to being the teacher.

There were also changes that I had to make in my personal life. For four years I had been away, first at high school and then at university. During all this time,

I had always been with other people. Usually I lived in a room with no less than four others. What a shock to find oneself entirely alone, not only in your own room, but in your own house! My radio became a godsend; CJCA was often my only visitor from three-thirty P.M., when the children went home, to the next morning when the children returned again.

Life was also different in other ways. I had to become used to a gas light again, wood had to be split for the stove, water carried, coal hauled, and the slop pail emptied. Once I became used to the loneliness and the chores, life was not too bad. I also took a correspondence course to boost my qualifications, so I had to find a few hours each week to get my own lessons ready to send to a far-away teacher.

May and June passed quite quickly and, after a summer break, we were all back in September. A new family had moved into the district and I now had thirteen students. I remember distinctly thinking, "Thirteen is an unlucky number." The children went out to play for their first recess, but several of them were soon back. Little Gordon had fallen on a broken beer bottle (left over from a summer dance) and had sliced his knee open, exposing his knee cap for about two inches. What to do? I had no transport. Gordon lived three miles from school and he couldn't walk a step, let alone three miles. I sent some of the older children off to the closest neighbors, Larsens and John Patersons. John eventually came and took Gordon home in his truck. After this incident, I took particular note and we did not have all thirteen students at school for several months. However, when we finally had perfect attendance of thirteen again, things ran smoothly.

Lessons went on, but sometimes we had some rather unusual experiences. Robert Cummings had three miles to walk to school, as did most of my students, except for the Larsens. None of the other children were often late. Robert, however, was late nearly every day. On one of these days when Robert finally strolled into school, I was teaching arithmetic to his class at the blackboard. I told him to come straight up to the blackboard with the rest of his class. While Robert was standing there, he would give a funny little wiggle every now and then. At first I ignored these funny wiggles, but they kept up. Finally, I asked Robert, "What's the matter? You keep wiggling."

“Well, Miss Lawton, I have a snake in my pocket,” he replied.

I gulped down my fear of snakes and calmly told Robert he had better take it out. Robert's garter snake was housed in a glass jar ready for science class. The wiggles stopped, as he no longer had to shake the snake back down into his pocket!

Friday was a day I really looked forward to. My father came and took me home for the week-end. In the good weather, we travelled by car. However, when winter came, the snows soon became too deep for the car and we used the sleigh and team. Sometimes I skied and, on at least one occasion, I rode my horse and kept her at Larsen's for the week.

The winter was very cold and I often had to close school. It was just too cold for the kids to walk so far. On some days when the school was closed, I donned my skis and went three-and-a-half miles to visit Annie Skorobohaty, the only person in the district similiar in age to myself. Some Fridays, if it was too cold for school, I put on ski pants, moccassins, a good scarf and mitts, and set off on the seven mile trip home. I always stopped at Vidas', approximately four miles, to warm up with a hot drink and a hearty lunch before continuing my trip.

Karl Larsen was our school janitor and, once winter came, I had Karl bring in several pails of coal each night. Then, depending on the severity of the cold, I banked the school fire about ten p.m. I would go and shake up the fire about seven a.m. and put on more coal and a little more draft. Consequently, our school was always warm when classes began. However, I could remember from my own school days, sitting by the heater with mitts on for the first hour of the school day!

When there is much to be done, time goes quickly. Soon it was June. I had been paid the magnificent sum of one hundred thirty-three dollars for each month I had taught at Windfield. I had savings of over six hundred dollars, largely due to the fact that I was somehow able to move most of my mother's cupboard over to Windfield each week-end when I went home. With my savings, I enrolled in university for a second year of training.

Windfield School continued to operate as a one-

room school for three more years, but the days of the yellow school bus were fast approaching. Central schools would provide better libraries and facilities for the children and much less isolation for the teachers.

Following is a list of teachers who taught in Windfield over the years. However, since records prior to 1930 were destroyed, memory has been our source; it is hoped that we have included most of the names. The names of the teachers during the years 1925-1928 were remembered, but not the order in which they taught.

1923 - Peggy Smith
1924 - Ethel Haggart
1925, 1926, 1927, 1928
Miss Aikenhead,
Edith Larsen,
Mrs. Fox,
Mrs. Hackett
1929 - Angeline Kendall
1930 - Hilda E. Leighs
1931 - Waltrude Donnelly
1932 - Margaret R. Carswell
1933 -
1934-1935 - Theodore Wm. Collinge
1936 - Catherine L. Alt
(Sept. - Dec.)
1936 - Emma Martin
(Jan. - June)
1937-1938 - Violet Chillman
1939 - Pearl Moore
1940 - Frances Arnot
1941 - Henry Harold Little
1942 - Rosemary Shacker
1943 - Constance M. Aickenhead
(Oct. - Feb.)
1943 - Aileen H. Brander
1944 -
1945 - Joyce Millett
1946 - Mrs. Anna E. Rick
1947 - Mrs. Irene Davies
1948 - Ivan Larsen
(Supervisor)
1949 - Lila Hewins
(Supervisor Sept. '49-Apr. '50)
1950-1951 - Margaret Lawton
(May '50-June '51)
1951 - Shirley Hewins
(Supervisor Sept. '51-Apr. '52)
1952-1953 - John Fred Waite
(May '52-June '53)

HEALTH SERVICES

by Gloria Lawton

One of the many hardships endured by the early pioneers was the lack of medical help in case of accidents, illness, or childbirth. Out of this great need the Alberta Department of Public Health established the District Nursing Service in 1919.

With this movement came the emergence of some sixty district nursing areas throughout the province. When a district nursing area was organized, application was made for such a service and size and assurance of the lack of medical aid or hospital facilities in the area was established. A Nurses Home Committee was then organized, comprising at least five representatives from the area in question. This committee was responsible for arranging for a nurse's house which consisted of an office, a waiting-room and living quarters. The community was also responsible for providing furnishings, maintenance, and an adequate supply of water and fuel.

The nurse's wages were paid by the government and supplies and equipment were also supplied by the province. A small fee was usually charged for the nurse's services and returned to the Health Department. This fee was one dollar for a first home-visit in case of illness, but no further charges on subsequent visits. Necessary medicines and supplies were provided at cost price. For confinement, the fee was ten dollars; this included pre-natal, delivery and post-natal care. However, if the family could not pay, the service was free.

Since there were no telephones, one normally had to go for the nurse by whatever method of transportation was available when the need arose.

The District Health Nurse also did public health work in the schools as well as the general countryside.

The area covered by this book was rather fortunate in that it had two nurses serve the area for a short time, one from Peers and one from Mackay.

The Peers Nursing Station opened in February of 1928 and closed in 1965. The nurses who served in the

Peers area were:

Mrs. Olga Freifeld 1928-1941

Mrs. Elizabeth Lea 1942-1946

Mrs. M.C. Faulkner 1947-1949

Miss Phyllis Louise Warner 1951-1952 (married name; Mrs. J.J. O'Neill)

Helen Pankow 1953-May 1954

Margaret Jean Ross (Peggy Young) June 1954-1956

Marion Roebuck 1956-1964

A few people will remember many other nurses who served as well, but they were only there for brief periods as relief help while there was no permanent nurse, as happened quite often, or while the nurse was away or ill.

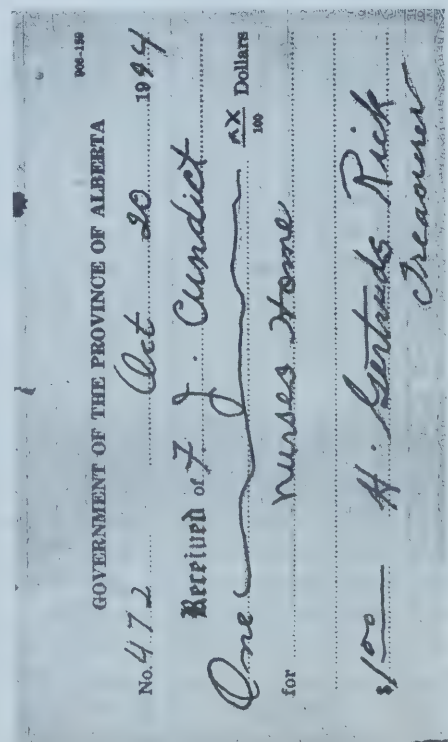
The Mackay Nursing Station opened on October 2, 1939, and closed in 1950. Nurses who served in Mackay were:

Miss Edith L. Gavin, October 2, 1939-May 1941

Mrs. K.P. Cole, June 1941-July 1942

Miss A.D. Engelcke, July 1942-1950

These women provided an invaluable service during times when communication and roads were minimal; with progress the need declined and the District Nursing Stations began to close down.



ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CHURCH

by Diane Wigley

The Hattonford Parish was formed in a district where settlement commenced in 1912. The first settler was Dave Guignon, followed soon by Herbert and Frank Ford from Lincolnshire. Settlement was slow on account of the war, but the Beaver Meadow School District was formed and the Hattonford Post Office set up.

The first service was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cundict. Services were later held at the school for many years with Reverend Horton from St. Catherine's Anglican Church in Edson coming out for the services. Leonard Charles Cundict was the first baby christened here on April 12, 1917.

In 1923, a committee was elected to find a plot of land for a cemetery. Mr. Frank Ford donated a piece of land on the south-west corner of SW-35-55-12-W5 which was fenced and registered as the Hattonford Cemetery. The first burial in the cemetery was the Williams' baby, Pearl Eileen Williams, May 15, 1925.

Mr. C. S. Larsen, an Anglican lay preacher, took services at intervals during 1924. In the same year, Reverend J. C. Matthews of the Edson Parish held several services in the schoolhouse. He then called a public meeting which formally set up the Parish of All Saints, Hattonford. The first Vicar's Warden was Mr. F. J. Cundict and the first People's Warden was Mr. Fred Strudwick.

Reverend J. C. Matthews prepared the older children for their confirmation. On June 22, 1925, Bishop Gray of Edmonton dedicated the cemetery and held Confirmation and Holy Communion in the school. There were seven candidates for confirmation and fourteen communicants.

Mr. A. O. Ford donated a piece of land on the southeast corner of SE-34-55-12-W5 for the church. A grant of two hundred and fifty dollars having been obtained for a church, the building was erected mostly by volunteer labor, under the supervision of Mr. Edward Strudwick, a carpenter. The pews were made by F. J. Cundict; the lectern, font and hymn board were made by Mr. E. Cox and Mr. A. Williams.



The inside of the Anglican Church at Hattonford

Reverend J. C. Matthews was also instrumental in the formation of a branch of the Anglican Church Women's Auxillary of which Mrs. Cundict was elected president, and Mrs. Williams secretary-treasurer. The ladies worked to raise money for the building fund; social gatherings, box socials and turkey shoots were held. The W. A. raised the money to buy the organ. Mrs. H. Ford was organist for many years, a very faithful one. The altar linens were donated to the church by Mr. Cundict's brother, Arthur, in England.

The first service was held June 12, 1926 by Reverend J. C. Matthews with thirty-six people in attendance. All Saints' Anglican Church was dedicated on March 9, 1927, by Archdeacon Burgett with twenty-eight people in attendance. The regular monthly services were taken by Reverend J. C. Matthews, who served this district for many years. He was a faithful, dedicated person, overcoming many extremely difficult circumstances to keep his appointments. A Sunday School was started by Mrs. Cundict. The total collection in 1926 was nineteen dollars and ninety-seven cents.

In 1927, Mr. Arthur Ford became Vicar's Warden and Mr. C. S. Larsen the People's Warden. The Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge sent a donation of twenty English pounds, with which the Confederation Room was built onto the Church; it was completed in 1928.

Winter services were often held in homes because the church was too cold. Many services over the years were either late or cancelled due to cold, snow, mud, etc.

Reverend Matthews took services until 1933. By this time, his son, Timothy, had graduated from the Seminary and was his father's assistant, taking the services at Hattonford in consideration of his father's failing health. Later, the Matthews family moved to Edmonton.

Some of the ministers in later years were: Reverend Elkins, Reverend Austin, Reverend Anderson, Reverend Hunt, Reverend Gardiner, Reverend Buchner, Reverend Robinson, Reverend Hooper, Reverend Schuel and Reverend Stewart.

Regular services at the All Saints' Anglican Church were discontinued in 1965. In March of 1972, the church building was turned over to the Hattonford Memorial Society; its members hope to restore the old church.



Sunday School Picnic at Beta Lake in 1929

WEDDINGS IN ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CHURCH



Painting the Church. Rev. Hunt is kneeling in front with Mrs. Hunt at the top of the ladder. Taken 1942 to 1945.



Dave and Nora Hellekson on August 13, 1932.



Albert Bryant Wedding, 1933



A wedding car of the early days. (Photo of Jack and Ethel Bartley married June 29, 1944, unavailable.)



Peter and Triss Priestley-Wright - April 4, 1934.



Mary and Frank Townsend, February 8, 1941.



Jack and Peggy Tyler, August 20, 1955.



Church at the old school.



A wagon ride after church; the day Elaine Cundict was christened, August 1951.



Church Congregation



Sunday Congregation at Hattonford Anglican Church 1954.

THE UNITED CHURCH

by Marie Lawton

The United Church was built on the southeast corner of SW27-55-12-W5 in the 1930's. It was built by volunteer labor supplied by Herb Bendall, John Alspach, Art Guignon, Harry Ford and Arthur Bryant.

Some of the first ministers were Reverend Reeky, George Spady, a student minister, and Reverend Ireland who also enjoyed taking part in rodeos and riding bucking steers. Unfortunately, he passed away in his early twenties of a brain tumor.

This church was used for approximately five years, then was left unused for a number of years. It was then sold to Dave Bowerman, who moved it west one-half mile and lived in it. Later, Kathleen Cundict bought it and moved it to the SE5-56-12-W5. After spending some time looking into the records and finding out who had title to the land, Dale Wigley was able to purchase it from the United Church Board.

PART III

Community Organizations Past And Present



Hattonford and District Agricultural Society's Fair

PRIZE LIST

President—
A. H. BRYANT

Vice-President
F. J. STRUD

HATTONFORD P. O.

NITON, ALBERTA

Eat the Good Kind
ALWAYS!

SWIFT



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Swift Canadian Co.
LIMITED

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NITON GARAGE

GENERAL BLACKSMITH AND WELDING NITON JUNCTION

Double Your Prize Money

BY BAKING YOUR EXHIBITS
— WITH —

Robin Hood
FLOUR

Milled from Washed Wheat

1937 RECORD

At Fall Fairs and Exhibitions right across Canada, in open competition with all other flours—

ROBIN HOOD won:

More than 83%—
of all FIRST PRIZES

More than 73%—
of all SECOND PRIZES
for bread, cakes and pastry.



Field Crops

Class

1. Barquin Wheat.
2. Garnet Wheat.
3. Best Wheat in Show.
4. Victor Oats.
5. Leader Oats.
6. Banner Oats.
7. Abundance Oats.
8. Barley (six-row).
- All grain to be in sheaves at least 3 inches in diameter.
9. Swede Turnips (3).

Garden Produce

10. String Beans (12 pods).
11. Wax Beans (12 pods).
12. Broad Beans (12 pods).
13. Scarlet Runners (12 pods).
14. Peas (12 pods).
15. Beans (12 pods).
16. Cauliflower (1).
17. Carrots (6).
18. Parsnips (6).
19. Celery (3).
20. Onions, from sets (6).
21. Onions, from seed (6).
22. Potatoes, White (6).
23. Potatoes, Red (6).
24. Potatoes, Nettle Gem (6).
25. Tomatoes (6).
26. Vegetable Marrow, White (1).
27. Vegetable Marrow, Green (1).
28. Lettuce (3).
29. Cabbage (2).
30. Cabbage, Red (2).

Cut Flowers

31. Bouquet of Mixed Garden Flowers.
32. Bouquet of Sweet Peas.
33. Bouquet of any kind of Garden Flower.

Home Cooking and Canning

Class

34. Selection of two kinds of Wild Fruit.
35. Canned Strawberries in clear syrup.
36. Rhubarb Jam.
37. Canned Peas.
38. Pickles (3 varieties).
39. White Bread*.
40. Buns*.
41. Tea Biscuits*.
42. Dark Layer Cake*.
43. Light Layer Cake*.
44. Chocolate Cake*.
45. Sponge Cake*.
46. Doughnuts*.
47. Apple Pie*.
48. Raisin Pie*.
49. ½-dozen Small Fancy Cakes, assorted.
50. ½-dozen Assorted Pastry.
51. Loaf of Brown Bread.
52. Angel Cake.
53. ½-pound of Candy.
54. 1 pound of Butter.
55. 6 White Eggs.
56. 6 Brown Eggs.
57. Dressed 1938 Cockerel.

Needlework

58. Plain Sewing—House Dress.
59. Useful Article made from Flour Sack.
60. Embroidery Work.
61. Crochet Work (cotton).
62. Plain Knitting.
63. Fancy Knitting.
64. Home-made Rug.
- 64a Home-made Quilt.
65. Juniors, under 16 years, Fancy Apron.

All exhibits in this Section to be this year's work of exhibitor.

Handicraft

66. Men's Home-made Article of Iron.
67. Men's Home-made Article of Wood.
68. Boys, under 16 years, any Home-made Article.

Cattle

69. Heifer Calf, of Dairy type.
70. Calf, raised by child under 16 years.

RULES GOVERNING EXHIBITS

In Classes marked "*" the winners must hand to the Secretary Robin Hood Flour Sale Slips.

Calves entered in Classes 69 and 70 must be hand-raised.

All exhibits to be in the Fair by 2.30 p.m., September 5th.

Entrance Fee in Classes 1 to 68, 5 cents each exhibit. Classes 69 and 70, entrance fee 25 cents.

Exhibitors must comply with the Rules of the Society.

SECRETARY:

J. R. LAWTON

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY:

E. J. COX, Hattonford.

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Service -
Satisfaction

Have you received your copy of
our Fall and Winter Catalogue?
If not—write for one.

THE COMMUNITY CLUB

by June Priestley-Wright

The Community Club was organized in the mid-1920's. The first executive included Mr. Bryant, Mr. Cundict and Mr. Williams. This club was strong for a number of years, taking charge of the social affairs of the settlement. One large event organized by the club were the annual fall fairs. They also started the July 1st picnics and the first men's baseball teams. The annual Christmas program and dance also originated with this club.



A baseball game at a picnic in 1931.

Unfortunately, the record books were destroyed by fire, so information on their activities is very limited. The only one on hand covers the years 1961 to 1968. During these years, it appears only annual meetings were held, at which time the executive for the following year were elected and the financial statements were forwarded to Edmonton.

Any business items were usually related to the operation and maintenance of the hall. When the hall built by the Young People's Club had to be torn down, the Community Club moved the old Windfield school onto the grounds, in 1956, to serve as the hall.

During these last years, attendance was very poor and the same executive held office several years in a row. Shortly after two faithful members, Ben and Iris Wiseman, moved to Niton, the club disbanded. The Women's Institute took over the responsibility of the hall and grounds.



Moving the second hall from Winfield to our present grounds in 1956.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

by Kathleen Cundict

The Young People's Club was organized by my last teacher, Dr. Pauly. He was training to be a doctor and came out during the summer months as a teacher to earn money to pay for his education.

The Young People's Club had their meetings once a month and a social evening every second week, where we had games, songs, recitations, etc.

In 1930, we decided we needed a hall, so we organized get togethers and cut enough logs to saw into lumber for the project. The building was forty by sixty feet and Mr. Anderson was the overseer. A serious mistake was made when it wasn't put on a cement foundation. They had planned to do this later when they could afford it. Before this could be accomplished, the war broke out and most of the young people got jobs elsewhere or joined up. So, our hall started to lean over and had to be torn down.

However, we had some pretty good times there, with people coming from Mahaska, East Bank, Anselmo, Windfield, Mackay and Niton to the dances. We had masquerades, pie socials, box socials, whist drives, plays, picnics, fairs, New Year's dances, Halloween dances, and the annual Christmas concert and dance.

One year, Joyce and Nora Ford, my sister, Triss and myself were appointed to go around to collect money for the children's Christmas presents. We went on horseback, taking in everyone from the baseline to Win-

dfield. With the money we collected (\$150.00) we were able to buy new streamers and a Santa Claus suit as well as candies and presents. The bachelors were quite generous and there were quite a number of them at that time.



The first Hattonford Hall with Ernie Cox and Bert Cundict standing in the doorway.

SPORTS TEAMS

by Margaret McAllister

Hattonford, Windfield, East Mahaska and East Bank ball teams started in the early nineteen twenties. There were several men's teams over the years, both softball and hardball. They played against other districts such as Anselmo, Highway, East Mahaska, McLeod Valley, Carrot Creek, Mackay and Niton. Among those who played at different times were: Cecil Clapp, Frank Ford, Fred Cundict, Ossie Ford, Art Sonne, Chess and Leonard Ingle, Ted and Leonard Cundict, Peter Wright, Lloyd and Jim Bendall, Jack Guignon, Alex and Harry Foster, Earl Schomer, Dave Hellekson, Arthur and Lyndon Watt, Ralph Williams, John Walsh, Pat Moore, Dave and Ben Wiseman, Peter Arnold, Jack Long, Don and Bill Anderson, Melvin, Carl, and Harold Wagner, Jim Brooks, Raymond and Ken Ford, Alvin Hartley, Wilfred McMullin, Ed Strauss and Ernie Rear.

In 1928, Dr. Pauly, who was teaching at Beaver Meadow School, organized a ladies' basketball team. On that team were Nora and Joyce Ford, Mrs. Strudwick, Isabel Schomer, and Kathleen Cundict. Later

Revised Schedule For McLeod Baseball League

May 17 Yates at Pinedale
Carrot Creek at Hattonford
Rosevear idle.

May 24 Pinedale at Rosevear
Hattonford at Yates
Carrot Creek idle

May 31 Pinedale at Carrot Creek
Hattonford at Rosevear
Yates idle

June 7 Yates at Hattonford
Rosevear at Carrot Creek
Pinedale idle

June 14 Rosevear at Pinedale
Carrot Creek at Yates
Hattonford idle

June 21 Pinedale at Yates
Hattonford at Carrot Creek
Rosevear idle

June 28 Rosevear at Pinedale
Yates at Hattonford
Carrot Creek idle

July 5 Carrot Creek at Pinedale
Rosevear at Hattonford
Yates idle

July 12 Hattonford at Yates
Carrot Creek at Rosevear
Pinedale idle

July 19 Pinedale at Rosevear
Yates at Carrot Creek
Hattonford idle

July 26 Pinedale at Hattonford
Carrot Creek at Yates
Rosevear idle

Aug. 2 Rosevear at Yates
Hattonford at Pinedale
Carrot Creek idle

Aug. 9 Carrot Creek at Rosevear
Pinedale at Hattonford
Yates idle

Aug. 16 Yates at Rosevear
Hattonford at Carrot Creek
Pinedale idle

Aug. 23 Rosevear at Carrot Creek
Yates at Pinedale
Hattonford idle.

On the completion of the above schedule a play-off tournament will be held comprising the four leading teams. This arrangement should give each team the incentive to play good ball and wind up in a play-off position.

Date and location of this play-off will be announced at a later date.

Julia, Ellen and Nora Foster joined the team. They played at Mahaska, Anselmo and Windfield. Another team was formed some years later; its members included Stella Ashmead, Rose Bendall, Joyce and Renee Ford, Margaret Ingle, Jean Wagner and Edna Williams.

The girls also had a very active softball team in the nineteen thirties and on into the forties. They often played against Carrot Creek, Mackay and Niton. Some of the players were: Gladys Stery, Jean Wagner, Grace and Evelyn Guignon, Renee and Joyce Ford, Della Strudwick, Mary Ford, Betty Watson, Margaret McMullin, Margaret Watt, and Margaret Ingle.



Basketball game held in 1928 at the first school in Hattonford.

HATTONFORD WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

by Gladys Davis

The women members of All Saints Anglican Church felt the need to form a Women's Auxiliary, so on July 10, 1925, nine women met at the home of Mrs. B.M. Cundict for this purpose. The Reverend J. Matthews was present to help Mrs. Henry Ford, Mrs. Bendall, Mrs. Cundict, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Mary Ford, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Strudwick, Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Williams organize. At this meeting, Mrs. Cundict was

elected as president, Mrs. Mary Ford as first vice-president, Mrs. Henry Ford as treasurer and Mrs. Potts as secretary. At this time, it was decided that the annual membership fee be twenty-five cents, and that the group meet once a month. These meetings took place mostly in the members' homes, but occasionally were held after church or at the school.



W.A. Ladies at Arnold's.
Back Row: Mrs. L. Humphrey, K. Cundict, Mrs. F. Cundict, Joyce Ford, Nora Ford and Mrs. F. Strudwick
Front Row: Ethel Humphrey, Triss Wright, Mrs. H. Lawton and Mrs. K. Arnold

At the meeting of August 5, 1925, it was decided that the W.A. members would prepare a supper to be sold at the fair for fifty cents per person. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Mary Ford donated five dollars worth of meat to be used at this supper.

The next annual meeting was held February 12, 1926; again Rev. J. Matthews was present to help the women reorganize. Mr. Williams had been asked to audit the books and an election of officers was held. Mrs. Cundict was again elected president, Mrs. Mary Ford was elected vice-president, and Mrs. Henry Ford was elected secretary-treasurer. Also at this meeting Mrs. Cundict was elected secretary for the Little Helpers (the younger group of the congregation), and Mrs. Mary Ford was elected Dorcas secretary (person who communicated with head office).

The group was very active in 1926. At the March 4th meeting, Mrs. Williams proposed that an organ fund be started. Also a box social was arranged for March 17; twenty dollars of the proceeds were handed over to the church building fund and ten dollars was paid to the

Vestry for the Church. In April, Mrs. Williams took over the duties of Dorcas secretary upon Mrs. Mary Ford's resignation. In May, Mrs. Williams took over the duties of secretary-treasurer from Mrs. H. Ford. Also, at this meeting, it was decided to order curtains for the church. In June, the W.A. gave twenty dollars of their funds to purchase material to be made into seats for the church. This material was bought and seats were made by Mr. F. Cundict. On June 11, they held a whist drive and dance. A total of \$4.25 was realized from their efforts. In July, each member was given one dollar from the treasury to buy wool or material etc. in order to make handicraft articles. These would later be sold and profits put back into the treasury. In September, they held a picnic for the children. Prior to Christmas of that year, they donated the Church Hymnal Cards as a gift from the W.A. members.

On January 8, 1927, the annual meeting was held at the church. At their election of officers, Mrs. Cundict was re-elected president, Mrs. Bendall was elected vice-president, Mrs. Williams was re-elected secretary-treasurer, Miss Cundict was nominated to be the Little Helpers' secretary. Through the help of this group, a porch was added onto the church and varnish was bought for the church seats. All their efforts were in preparation for the church dedication by Archdeacon Burgett on March 9, 1927. Later that year, on September 10, they held a picnic and on September 16, a whist drive and dance at the school, in aid of church furnishings. The W.A. then rested until 1940.

On February 24, 1940, a meeting was held at Mrs. Harry Ford's home, to reorganize the W.A. for the purpose of raising money for church funds. The ladies present at this meeting were: Mrs. Cundict, Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Strudwick, Mrs. Ted Cundict, Miss Renee Ford and Mrs. Harry Ford. They elected Mrs. Cundict as their president, Mrs. Strudwick as vice-president and Mrs. Harry Ford as secretary-treasurer. It was proposed that the group be called "The Guild" and the annual membership again be twenty-five cents.

On November 2, 1940, they held a dance and sale of homemade articles. The proceeds netted thirty-four dollars and nineteen cents. Any remaining articles left from the sale were sent to the Red Cross. From the proceeds, they paid for the Sunday School papers and donated ten dollars towards church expenses.

Since no church services were held in 1941 after June, the group met and made a quilt. This was later raffled in February, 1942, at a service held by Rev. W. Hunt.

The W.A. had served its purpose well. With the help and efforts of its members, the church was able to be built and furnished. Truly, a real community service!

HATTONFORD FARMER'S UNION - LOCAL NO. 570

by Gladys Davis

We're not exactly sure as to when the Hattonford Farmer's Union was formed, but it has been said that this organization was originally called the United Farmer's Association. The farmers who belonged desired to bring many improvements to the area. As a group, they hoped to have more power in making their requests heard by government officials. Our minute books begin in 1957 and it appears the members from that time on, were quite active in the community - as they probably were previous to that particular time, as well.

In 1957, D. Christensen was elected president of the local. Harry Lawton accepted the secretary-treasurer's job for the beginning of the year. (It was later taken over by Mr. W. Wigley, who held that position until May, 1966.) In the early months of 1957, Pete McCormick spoke to the members on the proposed power contract for this area. They also made arrangements for a carload of fertilizer to be brought by rail to Niton.

During the next few years, the local had many ups and downs, mostly because of low membership. Their last meeting in 1957 was held June 1. They then reorganized on November 29, 1958, when M. Kokotovich was elected president. They held one meeting in 1959 and were again reorganized on April 9, 1960. This time Harry Lawton was elected president. Under Mr. Lawton they helped other F.U.A. locals in sub-districts five and six to procure land at McLeod Valley for a permanent picnic ground; they donated ten dollars to Niton Central School to help when a student attended Banff School of Fine Arts; they gave Dale Wigley a twenty-five dollar scholarship in 1962, when

he attended Vermilion School of Agriculture. The local was again at rest from November 1962 until November 1963.

When it started again in 1963, Mr. Lawton remained as president. At this time, they drew up two petitions - one asking the government to place a veterinarian in our area and the other requesting a district agriculturist. They formed a M.S.L. (Medical Services) group plan and many members benefitted from this.

In 1964, they requested that the Department of Lands and Forests make more land available for homestead lease or sale. The group got together with members of Mayerthorpe Chamber of Commerce and drew up and circulated a petition, which was later sent to the Department of Highways, requesting that they finish the road joining the Mackay Road to the Mayerthorpe Road at the baseline (the Bush Road). They gave a twenty-five dollar scholarship to George Lawton, who was attending Vermilion School of Agriculture. To raise money in 1964, they held a Rifle Raffle. This was won by T. Eaton of Peers. Also they joined with the W.I. and the Community Club to hold a picnic on July 26. The total profit for each of the three clubs was twenty-one dollars and eighty-seven cents.

On February 2, 1965 at their annual meeting, Bud Currie was elected president. During that year they discussed, at great length, the advantages and disadvantages of the ARDA projects. They had Lloyd Bossert, an ARDA representative, out to a meeting to address the people. One request the members made that year was assistance to clear land. Also in November, they wrote to the Minister of Health protesting the closing of the District Nurse's Home in Peers.

In May of 1966, Mrs. Petra Wigley took over the secretary-treasurer's position from her husband, but this job was later accepted by Mrs. R. Lawton in September of that year. In July they got together and drew up a brief to protest the proposed closing of Niton Central High School. This was later sent to the Minister of Education. Bill Lawton became president on December 7, 1966. During his term of office, Ernie Rear acted as secretary-treasurer.

At the next annual meeting on December 5, 1967, Bud Currie was again elected president and Mrs. R. Lawton resumed the position of secretary-treasurer. It

was under their leadership, in March 1968, that the local wrote Premier Manning and the M.S.A., protesting a three-cent per gallon increase in gas.

In December 1968, Gladys Davis became secretary-treasurer. Mr. Bud Currie remained as president. They met with the Chip Lake local and elected a land representative to sit on the ARDA Farm Adjustment Board. The person elected was Joe Oleksiw from Mackay. They later formed a Blue Cross group plan and many members benefitted. This enabled the members to obtain medical aid, such as ambulance service, at a cheaper rate.

Then, due to lack of members, the last meeting was held April 4, 1972. However, many things were started, and probably accomplished, over the years by the briefs and requests they made.

THE HATTONFORD SOCIAL CREDIT GROUP

by Gladys Davis

The Hattonford Social Credit Group was formed in 1936, after a group of local people had attended a meeting at Niton School where the M.L.A. for this area (Lac Ste. Anne) had addressed the gathering. This local group held a special meeting on July 25, 1936 and, at this time, elected Chester Ingles to act as their secretary and Glen Ashmead to act as timekeeper for road work done in Hattonford from the "big timber" (Ben Zerb's) north. After a short time on duty, Glen Ashmead resigned and his job was then taken over by Harry Hodges.

It seems that the main purpose of the group was to better the road conditions in the area. They wrote numerous letters to that effect. For instance, they asked that money be used on the road east of Cundict's corner, west of Cundict's corner, and asked that the Hattonford-Niton road be worked on in the spring of 1937. One other important thing that they did was send a resolution to the provincial government, asking that they reduce all penalties on tax arrears and inquiring if these arrears could be worked out on local roads over a five-year period.

To raise money, they held a dance and to help pay general expenses such as fuel for lights, each member was charged ten cents at the annual meeting. Their entertainment committee, elected in December of 1936, consisted of Mrs. W. G. Anderson, Mrs. G. Ashmead, Mr. H. Lawton, Mr. W. Jillett and Mr. E. Cox. They also helped the Young People's Society saw wood for the hall stove.

At the annual meeting in November 1936, Harry Hodges was elected as president, Art Sonne as vice-president, Ernie Cox as secretary and F. Ford was elected to audit the books.

The last record we have of a meeting was July 10, 1937.

HATTONFORD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

by Diane Wigley

The Hattonford Women's Institute Branch was organized in August of 1951 by Mrs. J. I. Jones, who was then Director of District Two, and made our new branch the fourth in the Jasper - Makaska constituency.

The organizational meeting boasted eleven members, with our first president being Mrs. H. (Rosa) Lawton; the vice-president was Mrs. L. C. (Grace) Cundict and the secretary-treasurer was Mrs. F. C. (Joyce) Cundict.

In 1952, the fall supper was changed from a chicken supper to a cold meat supper due to the scarcity of chickens around the community, as coyotes seemed to like chicken suppers too. Admission to the Harvest Special supper and dance was set at one dollar.

The matter of immunization was one big concern of the Women's Institute in 1952 because the area didn't have a district nurse at that time. Many letters were written to different people, after which it was decided to leave the matter of immunization until after the polio season.

The Hattonford Women's Institute helped organize the Community Coronation Celebration held June 2,

1953; each child in the area received a Coronation Mug at the celebration. In November 1953, the branch proudly hosted their first conference, which had been scheduled for August but, due to rain and bad roads, had to be postponed regardless of the supreme efforts of Mrs. H. Lawton, who was constituency convenor at the time.

In August 1957, they served lunch at the opening of the Nurse's New Residence at Peers. The Women's Institute was active in supporting the Peers Nursing Association until 1965 when the Department of Health abolished the nursing facilities at Peers. Because of improved roads and means of transportation, it was felt by the department that the outlying district nurses were no longer needed.

In the past, the Women's Institute organized the spring clean-ups of the cemetery. In 1961, they peeled and treated posts for the cemetery fence, and in 1965 they wrote a letter to protest the ten dollar license fee charged to small cemeteries. They raised monies to help fix up the Hattonford Anglican Church.



A W.I. Meeting - Grandma Cundict, Grace Cundict, Kathleen Ford, Evelyn Guignon, Ethel Ford, Min Bowerman and Kit, Petra Wigley and Dale.

The Women's Institute, over the years, wrote protest letters to different government departments regarding road conditions and road signs. The efforts of the Women's Institute, in 1970, were a big help establishing a rural mail route to replace the Hattonford Post Office which had been closed.

A large variety of fund raising events were held over the years; raffles, bingos, suppers, dances, Mother's Day teas, catering to farm sales and handicraft sales were some of these events. The Women's Institute quite often sold baking and ice cream at the Co-op Store grounds. An apron was made and passed around the community for donations, which were to be sewn under a patch. After the donations were turned in, the apron was auctioned off; the total proceeds were \$8.01. Another time every member had to pay a penny for every inch of their waistline.



W.I. Bake Sale at the Co-op Store. Bunny McPhee, Joyce Ophus, Beth Wiseman, Iris Wiseman, Joyce Cundict, Elsie Suter, Evelyn Guignon, Kath Ford, Ethel Ford.

Through the efforts of the Women's Institute and their fund raising, they were able to sponsor the Children's Christmas Parties, gifts were sent to all hospitalized persons of the district, recipe boxes were given to all new brides and 80th birthday parties were held in honor of our senior citizens. Donations were made to A. W. I. funds, scholarships to Niton Central School students, a kidney machine, crippled children and the Red Cross.

The Women's Institute rented the hall from the Community Club and helped with the upkeep of the hall. When the Community Club disbanded, the Women's Institute took over the responsibility of the

hall and grounds. In 1969, an agreement was drawn up in favor of allowing the grounds of the Hattonford Community Hall to be developed and used for the purpose of organizing a gymkhana club. The title of the hall and grounds were transferred to the Women's Institute from the Community Club in May, 1971. With the help of Green Grove Recreation Board Grants, the W.I. was able to improve



the hall and grounds. In October 1970, installation of Calgary Power was completed to the hall. In 1971, the well was drilled; then in 1972, the furnace was installed. With the help of the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club, a kitchen and addition were added to the hall.

In 1980, the Women's Institute transferred the title of the hall and grounds to the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society, as the women felt that they were unable to handle the responsibility of building and managing a new hall.

At present the Hattonford Women's Institute are resting from regular duties and are concentrating on compiling the history of the area. Recording the local history has been a dream of the club for quite sometime; back in 1956 and again in 1961, the club talked of writing a history book, but it wasn't until 1979 that definite steps were taken.

Old Time Reunions were held in 1967 and 1977. And now, five years later, the Hattonford Women's Institute are planning another reunion in August of this year, at which time "Bridging the Years" should be available to the public.

Charter Members - August 1951

Mrs. H. Lawton - deceased 1969
 Mrs. L. C. Cundict - still with the Branch
 Mrs. F. J. Cundict - deceased 1961
 Mrs. F. C. Cundict - living in Edmonton
 Mrs. H. Ford - deceased 1980
 Mrs. D. Bowerman - deceased
 Mrs. W. Wigley - deceased 1966
 Mrs. O. Ford - living in Victoria, B.C.
 Mrs. A. Wiseman - living at Niton Junction
 Mrs. A. Guignon - deceased 1957
 Miss E. Guignon - living in Edmonton

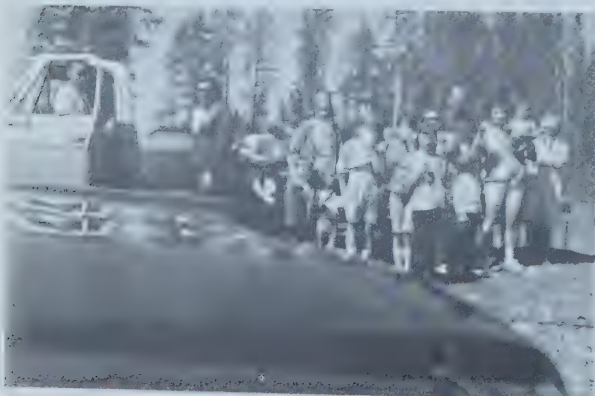
Two of these members' names, Mrs. W. C. Wigley and Mrs. H. Lawton, were placed in the Women's Institute's "Book of Remembrance".



Reunion 1967. Mrs. Violet Strudwick, Mabel Ford, Ethel Ford, Rosa Lawton, Mrs. Arnold, and Mrs. Potts.



W.I. Conference held at Joyce Ophus's home.



W.I. Walk-a-thon held in 1970.



District Conference at Sangudo in 1971.

BEAVER MEADOW SADDLE CLUB

by Gladys Davis

A horse club! Wouldn't that be a great thing! That's exactly what Paul Bucholz of the Windfield district and Ed Ophus of Hattonford thought, too. So, on December 16, 1969, the two of them got together with Lucy Robinson and Tom Ophus to discuss the whole thing. Paul volunteered to draw up the plans for the arena and Ed volunteered to look after getting material. Talk was strong that winter about forming a club and the word soon got around.

On April 5, 1970, a meeting was held at Niton Community Centre and the election of the first officers was held. The first president was Clarence Wilkins; the first vice-president was Lee Davis and the first secretary-treasurer was Suzy Ophus. The name Beaver Meadow Saddle Club was also chosen at this time.

On April 9th, the men cut posts on Tom Ophus' land and hauled them to the grounds. Later that month the land was cleared, the posts put in and the planks were nailed on in time for the first gymkhana on June 7, 1970.

From that time on the Saddle Club became very active in the community and over the years has had members from as far away as Wildwood, Edson and Shining Bank. They have held dances, raffles, skating parties, films, toboggan parties, box socials, whist parties, concession booths at Peers sports days and farm sales, New Year's Eve gatherings, a horse clinic, wiener roasts, pot luck suppers, bonspiels - only to mention a few. One project which raised approximately \$1100 for our club was a wagon-a-thon held April 8, 1979. Also on July 6, 1980, we held a Saddle Gymkhana. The saddle was won by Pam Lundberg and the proceeds were donated to Camp He-Ho-Ha for the handicapped. The members have fenced the boundary of the grounds and built a kitchen onto the hall which served as their concession booth on gymkhana days. One member, Joyce Ophus, even showed her artistic talents by making the sign which now is located at the entrance to the grounds.

They have held many trail rides over the years. The first one was held October 4, 1970. Fifty-one riders enjoyed the sights, which ended with a supper on the flats by Wilkins. We have ridden to the bank on Shining



Jim Bendall accepting the prize for the man living in Hattonford the longest.



Hattonford Reunion 1977. Kathleen Cundict accepting the prize for the lady living in Hattonford the longest.

Bank mountain, explored most of the area and trails around this neighborhood and on the Thanksgiving weekend in 1979, thirty-one people - some on horseback, some with teams, and some with campers and trucks - started out from Carrot Creek tower and rode south to the old Miller Ranch. This one was an overnight ride and a good time was had by everyone, except for the trip out in the mud!

Each gymkhana season ends with a trophy supper and sometimes a dance. Since Paul Bucholz passed away before the club actually got started, but did much of the ground work for the club, the members decided to buy a Paul Bucholz Memorial Trophy to be presented each year to the high point rider. Winners of this trophy in order of year are: Donna Osipow, Randy Sweezy, Al Dickson, Clare Wilkins (three years), Lorne Manary, Pam Lundberg, Tom Ophus, Pam Lundberg, Delwyn Dennison, and Duane Dickson.

Many of our riders have proved to be very competitive throughout the years. They have competed against other clubs in Rally Days at places such as Lindale, Long Island Lake, Smithfield, Winfield, Westlock, Thorsby, Hi-Way 33 at Onoway, and Lazy Daze at Tiger Lily. Some have even gone on to compete and win at a larger show, known as Alberta Western Saddle and Gymkhana Association. In 1979, our club hosted Rally Days. It was a very busy weekend when five clubs rode off against one another. One really finds out at a time such as this, how a small community - working together - can put on such a show. It was really great! Also at these Rally Days each club sponsors a Queen. Members from our club who have been our queens are: Clare Wilkins, Barb Valley, Donna Osipow, Debbie Dickson, Dorothy Phillips, Lorraine Zerb, Pam Lundberg, Sandra VanKoughnett and Cheryl Leakvold.

Throughout the past eleven years, many people have worked hard to make the club successful. Presidents and the years they served are: Clarence Wilkins (1970-1976), Bill Lawton (1976-1977), Tom Ophus (1977-1978), Fred Smigelski (1978-1979), Lee Davis (1979-1981), and Tom Ophus (1981-1982). Secretaries and the years they served are: Suzy Ophus (part of 1970), Shirley Manelli (1970-1971), Geraldine Wilkins (1971-1976), Margaret Regnier (1976-1977), and Gladys Davis (1977-1982). At first, the job of Secretary-Treasurer was combined but was later split up. The Treasurers and the



One of the early grand entries with Al Dickson and Bert Wilkins presenting the flags.
L. to R. - ?, Lorne Manary, ?, Gary Dickson, Ken Dickson, Donna Osipow, Ron Dickson, George Lawton, Linda Sweezy, Audrey Manary, ?, Ron Sweezy and Danny Radcliffe.

years they served are: Irene Osipow (1972-1975), Gloria Lawton (1975-1978), Fran Shepherd (1978-1979), and Kathy Strawson (1979-to the present).

Lee Davis has announced most gymkhanas. Clarence Wilkins and Frank Dickson have also taken a turn at the "mike". Still others have worked hard taking times (Frank and Florence Dickson), working in the booth and organizing functions and whatever else they are called upon to do.

Thus, we have been a very busy organization and are looking forward to 1982, some good weather on gymkhana days, and a planned Ten Thousand Dollar Added Jackpot Gymkhana.



First trail ride in 1970. Clarence and Clare Wilkins carrying the homemade banner made from a flour sack.



Irene Osipow (treasurer) riding at a fun gymkhana.



1972 Pee Wee Class



Margaret Regnier, Suzy Ophus, Clare Wilkins, and Marie Lawton - winners of the ladies events in 1974.



Clare Wilkins accepting the Bucholz Memorial trophy (of which she was the winner for 3 years) from President Clarence Wilkins.



Tom Ophus with his wagon team and some of the riders in the background.



Lee and Gladys Davis with their wagon team on the trail ride.



The 1981 Beaver Meadow Saddle Club and Three Rivers Queen Cheryl Leakvold presenting the Charlton Family trophy for Men's Hi-Point to Tom Ophus.



The first overnight trail ride in 1979 held at Miller's Ranch south of Carrot Creek Tower.



Trophy night 1981 of the Pee Wee class.
Back Row:Patti-Lyn Sullivan and Trina Hewins; Middle Row/Nicky Breen, Derek Lawton, Shelly Norman, Andrea Hewins, Clint Bowman and Christy Regnier; Front Row:Mark Lawton, Zane Davis, Dallas Ophus and Shelley Sullivan

BEAVER MEADOW RECREATION CLUB

by Suzy Ophus

The first meeting of the Beaver Meadow Recreation Club was held on September 26, 1975 at the Hattonford Community Hall. The following people were elected as the executive. President - Brian Cundict, Vice President - Lee Davis, Secretary - Janet Sullivan, Treasurer - Ella Phillips. The purpose of this club was to hold activities solely for the recreation and enjoyment of the people living in the community and their friends and relatives.

The club's first cabaret was held on November 1, 1975 at the hall. It was a Halloween Masquerade and was a great success. On New Year's Eve, we had another cabaret using a juke box which Elaine and Lawrence Garraway brought out from Edmonton. Since the cost of hiring a band for New Year's Eve is prohibitive for such a small group as ours, this practice has continued over the years.

In 1976, we had a Valentine's dance, a spring dance, a harvest dance, a Halloween dance and a New Year's Eve dance. Cabarets on these five occasions continued for all the years the Recreation Club was in operation. In addition, over the years, we had adult and children's tobogganing parties, skating parties, and Farmer's Day picnics. Children's Halloween and Christmas parties were put on in conjunction with the Women's Institute, as were birthday parties for our senior citizens. We sponsored a Clown Act and a Magic Show for the



Recreation Club tobogganing party on Ophus Hill in the winter of 1980.



The 1979 Christmas Concert in the old hall. Patti-Lyn and Shelley Sullivan, Zane Davis, Dallas Ophus, Connie and Kelly Lynn Wigley, Nicky Breen and Derek Lawton.



Jackie Wildeboer, ?, Dallas Ophus, Connie Wigley and Zane Davis at the Hallowe'en Party (1980).

children in our own and surrounding communities; both programs were held in the Niton School Auditorium. Playground equipment was purchased for the playground area at the hall.

The highlight of 1980 was on February 2, when the members rented the Kinsman bus from Edson and attended a supper and dance at the Red Barn. Everyone had a great time, dancing to the music of the Emeralds.

At the November 30, 1980 meeting, a motion was made that we become an umbrella organization of the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society. Our last Beaver Meadow Recreation Club function was the

New Year's Eve cabaret on December 31, 1980. The women of the club finally had a night off, as we had a catered Chinese supper from the Nojack Hotel. It was delicious and everyone enjoyed the evening, especially the ladies!

BEAVER MEADOW AND DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

by Marie Lawton

In the spring of 1979, the people of the area decided to form the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society.

The following people were the first executive: President - Brian Cundict; First Vice President - Paddy Breen; Second Vice President - Fred Smigelski; Secretary - Lorna Randall and Treasurer - Fred Priestley-Wright.

On October 5, 1979 we held our charter night, which included a pot luck supper. Mr. Peter Trynchy, Minister of Parks and Recreation, was our guest of honor. He presented our group with the Certificate of Organization from the Minister of Agriculture, Dallas Schmidt.

It was decided at our December 2, 1979 meeting that a new hall should be our first priority. Because we would require more land, the Agricultural Society approached Jim Bendall about purchasing two acres which he agreed to sell to us. A Building Committee was formed which included the following people: Fred Priestley-Wright, Paddy Breen, Tom Ophus and Gladys Davis. A site plan was drawn up by the committee and was presented at the meeting for the members to vote on.

It was decided by the membership that the club needed several further committees to help the club function smoothly. They were as follows: Land Use, Fund Raising, Entertainment, Social Convenor and Membership. The people involved on these committees would bring back ideas to the regular meeting to be discussed and voted on by the membership. The different committees were a great benefit, as it helped involve the whole membership in planning activities.

In 1980 the following people were elected for office: President - Brian Cundict, Secretary - Gladys Davis, Treasurer - Fred Priestley-Wright. The goals of the Agricultural Society this year were drawing up plans for the new hall, having them approved, and financing the building project.

During this year, our Agricultural Society gave a \$100.00 donation to the Yellowhead 4-H Council. This money helped to send young people on an exchange program to Newfoundland. The club has also given an annual donation to the Niton scholarship awards. Numerous functions were organized by the membership such as cabarets, special birthdays for senior citizens in the area, a clown act, through Alberta Culture, for the young and old, lottery draws, and a cowboy poker derby.

The following people were elected for office in 1981: President - Bill Lawton; Secretary - Gladys Davis and Treasurer - Fred Priestley-Wright. The main project for this year was the actual construction of our new facility.

On April 25, 1981 we held a special sod turning ceremony at the new hall site with special guest, Peter Trynchy. All the Green Grove Recreation Board members and residents of surrounding districts were invited. This was held at the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural grounds at four-thirty P.M. with a pot luck supper to follow at the Mackay Hall. The artistic shovel shown in the picture was decorated by Dale and Diane Wigley. The Beaver Meadow Saddle Club held their banner between the two horses, ridden by Gladys Davis and Tom Ophus.

Since this function, the members have been very active, as most of the labour thus far has been donated by them. There have also been many donations from outside the district such as labour, cupboards, light fixtures, carpet, and trucking of the materials for the hall. The hall is now shelled in, ready to begin work on the inside. We plan to have it ready for use on the long weekend of May 22, 1982. On this date the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society and the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club have planned a \$10,000.00 Jackpot Gymkhana.

The following people were elected for office in 1982: President - Lorna Randall, Secretary - Marie Lawton and Treasurer - Garry Neufeld. With a lot of

determination and enthusiasm on the part of all the members, I am sure we will enjoy great success in the future years.



Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society Charter Night, October 5, 1979. Brian Cundict and Peter Trynchy



Cowboy Poker Derby 1981. Chuck Varga, Brenda Willetts, Dian Dennison, Cindy Currie, Trudy Dennison, Donna Varga and Irene Meropoulos.



Sod turning for new hall in April 1981.



Hattonford Hall under construction (1981)

The Three Halls

by Norman McCallister

It was on one Sunday morning
Back in old 1929,
A group of Hattonford people
Arranged the logs in line.

To saw into fine lumber
A dance hall must be built,
They pitched in, men and women,
And went at it full tilt.

This was in 1930
A happy pleasure spot,
They came for miles, loaded with smiles,
Whether it be cold or hot.

Windfield school was dragged in
The old hall would no longer do,
They built on an addition
And a kitchen, too.

The Beaver Meadow Club gathered
A decision then was made,
To build a large modern hall
The foundation it was laid.

The men they worked in groups
The women pounded nails,
They also brought huge meals
So that energy would not fail.

The high arch rib building
Was beautiful to see,
Large washrooms and a kitchen,
The finest they must be.

This community building
A hall second to none,
Will be used by many hundreds
Thru the distant years to come.



PART IV
Family Histories



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM G. ANDERSON

by Bill Anderson

Mr. William G. Anderson was born in Ontario; Mrs. Anderson was born in Vermont, U.S.A. They were married in Ottawa, Ontario in 1912. Bill Jr. was born in Ottawa in 1915. During World War I, Bill Sr. was in the Royal Canadian Navy. The family moved to North Hattonford in about 1919, shortly after the Williams and Arnolds.

Don was born in Edmonton in 1920.

We left Hattonford in 1924 and lived in Edmonton about one year. Then we moved to Detroit, Michigan. We moved back to Hattonford in 1929 and stayed until 1940. When Bill Jr. and Don joined the R.C.A.F. during World War II, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson moved to Edmonton. Mrs. Anderson died in 1953 at the age of 62. Mr. Anderson died in 1967, age 81.

Bill Jr. retired in 1976 and lives on the 108 Ranch, 100 Mile House. He and his wife spend a lot of time fishing, golfing and skiing.



Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Anderson, 1940.

Don lives in Kamloops and is still working. He still plays the banjo. He and Bill get together about once a year for a jam session. They still play many of the same pieces they used to play for dances in the Hattonford area. We didn't make much money then, but we had a lot of fun.

MR. AND MRS. KIRK ARNOLD

by Dot Cox

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Arnold came to the Hattonford district in the year 1916, along with Mrs. Arnold's brother, Mr. Vollotton. Their son, Pete, was just a small boy. Mrs. Arnold remembers bringing Edna Tindall, nee Williams, into the world as there were no doctors or nurses in that part of the country at that time.

Mr. Arnold was quite a handyman, making their own furniture from rough lumber. He also fixed up sleigh runners, etc. for the neighbors.

They left the district in 1944, the year their son was married. They bought an acreage in Ladner, B.C. where they lived until Mr. Arnold passed away. Mrs. Arnold is in an old folks home in Victoria. She will be ninety-three years of age in June 1981.



Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Arnold

GLEN AND ESTELLA ASHMEAD

Glen was born December 15, 1903, in Wonder, Oregon, U.S.A. He came to Alberta with his parents and settled near Stony Plain. While there, he met and married his wife, Estella Ingle, on July 27, 1924. Glen and Estella lived for a short time in the Stony Plain area, where their two sons, Glen and Clifford were born.

Then about 1930, they applied for a homestead in the Hattonford area. They packed their belongings, and moved with their young sons to Hattonford and a new life. They worked very hard trying to build a home and clear the land. These were the depression years, so they would work the farm and plant a big garden during the summer months. After the crops were harvested and garden supplies canned, they both took jobs in lumber camps in the area to supplement their income during the winter months. Another son Harold, was born August 19, 1940.

Their close neighbours were Ches and Margaret Ingle, Allen and Iris Wiseman, Ernie and Dot Cox, Leonard Ingle and Dave Hellekson. For amusement, neighbours would all gather at the Community Hall for dances and socials. The big community picnic, where the whole family could join in the various activities, was held in July.

Glen and Estella lived in the Hattonford area until illness forced them to leave. They moved to Edmonton, where Glen took a job at Dominion Bridge. He worked there until diabetes forced him to take early retirement.



Estella and Glen Ashmead and sons, Glen, Clifford and Harold.

Glen and Estella moved to Drayton Valley, Alberta to live until he lost his battle with diabetes on July 4, 1967. Estella moved to Valleyview, Alberta, where she lived until October 31, 1975, when she lost her lengthy battle with cancer.

PETER BACON

by Grace Cundict

Peter was from Norway, an experienced bush man and bricklayer. He built a nice house and barn on his homestead on SW30-55-12-W5 where the A. Klassens now live. Peter worked away from home much of the time to make a living. He was a veteran of World War I and a real gentleman. In later years he moved to the Senior Citizen's Lodge in Edson, where he died in March of 1970 on his sixty-fifth birthday.

GODFRIED BAUCH

by Gladys Davis

Godfried Bauch came to Canada from East Germany (now part of Russia). He homesteaded in Hattonford, in 1929, on NE3-55-12-W5.

His greatest ambition was to be a large and successful farmer. Therefore, he cleared about sixty acres on his own land. But since times were hard, he decided to take on jobs clearing land and rented his own out to neighbors.

Once he cleared eighty acres for Mr. Larsen for three dollars and fifty cents an acre. This job was started in January and completed by the end of February.

During the winter months, Godfried hunted squirrels. He hunted this area as well as going as far west as the McLeod River. During the war, these pelts were worth up to one dollar each.

About 1946, Godfried sold his land to John Maichen Sr. for seven hundred dollars and moved to Anselmo. He later moved to Barrhead to the Senior Citizen's Lodge and passed away in 1979.

MARTIN AND DOREEN BAUMAN

I came into the Hattonford district for the first time in 1947. I came here with Joe Enidy from Leduc. We stayed in the little house where Mr. and Mrs. Alex Vida Sr. lived later on. I was planning on buying the quarter section from Joe, but our deal fell through. I also tried my hand at washing gold on the McLeod River. I believe the spot was on the Japp's place.

After this venture I returned to Leduc. Here I got married and started farming. In 1959, I, my wife Doreen and our five children, Michael (Mickey), Martin (Marty), Lloyd, Larry, and Mary Anne (Sis) moved to Lamont on a farm. Here our son Thomas was born.

After a few years of poor crops due to hail, flood, etc., we decided we would sell our farm and we started looking for some land all the way up to Jasper. As we had some sheep, cattle, and horses we needed a place which was fenced. Finding nothing exactly to our liking further west, I decided to come back into this district for a look around again. We were told Fred Resechnick had some land for sale. We found it was fenced with page wire and this was in its favor. The only drawback was there were no buildings to speak of on this quarter of land. Fred had a house half a mile up the road on twenty-two acres out of the quarter of land Ted Cundict owned, so we bought this along with the quarter.

We moved our stock up and then hung tight at Lamont till the kids finished that school term in June. This was in 1962. We owe our thanks to Grace and Leonard Cundict who watched out for our livestock till we got up here. Our youngest daughter, Rose Marie (Rosie), was born in August of this year, about two months after we moved up, so we'll always be able to remember the year if we don't forget her age.

In the fall of 1963 we poured the foundation for our house and the next year we got the frame up. We lived in this frame for nearly nine years before we finally got it completed. We also built all of our farm buildings, logging and sawing all the lumber for these ourselves. Makes a person feel a bit like a pioneer! We later purchased what we call the "Hutchy Place", a half-section that was owned by a Lawrence, I believe. We bought this property from Tom Clark, who had held a lien of some kind against it for cat work and had ended up

owning it. We also got the quarter to join this all together from the government.

To this day, I can't say what exactly brought us out here but we liked the country and the peacefulness. At the present time two of our children have made their homes here. Mickey has a quarter section of land in this district which he has started clearing on. Lloyd married Susan Pulishe and they live on the quarter section which Lloyd has here by the gravel pile. Larry runs a garage in Edson. Mary Anne and her husband, Wayne Beck, live on Ted and Joyce Cundict's old place. Marty married Joan Derksen from Edson and they live at Edson. Tom is still out working and hasn't put down any roots as yet. Rosie married a neighbour, Peter Hughes, in July of 1981 and they, at present, live in Edson.

We finally got rid of our sheep, so we only have horses and cattle now. For the past five years we have been foster parents. To the present time, we have had thirteen foster children, so there is never a dull moment. We have four grandchildren: Charles Martin Beck (Mary Anne's son), Crystal Gail Bauman (Marty's girl), Casandra Mary Lynn Bauman and Christopher Lloyd Bauman (Lloyd's children).

There have been many changes in this district, even in the short time we have been here. Some of the



Mickey, Marty, Lloyd, Martin, Larry, Tommy, Mary Anne, Doreen and Rose Marie Bauman.

people that stick out in our memories are, Harry Hodges and his wood carvings, John Maltson (Coffee John) and his love for gardening and his wild geese that followed him everywhere. We remember incidents like the time we were burning brush piles and the kids decided to roast some potatoes in the old Resecknick house. At about two o'clock in the morning, Ed and Jean Strauss drove into the yard to tell us we had a fire. The old house had caught fire and it was gone by the time we got over to it, potatoes and all!

JAMES AND EMMA BEACH

by Orvetta (Beach) Mitchell

James Sidney Beach was born at Westmeath, Ontario, on May 8, 1872, the eleventh of thirteen children born to Levi Beach, a descendant of Daniel Beach who founded Beachburg, Ontario. His family tree has been traced back to the 1600's, when his ancestors came from England and settled in the eastern United States.

He married a French-Canadian girl, Emma Castonguay, and raised a family of seven in Campbell's Bay, Quebec. The family moved to Hagersville, Ontario around 1910. After World War I, James came West with his two oldest sons, Elvey and Arlington. They helped with harvests and found out free homestead land was still available in Alberta.

James leased a rooming house in Edmonton and the family moved there in the fall of 1918. Shortly thereafter, they came down with the "Flu", which was epidemic that winter; schools were closed because of it.

James, Elvey, and Arlington filed on three quarter sections of land, twenty miles north of Niton. Hattonford, twelve miles away, was the nearest Post Office. The William Clapp family were the nearest neighbors, about a mile away as the crow flies.

In 1919, our family went by CNR to Peers, where our team and wagon had arrived to take us across the McLeod River, via ferry, to the homestead. Dad had hauled logs during the winter and had hewed and built a two-storey log house. A kitchen was added at the rear; a log barn with a sod roof and a "pole" chicken house were constructed. There were a team of work horses, a

riding horse and foal, a cow and chickens, two dogs - a setter and a wolfhound - and a cat.

Elroy, the third eldest son, stayed in Edmonton and worked in a store, sending any money he could spare to buy the needed groceries. The rest of us were Elora, fourteen; Mahlon, twelve; and Orvetta, ten years of age.

Everyone had chores to do - brushing and clearing for the men, housework, picking stones and piling roots for the girls. In season, wild fruit was picked and preserved. Hay was hand-scythed on the Beaver Creek meadows and raked into piles with long-handled, handmade rakes with wooden pegs for teeth. Water was hauled in the barrels on the stoneboat from a dug well in the creek bed, and good spring water was available all year between Elvey's and our quarter sections. That first winter we lived on CPR "strawberries" (prunes), beans, pancakes and syrup, wild fruit and wild meat - deer, moose, rabbit, and, on occasion, bear and porcupine.

Sundays were observed with Bible class, hymn singing, and exchanging dinners with the Clapp family. The Clapp children included Eva, Arnold, Cecil, Lionel, and Orrie - enough for us to play "ball" using a stone, well-wound in rags.

Some of our neighbors and visitors on the homestead in 1918-19 were: Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and son, the Williams family, a bachelor named Vollotton, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. She played the piano and he played the violin. There was "Old Man Tees", a recluse, and a young English couple with a little girl living west of us in timber land. Their name, I think, was Smith; the isolation was too much for them and they did not stay long. I remember a Mr. Mikelson visiting. Whether he worked in the lumber camp or homesteaded, I can't remember - just that his Norwegian accent really impressed a ten-year-old girl!

We loved the freedom of living in the country, but mother saw no future for us without further education, so we moved back to Edmonton where Dad was a salesman for the Singer Company.

Elvey turned over his land to Arnold Clapp and attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton. He later married and had two sons. Eventually, he died in Vancouver.

Arlington and Mahlon bought a farm at Eastburg, near Westlock, Alberta where they farmed for many years. Arlington married a widow with two sons. They are retired and live in Sun City, Arizona.

Elroy married and has one son who lives in Lethbridge. Elroy and his second wife are retired in Calgary.

Elora graduated as a nurse and then married Arnold Clapp. On his homestead, they raised four children - two sons and two daughters. In 1940, they sold out and went to Ponoka, where both were employed at the Mental Hospital until retirement. Elora is now widowed, living in her home in Ponoka. She still enjoys her garden and daily swims at the indoor pool and playing bridge. She is an active church worker and member of the I.O.D.E. Her four children all finished university and entered the teaching profession. They are all married, three living in Alberta and one in Winnipeg, Manitoba. All have children finishing their education.

Mahlon never married and died some years ago on his farm at Eastburg.

Orvetta worked as a secretary in the medical office at the Mental Hospital in Ponoka until she married Percy Mitchell, head gardener there. They have a grown daughter, teaching on Vancouver Island. They are both well, retired, and living in the same house they built in 1939.

Our parents are buried in the old cemetery on 109th Ave. in Edmonton.



Mr. and Mrs. Clapp Sr.

THE HERBERT BENDALL FAMILY

Mr. Herbert Henry Bendall came west as a young man, working for the Grand Trunk Railroad. His job took him to Lucerne, British Columbia, which was the end of the steel in 1910. He went back to Manitoba and farmed with his uncle until 1912, then came west again. He met Fred Cundict and George Gordon; the three men homesteaded on adjoining quarter sections of land about twelve miles north of Niton.

In 1914 he joined the Canadian Army, went to Britain, and was wounded there. After being discharged, he married and returned to the homestead. He and his wife, Rose, had three children - Rose Emily, James Albert, and Walter Lloyd. Times were very difficult after the war, but with hard work and little machinery to work with, he managed to make some sort of a living.

The children attended Beaver Meadow School, just across the road from home. It was a log school of squared timbers. In later years, they did janitorial work and supplied wood for the school. The money earned helped to buy supplies.

There was always a strong community spirit, with picnics, box socials, dances, and programmes being held frequently. Baseball, basketball, and horseback riding were also enjoyed when you could get away from work.

Mr. Bendall was mail carrier during the 1920's but later turned the route over to Mr. Bryant. It was a long trip of twelve miles by team and wagon or team and sleigh.

The Wisemans, who came from Saskatchewan, were our neighbours to the west and each was there to lend a helping hand during times of sickness or trouble on the farm. Jack Bartley and his mother, having come from Ontario, lived to the south. Mrs. Bartley, as midwife, brought Lloyd Bendall into the world. The Cundicts to the north also gave help when needed, as everyone in those early days did.

After they left school, Jim and Lloyd worked in sawmills during the winter but always stayed on the farm. Lloyd went overseas in World War II, but was sent back for medical reasons. Rose married Bob Maguire from the Evansburg district; he went overseas in World

War II also. When he came back in 1946, they went to live at Obed, where Bob worked for the Department of Highways. A son, John Robert, was born in 1947.

The following year, 1948, Mrs. Bendall passed away; Mr. Bendall died in 1956, Bob Maguire in 1974 and Lloyd Bendall in 1977.

Rose now lives in Kamloops, B.C. Jim Bendall is the longest, continuous male resident in Hattonford and still lives on the old farm.



Mr. and Mrs. Herb Bendall and Family; Lloyd, Jim and Rose



Melvin Wagner, Jim and Lloyd Bendall, Carl Wagner

ROSS AND LANA BOHNET

On May 16, 1962, my father, Jim Bohnet, rushed my mother, Hazel, into the Medicine Hat Hospital from Cypress Hills. A few hours later, I was born. I already had one older brother and, in the next six years, I got two more brothers and one sister.

My dad sold the farm and went trucking, so we moved all over Alberta. In 1977, my dad and I moved to Rich Valley and bought a farm. From there on, I started to rodeo, which was how I met the daughter of Bill and Carol Tulloch, Lana, who was born on October 9, 1963, and who has two brothers. She has lived all of her life in Mayerthorpe.

I attended a team-roping school, taught by Ray Gadbois, a calf-roping school, taught by Jim Gladstone, and a saddle-bronc school, taught by Ivan Daines. From these, I learned how to perfect the skills of the events, which helps very much. Lana has attended two barrel-racing schools, taught by Jerri Phillips and Dee Robertson. In 1979, she was the Mayerthorpe Rodeo Queen. In 1980, I won the calf roping title in the North Eastern Alberta Amateur Cowboy Rodeo Association (NEAACRA).

I grew up with all types of livestock and I lived on a feedlot for three years. I was looking for this type of work and I found it. On June 22, 1981, I moved to Hattonford, and began working for Lawton Farms. I wasn't quite settled, living in a holiday trailer for the summer, while waiting for my mobile home to arrive.



Ross, Lana and Denny Bohnet

I moved my mobile home onto a quarter provided by Bill and George Lawton in September. On November 10, the men around the community put on a surprise stag party for me at the trailer, for on November 14, Lana and I were married in Mayerthorpe.

After returning from our honeymoon, we settled down in Hattonford. We really enjoy living in this friendly little community, and hope to be here for quite awhile.

THE DAVID BOWERMAN STORY

by his daughter, Kit

Canada needed immigrants. Posters throughout Great Britain showed the Canadian West as a land flowing with milk and honey. It was wonderful farmland and it was free!

Like many young men before him, David Bowerman left his office stool and sailed for Canada. He spent several weeks with his older brother in Montreal, but couldn't be persuaded to stay. With very little money, he set out to work his way across Canada to the Golden West.

He arrived in Hattonford and filed on his first homestead. Confidently, he wrote to England. He was settled and, with the experience he'd gained on his way west, he would soon have a successful homestead.

David became close friends with Herbert Ford, a young homesteader on a nearby quarter section. Herbert's brothers were all working homesteads in the area. Being welcome at Ford family gatherings made David less homesick for his own family in England, especially when his fiancée wrote him a "Dear John" letter, saying she was marrying an office worker who had had the sense to remain in a civilized country.

David and Herbert enlisted in the Forty-Niners Regiment during World War I and went overseas. During his convalescence in England, after being wounded at Vimy Ridge, his family tried to persuade him to stay in England, but like all homesteaders he was sure he could make a go of it. The Canadian Government's promise of financial help for returning veterans drew him back to Canada. Returning to Hat-

tonford, David was once again welcomed into the Ford family circle.

For almost thirty years he struggled to make his homesteads pay. He filed on four different parcels of land within the community, but none turned a profit. He watched three homes burn, one a beautifully dovetailed log cabin, because there wasn't enough water to quench the flames. Like so many homesteaders, he spent winters working in logging and railway camps trying to get a "grubstake" so he could work his farm.

When the community formed a co-operative, David was asked to keep the books. In England he had hated accounting; but keeping the figures for the little Co-op store, watching it grow, and finally show a profit brought him great pleasure. Being on the school board and visiting the little one-roomed school was another pleasure.

By the time the Second War started, the grandchildren of David's contemporaries were attending the schoolhouse and he was Mr. Bowerman to most of the community. His old leg wound was bothering him again. Leaving the farm to act as a special constable for the R.C.M.P. seemed to rest and help his leg. He decided to sell up and retire from farming, intending to stay in the community and run the Co-op and Post Of-



Ready to emigrate from England. Dave is front row, left.

fice. Ray Ford was returning from British Columbia with his new wife and her whole family, the McDonalds. It was a good time to sell.

The McDonalds', used to running water, electricity and indoor conveniences found Hattonford to be a far cry from the thriving community described to them by Ray Ford. True, it was far from the Pacific Coast, where a Japanese invasion was then considered to be a definite threat, and it had lots of wide open space - space enough for a real farm! Unfortunately, they bought their stock at Mr. Bowerman's sale. These weren't ordinary farm animals - they were pets. Each had its own idiosyncrasy. The white horses, Kelly and Dolly, looked alike, but one bit and kicked when handled by unfamiliar hands; the other nuzzled and frisked pockets for treats. Both were escape artists. Mrs. McDonald considered pulling her infant granddaughter's hand-crocheted shawl out of Dolly's throat the last straw! After rewashing it and putting it back in the sun to bleach, she went out to work off her frustrations with the garden hoe.

She wanted so much to tell Mr. Bowerman what she thought of his animals. Within five minutes she had the opportunity. There he was, walking through her potatoes. He tipped his straw hat, adjusted his tie, and began to chat. Even when he mentioned the animals, she couldn't get out the words she wanted to say. She felt at such a disadvantage standing there in the potatoes wearing only her blue, two-piece swimsuit. She hadn't worn it since her last summer at Cordova Bay, and oh how she wished she were there now!

In 1947 the community grapevine started to buzz. Would he? No, never! He was too set in his ways - too long a bachelor. They were wrong. In June he and the widowed Mrs. Minnie McDonald travelled to Edmonton for their wedding.

David promised his bride a quiet, peaceful, retired life. They bought an unfinished church, moved it onto property close to the store and remodelled it themselves. By mutual agreement, there were no farm animals - not even chickens.

At sixty years of age David was standing in the Edson Hospital Nursery, a father for the first time. The promised peace and quiet had lasted only fourteen months. David and Minnie named their daughter

Kathleen, but this was soon shortened to Kit.



Mr. and Mrs. D. Bowerman and Kit

At sixty-eight, David decided to retire. Minnie's arthritis was acting up and his war wound was bothering him again. They needed the comforts that a city could provide - running water, indoor plumbing and central heating. He hadn't made a successful homestead but he had made lifetime friends. In many ways, leaving Hattonford would be harder than leaving England. Minnie was looking forward to moving because it meant joining the rest of her family. Kit didn't know what moving meant, but she liked all the excitement. He carefully packed his notebooks in a small trunk. Out in British Columbia, when he didn't have to chop wood or haul water, maybe he'd have time to polish up the poems and stories he'd written over the years. Possibly he'd even have one published!

ROGER BOWMAN FAMILY

Roger Bowman came to live on NW-35-55-12 in the fall of 1976. He had just retired from working at the Luscar Coal Mine.

Clarence Bowman, his son, owns this farm and about fifty head of cattle. He needed someone to feed the cattle in the wintertime and take care of the place. In the spring of 1977, we moved our trailer to its present location.



Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bowman

Roger had seven children by his first wife, Leola. They were Eugene, Clarence, Rolland, Danny, Hellen, Roy and Robert. He came to Canada from California in 1956 and worked for the North-West Pulp Mill for two years. Then he moved north of Edson to work at Brinkerhauf oil rig for awhile.

That is when he met me, his wife, Nora. My first husband, Roy Akins, was still alive at the time, but was very sick. In fact, Roger was the one who took Roy to the hospital in Edson when he had a heart seizure in June, 1959. Roy died shortly after this and Roger continued to help me get groceries and wood and coal to burn in my cook stove and heater. Then, on November 26, 1960, we were married in the Baptist Church in Edson.

We lived on a farm north-west of Edson until the fall of 1963, when he got a job with a dragline digging ditches for an oil company down near Weyburn, Saskatchewan. We moved down there in October, 1963, but only stayed until the spring of 1964, as we did not like the winter storms on the prairie.

We came back to Calgary, through Banff to Jasper, and on to Tete Jaune. We lived in our small trailer behind the store at Tete Jaune and Roger worked in the sawmill at Valemount. Shortly afterwards, we moved to Blue River and Roger worked for the sawmill there. Later he had a small lath mill and saw mill of his own. We lived at Blue River from 1964 to 1975. In the spring of 1975, Roger got the job at Luscar Coal Mine, running a big dragline with a five-yard bucket.

He fed the cattle here until the fall of 1979, when he became ill. He went to doctors at Jasper and Whitecourt and finally, to the University Hospital in Edmonton. Then we went to Lloydminster, Alberta, as Rolland lived there and wanted to look after his dad. He was in the hospital most of the time until he passed away on April 24, 1981. He is buried near the farm in the Hattonford Cemetery.

CLARENCE AND MARGARET BOWMAN

I was born in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota to Roger and Leola Bowman the second of seven children. While growing up we led quite an unsettled existence, moving from place to place and state to state. When I was fifteen, I left my mother's home in Boulder, Colorado and went to live with my dad in Blue Lake, California. My parents had separated some years before.

My father and I came across an ad in the timber magazine there, stating that Northwest Pulp and Power in Hinton were hiring pulpcutters and would guarantee work. We decided to give it a try.

In April of 1957, we crossed the border into Canada and soon became employees of N.W.P. and P. We stayed at Camp Two, by Wild Horse Lake, near the East Jasper Park gate. In my spare time, I caught wild horses in the area with Ken Thompson, strip boss, and Lyle Frizzel, the camp barn boss. When Camp Two shut down we went to Camp Eight, then Ten, and finally Twenty. A rig moved in next to Camp Twenty, and I did my first stint of rig work.

Following this, I worked horses with Del Brown for Doran's Pony Barn in Jasper, during the summer. In 1960, Del and I left for Arizona, where we worked for the Corlink Ranch. We stayed for spring round-

up and returned to Canada in time to open the barns in Jasper for the holiday weekend in May.

For the next several years I worked at the barns during the summer seasons and, in the fall, guided in Valemount, B.C. for Duncan Brooks Outfitting. During the winter months I worked on the rigs or whatever employment I could find. One winter I took a fiberglass and sheet metal course in Edmonton. For a couple of winters I hauled eight-foot short wood from Camp Twenty and Twenty-four to Hinton for Roy Bowman of Edson. In summer I hauled gravel and rodeoed.

Later I worked for Hinton Heavy Haulers. Leroy Sharlow and I hauled some of the first mining equipment into the new town of Grande Cache. I also hauled in the first house; it was a Nelson home.

Margaret was raised along with three brothers, on a farm in the beautiful Ottawa Valley, near the village of LaPasse, Ontario. When she was thirteen, her family moved to Alberta, to a farm a few miles from the Al Oeming's Game Farm, where her father worked as a farm employee. They stayed there through the summer and in the fall moved to Hinton, where her father cut pulp for Northwest Pulp and Power.

After high school, Margaret worked as a cook's helper at a coal exploration camp near the Wild Hay River. In 1970, she moved to Edmonton and worked at a branch of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce until our marriage in 1971.

That spring and summer, Margaret cooked and I hauled for Kakwa Logging which was situated up the Goodwin Road from Muskeg River. The mainstay of the business was cutting timbers for the mines at Grande Cache. That fall we moved to McBride, B.C. where we lived for two years. Our oldest son, Clinton, was born there in 1972. By the time we'd decided we wanted to buy a farm somewhere and put down some roots.

We came to Hattonford looking, as I was quite familiar with the area. I had broken and shod horses locally for a number of years before.

The summer of 1973, we bought the Bob Christen-

son place and moved from McBride to Edson. We both worked out and came to farm whenever we could.

In the winter of 1976, we bought a logging truck and, as most of the wood I would be hauling was going to N.W.P. and P., we moved to Hinton where we remained for over two years. Our second son, Dustin, was born there in 1977. We finally moved to the farm on New Year's Eve of 1979 and in April of that same year, Jesse came along. We sold the logging truck to Zerb Lumber and for the past couple of years, I have hauled equipment for Landos Construction of Edmonton, taking time off to do necessary farming.



Clarence and Margaret Bowman and Family; Clint, Dustin and Jessie

PADDY AND SUSAN BREEN

Patrick Robert Breen was born January 23, 1952 in Edmonton, Alberta, to Bob and Lil Breen. He is the eldest of a family of three and also has two foster brothers. His parents reside in Edmonton; his father is the well-known Klondike Mike. Susan May Breen was born in Edmonton on May 8, 1951, to Anne and Jim Hodges of Sangudo. She is the third child in a family of seven. Her mother still resides in Sangudo.

Paddy and Susan met in Edmonton and were married August 2, 1969. Paddy worked for Goodhost Coffee at the time, as a driver and maintenance man. Susan worked for A.G.T. as a long-distance operator. In March of 1970, Paddy was transferred to Calgary; Susan followed two months later when her transfer with A.G.T. came through. In the spring of 1972, they bought their first house. On April 15 of that year their first child, Christopher Patrick, was born. To complete the family, a daughter, Nicole Denise, was born - again on April 15 - in the year 1974. The Breens apparently preferred this birthdate above all others.

By the time Nicole was born, Paddy had been a salesman for Goodhost for three years. Life was becoming too settled, so they sold their first house and bought another. They then decided that a real change of life style would be in order. The Breens sold their second house and, with another couple, bought a quarter of land by Sundre, Alberta. Country living here we come! They purchased a mobile home and settled in. Soon the animals arrived - dogs, donkeys (belonging to Klondike Mike), and finally a small herd of cattle.

With the cattle, came a series of shocks, for the Breens soon discovered that they didn't know a whole lot about cattle. They needed an education in that direction. While visiting Paddy's parents in Edmonton, they picked up the Journal and found an article about the Green Certificate Program. The Department of Agriculture, in conjunction with established farms, would teach people about farming. This really meant that there were farmers out there who were willing to place their machinery, livestock, and their sanity on the line to instruct others in the art of farming.

After meeting various government requirements and passing inspection, they were given the name of a farm trainer. Gathering their anxieties together, the Breens drove out to the wild and unpopulated (to them) district of Hattonford to meet the Lawton clan. The Lawtons were unprepared. They assumed Paddy was footloose and fancy free. But it was a package deal. He came complete with wife, two kids, a dog, a mobile home, and thirteen cows ready to calve. The Breens were unprepared as well. They thought there was one Lawton family to meet. There were three separate compartments to this outfit and who was the boss anyway? After the situation straightened itself out and nods of approval were given all the way around, Paddy and Susan

moved into Bill and Marie Lawton's yard in March, 1976.

After learning how to back up a tractor properly and the other thousand-and-one things a farmer needs to know, Paddy decided it was time to look for his own place. Where was never the question; it had to be in Hattonford. It took awhile, but finally there was land for sale. On April 28, 1977, Paddy and Susan became the proud owners of quarter section NE34-55-12-W5. The previous owners were Joyce and Edgar Ophus.

The power was applied for and the water well drilled in June of '78. They learned a lesson that spring. Big is not always better. A windbreak was needed, so Paddy and Susan had trees planted - big ones! After a wind, those big, beautiful, heavy trees went down, more often than not. The Breens did more crying and tying of trees that summer than they like to remember. The next summer the Breens were to be seen planting very small, very light trees.

One day in the month of July, 1978, the Breens followed Bill Lawton as he moved their trailer up the hill onto their own land. That was the day they discovered they had horseshoes in the appropriate place for, when it came time to unhitch the trailer from Bill's



Paddy and Susan Breen

tractor, they found that the bolt holding the two together had lost its nut and was hanging by a single thread!

So there they were, with the trailer sitting on top of a wind-swept hill, a crooked line of bent trees for a wind-break, and surrounded on all sides by a hayfield. It was beautiful! As time went by, sheds, a corral, fences, a barn, and more trees were added. The empty hayfield began to look like a farmstead.

At the time of this writing, the Breens are still living happily in Hattonford. Chris and Nicole are attending Niton Central School - with Chris in grade four and Nicole in grade two. Paddy is now working for Esso Resources. The family belong to the local Agricultural Society and the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club.



Nicole and Chris Breen

JOHN BROOKS

I was born in England on January 15, 1899. After the death of my mother, when I was ten, I came to Canada to join my father and brother in Owen Sound, Ontario. I went to school there for a few years. I worked at many different jobs in Ontario and then in Saskatchewan, where we later moved.

I met my wife, Lena, when she came to stay with my stepmother in Bridgeford, Saskatchewan. We were married there in April, 1920.

In the fall of 1920, I came west to Mackay with my father-in-law, C. S. Larsen, to look at a homestead. We got off the train at Mackay station at night. There was no place to stay or to eat. We slept in the station house overnight and walked north the next day to find where our homesteads were. We went back home to Saskatchewan and the next spring we brought the stock and horses and moved out there.

It was not easy to build in those days. Times were very hard. Our daughter, Anne, was only a small baby when we came to the homestead. We had to clear land with the axe and horses. I went back to the prairies every fall during the harvest season to make extra money.

There was no store at Mackay until years after we came here. Mrs. Corbett had a store at Leaman. If we gave our list to the station agent at Mackay, he would go to Leaman on the train and bring back our groceries. I have walked to Wildwood, known then as Junkins, to get supplies. Sometimes we went across on Chip Lake. In the winter, we could go to Max Miller's store at



Jim and Anne Brooks with their grandfather, C.S. Larsen who often led services in the Anglican church.

Niton. Mostly we depended on our gardens and wild game for our food.

There had been other settlers here who had moved out before we came. Old Dad Paterson, his wife and family - Jim, Bob, John, Maggie, and Lizzie - were here, as well as Dave White's family. Frank McNalley and his mother lived at Beta Lake. There were no roads of any kind, only bush trails.

Lena, Anne and I went back to Bridgeford in the fall of 1923 to thresh. Our son, Jim, was born there in November.

Although times were hard and we didn't have much money, we had lots of good times. In the old days, it didn't cost much to have a good time. We had many gatherings at our house. The dancing could go on all night. There were picnics at the Windfield schoolhouse and at Beta Lake. Many times we went to picnics or dances at Hattonford, Highway and Anselmo. Many people from those districts came to our get-togethers also.

For many years, I was sub-foreman when we built the Mackay road and other roads in the district.

Our youngest son, Lawrence, was born in January of 1940. In 1942 Jim, who was then nineteen years old, joined the Armed Forces. He contacted rheumatic fever while in boot camp and was later discharged because it was found he had heart trouble from the fever. He died as a result of a caterpillar accident in September, 1953, while working for Jack Attwell at Hinton.

Our homestead was SW20-55-11-W5. My daughter, Anne Dione, who lives at Mackay, owns it now. We moved to Lena's homestead, SE16-55-11-W5, in 1955. After Lena died in November of 1973, I continued to live there. Lawrence and his family have their home on this land too.

There are many amusing stories to tell about days gone by. For example, when we built the last Windfield school, everyone in the community pitched in. It was Gib Thompson's job to build the outhouses for the school. When he cut the holes in the seat, he had to cut them three different times before he got them small enough. It took Gib a long time to live that down.

I remember one time Alex Vida, Sr. came and told me something was wrong with his binder. "I don't know what's wrong with it", he said, "but it won't open it's mouth."

There were beaver dams on Alex's quarter. He would go down every day and tear them out with the pitchfork. One day he went and couldn't find his fork. The beaver had used it to reinforce their dam.



Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks, Anne and Jim

LAWRENCE BROOKS FAMILY

I was born and raised here in the Windfield area. I took most my schooling in the Windfield School. Sometimes I walked the two miles to school; sometimes my dad or mom, John and Lena Brooks, took me on horseback or in the cutter. There were days I rode horseback with Helen Chalak. At other times, Nolan Watson would pick me up in his homemade van-type sleigh pulled with horses. He had a wood heater in it that made it very nice on cold days.

When I left school, I worked at many different jobs. I worked in the bush, logging, and on the sawmills. I trapped with Leo and Bill Jager one winter. I worked for Mike and Helen at Mills Motors. I worked the oilrigs as roughneck and motorman.

I married Doris McColman of the Wildwood area in March, 1961. The first year we lived at Herman Hagman's at Anselmo, where I worked for him on the

farm. Then we moved back here and built our first home.

I bought my first backhoe in 1968, an old David Brown. That got me started in the backhoe business. I put in a good share of the sewer systems and water lines in this area. I still have a backhoe and I also farm.

We have two sons, Loren and Sid, and four daughters, Bernice, Sandy, Beth and Leanne.



Lawrence, Doris, Loren, Bernice, Sandra, Beth, Leanne and Sid Brooks

FRED BRUNER FAMILY

by Grace Cundict

Mr. and Mrs. Bruner met while attending a school for deaf mutes in the United States. They came to Winfield in 1914 to homestead. When travelling to and from Wildwood or Edmonton, they would row a boat across Chip Lake, make camp for the night, and catch a train in the morning. The Bruners had three sons and one daughter. Earl is married and lives in British Columbia, Miles lives in the Wildwood area, George married Ellen Foster (now deceased) and lives on Vancouver Island. Vera married Ted Strauss, both deceased. Fred Bruner died on the homestead and Mrs. Bruner, in later years, in Edmonton.

A.H. BRYANT AND ALBERT BRYANT FAMILIES

by Grace Cundict

The A.H. Bryant family came from London, England being true Cockneys, as they were born and lived within the sound of the Bow Bells. A. Bryant Sr. volunteered for the British Army in World War I, but being too small of stature and flat-footed, was not accepted.

He used to tell the story of when he was quite young, his work was to carry coal in bags up several flights of stairs and this kept him from growing taller.

Before the first war ended, the family came to Canada and lived at Innisfail, Alberta. From there, in March of 1919, they loaded a railroad car of settler's effects and came to Niton. Mr. Bryant Sr.'s brother operated a general store at Niton at that time. The car was unloaded and the effects were hauled to Hattonford, to the quarter that Melvin Wagner lives on now. They lived in a one room shack that had been built by a Jack Brady. Later a frame house was built, part of which served as the Post Office, while Mr. Bryant was postmaster. He carried the mail to and from Niton by team and wagon or sleigh, also bringing any freight, groceries, etc. that people would ask for. When the Bryants Sr. sold their farm and belongings, they moved to Edmonton and lived there several years before they passed away.

The Bryants had three sons and one daughter. Arthur and William enlisted for World War I from Calgary, went overseas, and returned to live in the Hattonford district. They both married and raised families. Elsie, their daughter, married Raymond Shields from Niton where they have lived for most of their lives.

Albert stayed at home for several years, and in March 1933, he married Bertha Nenkir. Albert, like so many others at that time, cut ties by hand and worked at many different jobs. He made his own harness and sleighs. At one time, after a very heavy snow fall, he had to make a set of skis to get out for groceries. He trapped for eighteen years altogether, six of these years along the Lobstick River. There were many people in the area who kept their hands and feet warm in the mit-

ts and mocassins he used to make from the hides he tanned. In these years he took a total of sixty-five lynx on his lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bryant live in Evansburg where he has a shoe repair business and still makes beautiful leather wear including mukluks, all from the leather that he tans and processes. Albert and Bertha have two children, Mrs. Violet Pural in Kamloops, B.C., and Glen Bryant in Calgary.



Mr. and Mrs. A.H. Bryant, seated in front

PAUL AND CHARLOTTE BUCHOLZ

When Paul and Charlotte Bucholz came to Alberta from South Dakota in 1964, they spent nearly five months scouting around in different localities looking for a likely place to settle. Starting at Rocky Mountain House, they travelled through Nordegg to Hinton and then over to Mayerthorpe area before finally finding what they liked, north of Mackay. This area offered lots of water, good grazing for horses, was close to the wilderness and far from the city. They brought in their fine line of Morgan horses and continued to raise and improve these while they lived in Windfield.

During this time, they enjoyed making many new friends and learning the customs of these people who

had come from so many different countries of the world. They appreciated the neighborliness of the community and, as Charlotte says, she wishes "we had been granted more time for this enjoyment."

When the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club started, Jiggs (as he was known) was keenly interested, and had he lived, Charlotte feels the riding arena, the children, the riders and their horses would have been one of the most important parts of his life. A Bucholz memorial trophy is presented annually at the Saddle Club's trophy awards.

Jiggs passed away suddenly on March 30, 1970 at forty-nine years of age and Charlotte returned to the United States later the same spring; she now lives in Montana.



Jiggs Bucholz on his Morgan horse

MR. AND MRS. JACK CALDER

by Joyce Cundict

Yesterday, I visited Mr. and Mrs. Jack Calder who reside in the district of Calder in Edmonton. They told me their history as follows:

Jack Calder first came to Canada in 1913. He worked on the Grand Trunk Railroad out of Jasper; however, he returned to England where he married, and served in the army during World War I.

In 1919, the Calders came to Canada. With their family of two boys and one girl, Jean, they moved to the Hattonford District in the summer of 1920. When they first arrived in the area they lived with the Beaches while they built their own house on (NE-34-56-12-5) the baseline.

They, along with the Williams and Andersons started the monthly dances in the school house. It was nice for people to get together and talk over their successes and hardships in their new ventures.

They lived in the area for three years, then moved to Mayerthorpe where Jack rented a farm and got a job. He had, had enough of homesteading, he said, and was glad to leave.

The Calders retired to Edmonton in 1959 and, after twenty-two years still reside at Kensington Court Senior Citizens Residence.

STEVE AND PEARL CHALAK

by Stella Benko

Steve Chalak and his brother Mike came to Canada in 1930 from Nizniw, Poland. As they had no ties, they travelled Alberta, walking or hopping freight trains and living off the land. This wasn't for Mike, so he went back to Poland, but Steve filed on a homestead NW-7-55-11-W5. He built a small shack on the south part of the quarter on a small hill and cleared a little land. For the winter he went to work at a lumber camp; coming back in the spring, he found his house burned to the ground by bush fires. He wasn't going to give up; that summer he built a bigger and better house on the north side of the quarter. The present buildings are now in the same location.

Pearl Lohin also came to Canada in 1930. She got a job working for Alec and Helen Wanchuk, farmers at Boyne Lake, Alberta. She made ten dollars per month in the winter and fifteen dollars for the summer months. With a little matchmaking from Pete Marenchuk and John Skorobohaty, Pearl and Steve were married on June 12th, 1935 at St. Mary's Church in Edmonton. Steve brought his bride to the homestead, to the newly-built house and two logs laid for a barn. One cow was purchased that year and more land cleared by hand. Steve would walk eight miles to Mackay post office for the mail and a few groceries. The next spring he bought a team of horses, which made life a lot easier.

April 13, 1936 Stefka (Stella) was born in the house that is still standing on the farm. A doctor was brought in from Edson by train to Mackay, then by horses and sleigh to the farm. Helen was born on March 26, 1938 in the Edson hospital.

It was very difficult to go to school. Windfield School was four miles away and the only way to get there was to walk. Stefka stayed with Miss Akenhead, the teacher, for grade one. She took grade two at Log Cabin and that year stayed with Strychuks.

Steve bought his first car in 1945 from his neighbour, Mr. MacDonald. Besides farming, he used to find work in logging camps. Later he had his own saw-mill and he also punched water wells with his car for



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Calder

people in the surrounding area.

In 1957 Stella married Walter Benko from Carvel, Alberta. A year after they were married they made their home in Edmonton, where they still reside. Walter and Stella have three children, Donna, Sharon and George.

Helen was married in 1961 to Fred Smigelski from Beach Corner, Alberta. They have been blessed with four children, Steve, Stan, Scott and Cindy.

Steve passed away on August 23, 1962. He is buried in St. Michael's Cemetery in Edmonton. Fred and Helen moved onto the farm with Pearl. Pearl is still residing on the home place with Fred and Helen and their four children.



Mr. and Mrs. S. Chalak, Helen and Stella

DELBERT AND FRANCES CHRISTENSEN

by Patricia (Christensen) Hunter

Delbert and Frances Christensen moved to Hattonford from Lac La Biche in the fall of 1952, after purchasing the Harris property. Although Delbert was raised on a farm, this was his first farming operation. Previously he had been in the Air Force, and then had a bakery and newspaper in Lac La Biche.

Delbert and Frances brought with them their five daughters, Jean, born in 1941, Idela - 1944, Gail - 1946, Patricia - 1947, and Lois - 1950. While in Hattonford, their first son, Ivan, was born in 1953, followed by Brenda in 1955, and Elton in 1956. Besides farming,

Delbert logged pulp wood and worked in Hinton for a few years. In 1967, they moved to St. Albert where they still reside.

Jean married Ernie Lederer. They have two sons, Dale and Melvin, and live in Rainbow Lake.

Idela married Alex Vida and farmed in Hattonford on the Vida homestead. They have three daughters, Marilyn, Audrey, and Veronica. Alex passed away in 1972 and Idela and the girls moved to Hinton.

Gail married Sam Sereda and settled in Evansburg. They have one son, Wayne.

Patricia married James Hunter. They also live in Evansburg with their two sons, Darrel and Harley.

Lois moved to Vancouver, where she married Tye Runkle; they have one son, Ian.

Ivan and his wife, Joyce, have one son, Michael, and live in Edmonton.

Brenda married James Willetts; they have three children - Jennifer, Auriele, and Ryan. After farming on the Vida homestead, they purchased their own farm near Peers.

Elton drives a truck in the oil patch and lives with his parents in St. Albert.

JACK AND NANCY CLARK FAMILY

Jack Clark from Grande Prairie and I (Nancy Sterry) were married in St. Catherine's Anglican Church in Edson. After our marriage we lived in Niton Junction, where Jack worked as a cat operator. Then we moved to Edson where he still worked as a cat operator in different places.

In 1965, when Mr. Guignion moved to Edmonton we bought his two quarters of land, one of which used to be my uncle's (Bill Sterry). Then Jack logged the quarter which we bought from his brother and I did the cooking for the crew.

We have one son, Brian.

We still live and farm in Hattonford.



Jack, Nancy and Brian Clark

MR. AND MRS. ERNIE COX

by Mr. Ernie Cox

I was twenty years old when I came to the Hattonford district in the spring of 1928 along with Bill Jillett.

We came to work in F. J. Hanson's Lumber Camp in the north end of the settlement. While working there we came down to the old school house to a farewell party for Mr. Vollotton and a wedding dance for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Clapp.

We met some of the settlers there who were from England and I, being just one year in Canada decided to take up a homestead in the district.

We had quite a busy summer, building a cabin on my homestead and on Bill Jillett's. I cleared some land for Art Sonne in exchange for breaking land on my homestead. There were lots of social activities such as forming a Young People's Society under the guidance of the school teacher, Mr. A. Pauley. One of the highlights of the early years was our winter entertainment. We put

on a minstrel show under the supervision of Ross Woodring, who was an old showman from the U.S., and Christmas concerts.

We spent many hours hiking through the bush to Albert Williams' place and Bill Anderson's.

The Andersons were quite a musical family and Mrs. Anderson, having a piano, tutored us in our singing parts of a quartet, Mr. E. Rear Sr., Mrs. Anderson, E. Rear Jr., and E. Cox.

In 1937 I married Miss Dorothy Larson whom I had met in Saskatchewan while harvesting in 1936. She worked as a telephone operator for many years on the prairies and coming up to Hattonford in the bush country was quite an experience.

During the time we lived on the farm we had some of the school teachers board with us:

Miss Ailsa Walker - Sept. 1940 - April 1941

Miss Isobel Dean - April 1941 - June 1941

Mr. McTavish - Sept. 1941 - March 1942

Miss Hazel Will - Sept. 1942 - Dec. 1942

We left the district in 1944.



Ernie and Dot Cox

THE JOHN CUMMING FAMILY

by Robert Cumming

John Cumming was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1892. He served in the Black Watch from 1914 to 1920. When he was discharged, he moved to Canada.

Myrtle Campbell was born in Teulon, Manitoba in 1896. She was working on her father's farm when she met John who was working on a neighbor's farm. They were married in the fall of 1923.

Muriel was born the next fall in Teulon. They moved to Rabbit Lake, Saskatchewan where Jimmy was born in 1926, and John in 1927. They then moved to Ardrossan, Alberta onto Myrtle's uncle's farm. Isabel was born here in 1929.

In 1930, they moved to the homestead, NW14-55-11-W5 and SW14-55-11-W5 as a soldier's grant. During the winter of 1930, they lived in Eastwood's house, which was Dave White's mother's place. Then they built a two-room house on the top quarter. Christine was born there in 1931; Granny Larsen was midwife.

Myrtle used to carry water up the hill for a quarter of a mile, so in 1936, they built a house down in the valley.

In 1938, Robert was born in the University Hospital in Edmonton.

In January 1939, Jimmy passed away in Edson Hospital as a result of acute appendicitis. He was twelve years old.

John Sr. worked for the R.C.M.P. guarding bridges at the McLeod river. He joined the Veteran's Guard in 1942. He guarded prisoners at many locations. He was well-liked by his charges and had many invitations to Germany to visit them.

Mr. and Mrs. Cumming retired to Eckville in 1955, where they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1973. They resided there till their passing - Myrtle in 1974, and John in 1975.

Muriel joined the C.W.A.C. in 1942 and was mustered out in 1945. She married Lorne Weber. They have four

children, James, Nora, Danny and Kathy. She is presently living at Buck Lake.

John Jr. served in the Canadian Army for twenty-five years until his retirement. During that time he saw service in Germany and Egypt. He married Margaret Hamilton in Scotland. They have three children - Ann, Ian and Bruce. They live on Vancouver Island.

Isabelle worked in Whitehorse where she met and married Les Squires. They have four children - Sandra, Leslie, Stuart, and Doug. They are presently living in Calgary.

Christine also worked in Whitehorse where she met and married Bobby Campbell. They moved to Vancouver, where she still lives. They have three children - Cliff, Shannon and Lara.

Robert joined the Air Force in 1958 and served three years. He married Yvonne von Hallen from Condor. They are presently living in Sherwood Park. They have four children - Cheryl, Brenda, Teresa and Chris. They have recently purchased the original land given to John through the soldier's grant.



L. to R. - Bob, Mrs. Cumming and grandson, Danny; Muriel and Mr. Cumming

MR. AND MRS. F.J. CUNDICT AND FAMILY

by their daughters, Triss and Kathleen

Mr. Frederick James Cundict was born in 1877 at Farmborough, England, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cundict. Mr. Cundict was a baker, and his son, Fred, followed in his father's trade. Fred had two brothers and one sister.

In 1904, Fred, our father, came to Canada. He worked on a farm in the Winnipeg area for two years.

Two years later, Dad went to Manor, Saskatchewan, where he opened a bake shop and grocery store.

In the spring of 1906, Dad's bride-to-be, Miss Beatrice Mary (Polly) Horsell, and her sister Millie of Swindon, England, came to Canada. They were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Horsell. Their mother did not like the idea of her daughter Polly going alone, so far from home, especially to the wilds of Western Canada, so sister Millie came with her.

Mother was born in 1883 at Swindon Wiltshire, England. She had five brothers and two sisters.

Mom and Dad were married in 1906 at Manor, Saskatchewan. Aunt Millie stayed with Dad and Mom, helping in the bake shop and store. Dad and Mom's first child, Albert John (Bert) was born at Manor in 1907. He died at Hattonford in 1977. Their second child, Beatrice May (Triss) was also born at Manor in 1908.

After four years working in the bake shop, the flour dust began to bother Dad's lungs. He was advised by his doctor to get out of the baking business, so he sold the shop with the intention of going to the Peace River area to take up a homestead and try his hand at farming.

Our departure was delayed for some time as Bert and Triss became ill with diphtheria and later with typhoid fever and all were in quarantine for some time. When all were well, we left Manor and headed for the Peace River country, stopping at a hotel in Edmonton for a break in the journey. While there, Dad began talking with some men from Edson and was told a baker was needed there. So we went west from Edmonton by train, to Edson, which was the end of the C.N. Railroad line.

In 1910, not heeding his doctor's advice, he opened a bake shop, grocery store and an ice-cream and soda fountain.

Auntie Millie came to Edson with us and continued to work for Dad in the store and ice-cream parlor. Later, Auntie Millie married Mr. L.C. Humphry, who worked for the C.N. Railroad at Edson.

During our stay in Edson, Dad bought a team of ponies and a democrat, which could have wheels on for summer driving and runners for the winter driving. We would go for drives around the area in the evenings and on Sunday. Dad enjoyed upland game hunting; he had a black retriever dog which liked to go with Dad on hunting trips. When he was in Manor, Dad belonged to the curling club and also enjoyed duck hunting.

Another daughter and son were born in Edson - Margaret Kathleen in 1911 and Frederick Cyril (Ted) in 1913. Ted died in 1978 in Wildwood.

While Dad was in business at Edson, settlers from Grande Prairie area would come down during winter, when the rivers and muskegs were frozen, making travel with teams of horses and sleighs over the old Edson trail possible. They came for supplies for the year. These people would get Mom to cook pots of potatoes, grind meat, and make potato and meat patties, freezing them individually. Dad made buns for them, freezing these also. On the homeward trip they could thaw out the patties and buns over their camp fires and have a quick, hot meal served.

After three years in the bake shop, again Dad was advised, this time by Dr. Proctor, to get away from the flour dust. Again Dad decided to go homesteading, but, after learning of the hardships of the people in the Peace River area, he changed his mind about going there.

Some Indians spoke of a big valley about thirty or so miles east of Edson where people were homesteading. Dad, along with Mr. H. Bendall and Mr. George Gordon decided to go and see what this country was like. They liked the country, and, in the spring of 1913, went to Edmonton and filed on land that took in this valley. Mr. Bendall filed on S.E. 33-55-12-W5, Mr. Gordon took the N.E. 33-55-12-W5, while Dad took the north part of the valley - S.E. 4-56-12-W5.

After filing on his homestead, selling his business, and waiting for Mom and the new baby to be able to travel, time was getting on towards summer. The furniture, etc., a good supply of groceries from the store, (Kathleen still has some of the spice boxes from the store!) the horses and democrat were all loaded in a box car, the family in the coach car, and were headed for Mackay. In those days, a passenger coach was attached to the freight train. On arrival at Mackay, the horses and democrat were unloaded, hitched up, and, along with a few immediate requirements, we took off for the homestead on a trail cut through the bush by earlier settlers. The trail was very rough, up hill and down, over muskeg that was covered with logs laid crosswise (this is called corduroy) enabling a team to pass without sinking out of sight. There were many places where corduroy roads were necessary in the early days. One place we had to go through, the water was quite deep and the neck yoke came off the tongue. The children were delighted to see Dad paddling about in water up to his knees trying to fasten the yoke back on the tongue of the democrat.

At last we arrived at Mr. Gordon's place. He had already built his shack, so we put up a couple of tents beside his place, one to sleep in and one to store our furniture in, etc. A neighbour brought our belongings in from MacKay. The mosquitoes were terrible and it was impossible to get much rest in the tent. Mom sent to Eaton's for some netting and with the smudge pots at the door, we were able to sleep.

Mom cooked the meals in Mr. Gordon's place for us and the men who were helping to build our house. By autumn, our log house was built, thanks to Mr. Bendall, Mr. Gordon and some earlier settlers. We moved in just before the snow arrived. The first winter the house had no floor or partitions. A small shelter was built for the horses and some wild hay purchased from a neighbour, fed them that first winter.

In the spring of 1914, Dad returned to Edson, collecting money still owing him from his Edson business and purchasing flooring for the house and beaver board for partitions. He also bought a cow, one horse and three oxen, (one black and white named Blacky and two roan ones which we named Roanie and Star). They all had big horns, but were gentle enough for us to ride. These oxen were used for farm work such as pulling stumps, breaking the new ground, etc.. With more animals now, a larger barn was needed and a log barn was built before

the 1914 winter arrived. The roof was also of logs, or maybe we should say poles. Feed for the animals was all cut with a scythe and when dry, raked by hand and put into piles, which were called coils. Later these coils were loaded on the wagon and taken to the barn and stacked on the roof. This acted as an insulation, shed the rain and kept it away from the rabbits and deer. Rabbits were very plentiful in those days and they liked to chew on the handles of axes, hay forks, etc. to obtain the salt left by the perspiration of human hands.

It seemed misfortune was our lot for some time. Blacky somehow broke his neck getting in the manger. The cow wandered into a boggy place by the spring and died. Buck, the horse, roamed away and we could not find him. After some time, Dad heard from the police that a buckskin horse was wandering around the Whitecourt area, so he rode Bill up to Whitecourt and found Buck. Shortly after getting home, Buck developed colic and died. Dad lost his rifle, which had been tied to the saddle, on this trip.

Some time later, Dad managed to get necessary machinery to work the few acres of land he had cleared by hand. A vegetable garden was a must and Mom looked after it in those early days. As time went by, the children helped with the garden also. Mom soon had a flower garden in front of the old log house.

For a few years, Dad cut his few acres of crop with the scythe and tied it, by hand, into sheaves with wisps of the grain straw, then stooked it. When dry, this was threshed by hand, by flailing, and the grain shoveled over a screen to separate the grain from the broken bits of straw. Later a threshing machine was brought into the district and did custom threshing. A horse drawn mowing machine and hay rake were purchased.

As time went by, more land was cultivated, more cattle, more horses (mares), a flock of sheep, pigs and chickens were purchased. This meant that more barns had to be built or added to the older one.

Around this time, Mom's brother, Harry Horsell and brother-in-law, Len Humphry came to the settlement and filed on homesteads. Mr. Horsell filed on the quarter section that is now owned by Mr. Breen and Len Humphry filed on the quarter section presently owned by V. P. Wright. Both of these uncles joined the army in World War I. After Uncle Len's discharge, he took, as

his soldier's grant, the quarter where Bill Lawton now lives. Uncle Harry never came here to live because his wife died and he could not see himself pioneering with two small children.

Uncle Len did get logs out for a house on his first quarter, but they were burned in a bush fire. After his return from the war, he started on a house on the second quarter but gave up the idea of homesteading and went to Edmonton and continued to work on the railroad.

Uncle Harry's two children, (Monty and Marjorie) lived with Auntie Millie and Uncle Len for a while, then they lived with us on the farm for some time. Later, Uncle Harry remarried and Marjorie went to live with her dad and stepmother, but Monty stayed with us.

In February, 1917, our brother Leonard Charles was born. He farmed in Hattonford and died in 1969.

During the earlier years on the homestead, there were many ups and downs. Dad would go to work during the winter months, sometimes as a cook in the lumber camps, once with the section crew on the railroad at Niton, and two winters in coal mines at Mountain Park. During these winters, Mom and the children managed to take care of things at home.

One winter, while doing some clearing, Dad had the misfortune of having a tree fall on him. The family managed to get the tree off him, but his back was hurt and he could not walk. Luckily, Kathleen knew how to harness a horse, and we hitched the horse to the stone boat and we were able to get Dad onto it and into the house where he was bedridden for some time. He did not go to a doctor.

By the summer of 1919, a fair-sized herd of cattle, horses and sheep had been raised, also some pigs and chickens. We were now milking quite a few cows and Mom made butter and sold it. Dad had our farm registered as "Fairview Ranch", had butter papers printed with the name of the ranch and Cundict name. Due to this, our butter sales increased and our butter was shipped as far east as Edmonton and west to McBride, B.C. The sales of butter and eggs kept the wolf from the door, so to speak, even with butter at thirty to thirty-five cents a pound and eggs at ten to fifteen cents a dozen. Butter and eggs were also traded at the Niton store for groceries, etc.

In later years, cream was shipped to the Edmonton City Dairy in five and eight gallon cream cans. When the Dairy Pool was organized, we shipped the cream there. Dad was member of the Dairy and Wheat Pools at the inception.

In the summer of 1919, our uncle, Mr. Humphry, purchased some cattle for us to look after until he came out. The majority of these animals died during the hard winter. That fall, our sheep disappeared and were never seen again.

The middle of October, 1919, winter arrived with a heavy snow fall and cold weather, lasting until the end of May with about four to five feet of snow falling. Being such a long, cold winter, farmers ran short of cattle feed, the animals got thin, weak, and died of starvation. They became too weak to get out of the deep snow if they got off the beaten path. The occasional farmer had hay for sale but it was impossible to get to it, due to the deep snow. There were no snow plows to keep roadways open. This period of time in this area goes down in history as the hard winter of 1919-1920.

In 1921, Mr. C. Nelson and Mr. E. Acorn from McLeod Valley area, came into the settlement with a steam engine and lumber sawmill outfit and did custom sawing. Many settlers had lumber cut for new homes. Dad got logs and had lumber cut for a new house. After the lumber was dried we got started, all of us working on it, with Kathleen doing a lot of the interior work over a period of time.

After a number of years, Dad bought an Allis Chalmers steel wheel tractor and a large breaking plow, a great change from the days of using oxen and horse power for the field work. There was one trouble though - the tractor didn't stop when Dad yelled, "WHOA!!"

In 1930, Dad bought a threshing machine and he and his sons did custom work threshing in the district and surrounding area. Dad's new threshing machine had a straw blower on it and that ended the dirty, dusty job of keeping the straw forked away. It also had a grain auger which took the grain right to the granary or wagon, ending the job of handling sacks of grain. After a few years of doing custom work, Dad decided to quit as it did more harm to the machinery going over the rough roads than it was worth.



Mrs. Beatrice Cundict watering her garden

Later, Dad bought a sawmill outfit, and he and the boys cut lumber and ties in the winter time for a few years. These winters Kathleen and Mom looked after the animals, and kept the home fires burning.

Dad and Mom were always active in all community affairs, such as school, church and social activities. Dad was on the school board for many years, mostly as the secretary treasurer, a very thankless job. He was also secretary for the Niton school when it was organized. He was on the church vestry for many years, at times acting as minister's warden and sometimes as people's warden. He was elected at times to go to synod meetings in Edmonton.

Two annual social events were the Christmas program, tree and dance, and the July 1st picnic and dance. For many years, Mom would make a three-tiered fruit cake and Dad would decorate it for the community supper at the Christmas gathering.

We always had a lovely flower garden which was chiefly the work of the female side of the family. Many prizes were taken for the garden produce and flowers at the annual fair.

Mom's hobbies were many, such as knitting, crocheting, embroidery work and gardening. During the war, she knitted for the Red Cross. For a number of years, she taught Sunday School both at the church and at the public school Friday afternoons. Mom was active

in the first W.I. which did not last too long. After this folded, she was president of the Anglican Woman's Auxiliary for a number of years. In her later years the W.I. was again organized in the community and she was a charter member.

For many years our Aunt Millie and family would come out to the farm for their holidays. These were happy times. Sometimes there were accidents, too. One summer, Henry, our eldest cousin, fell off the roof of the barn and broke his arm, thus ending their holidays for that year. Another summer, Henry shot Leonard in the leg with the .22 rifle while on a fishing trip to the creek. Thus another holiday came to a sudden end, the cousins went home, and Leonard went to the hospital in Edson to have the bullet removed. Another summer when Monty and Marjorie Horsell were living with Aunt Millie, they all were out for the holidays, and somehow Marjorie had her foot on a log that Ted was chopping. The axe slipped and hit her toe, nearly cutting it off, but Mom put it back into place, bound it up and Marjorie still has her toe. Many times Mom served as a nurse, not only to her own family, but to neighbours, too. Bert broke his leg once and was taken to the Edson hospital. In the earlier days it was not easy to get to a doctor, so many cuts and bruises were left to home care and Mother Nature.

In the early days, wild berries were very plentiful and we spent many hours in the summer picking wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, gooseberries, cranberries and black currants. Sometimes we would get nearly eaten alive with mosquitoes, horse flies (bull dogs), sand flies, etc. Sometimes we would disturb a wasps' or hornets' nest, often getting stung.

A lot of wild meat, such as moose, deer, prairie chicken and partridges, which were very plentiful in the early days, was canned or salted for future use. Such things as fridges and freezers were not in use in the early days on the homestead. For awhile we did have an ice house which kept things cool and fresh for a time. Milk, cream, butter, etc., were hung in pails down the well or placed in the spring in the summer time to keep it cool and fresh. In the early days the proverb "necessity is the mother of invention" sure held true in many ways and at many times.

In the latter part of the 1920's, Dad bought the former Dave Strachan place, joining his homestead on the west

side. Thus more land had to be cleared and cultivated, so a bigger tractor and power machinery were bought. The old faithful work horses were more or less retired.

The next thing to be invested in, was a car which shortened the time going places, but often the old faithful horse was called on to pull the car out of the mud holes - and there were plenty of them! It took the horses a long time to get used to the car, and we did have a few runaways, due to a car coming on the scene; the horses were also terrified of bicycles.

The family gradually started leaving home. Triss went to Cardston to work in an Indian residential school where she met her future husband, V. P. Wright; Ted married Joyce Ford and remained in the area, returning after his war service. Leonard joined the army and was overseas for some time, and on his return, married Grace Woodring. Bert and Kathleen stayed at home. Although Kathleen went to Vancouver for a few years, she returned to the farm and still resides at Hattonford.

Dad passed away in 1950 after a short illness and was buried in the local cemetery. Mom passed away in 1961, also after a short illness, and was buried next to Dad.

Bert stayed on the farm until his sudden death in 1977. The old homestead is now owned by Dad's grandson, Triss' son, Fred Priestley-Wright.



Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cundict and Family; Kathleen, Leonard, Bert, Ted and Triss.

KATHLEEN CUNDICT

Many changes have occurred since I came to the Hattonford area with my parents, two brothers and sister. That was in June of 1914, after my dad sold his bakery and grocery store in Edson. I was born in Edson and was three years old at the time, so I don't remember much of that trip.

Mr. Gordon, a bachelor, who had filed on the homestead next to ours, had his shack already built. We stayed there till Dad got our house built. I have a faint memory of going with Mum to take lunch to where they were building up on the hill.

The valley was a swampy area containing countless big willows, a few bleached buffalo skulls and lots of water where the frogs thrived and would put on quite a chorus in the evenings. The mosquitoes and flies were terrible for many years. The only relief was to make a smudge in a pail, which helped to keep them away. My mother suffered the most, for she would swell terribly from their bites.

For a few years, Dad had to go to Peers for the mail and groceries. Sometimes he didn't get home until after dark and Mum would send us kids out to listen for him coming. One could hear those big wagon wheels quite a distance away; the hubs had quite a knock to them.

In our log house, which was thirty by thirty-five feet in size, we had three bedrooms, a good-sized kitchen and a hallway going to the front door. We had a Kitchen Queen cook stove and a large dining room table, which I still have. I enjoy memories of so many people who stayed for a meal with us. We also had an upright heater which had a door that lifted up at the bottom. We would pull the red-hot coals down and, with a long-handled fork, sit there and make toast with Mum's homemade bread and freshly churned butter. That sure tasted good!

Beside the heater was an armchair. It was nice and cosy there, and as kids, we just fitted. There was always a scramble to see who would get there first and end up going to sleep until bedtime. My mother had a mandolin and, in the evenings, she would play and sing to us, mostly children's hymns.

In 1917, Granny Strachan came to look after us kids

while Mum went to visit her sister in Edmonton. When she came back, we had a little baby brother, Leonard. When Leonard was four or five years old, Mum was washing and she had to carry water from a water hole on the brow of the hill. He decided to help her, so got a pail and, as he was trying to reach the water, slipped in. When Mum found him, he was standing in water up to his neck. He was pretty well chilled through, so she took him home and put him in a tub of warm water. He didn't suffer any bad effects, but after that it was sure a problem to give him a bath. He was terrified of water and would scream and keep jumping out of the tub. It took him a long time to lose his fear of water.

We didn't get any "store-bought" toys those early years. My brother, Ted, and I were close in age and always played together. One day we decided we would make a swing from the bedpost to the frame of the looking glass. It worked pretty well for awhile; then the dresser and all came down on top of us. We didn't break the mirror, but we sure got paddled!

As we got older and wandered farther from home, we found a den of red foxes. We dug the little ones out of their den, brought them home and made a cage from chicken wire. We had them quite awhile and they were growing nicely. One morning, we went to feed them and they were gone. I only saw one around afterwards, but after that some of our chickens disappeared.

One of our hobbies was collecting birds' eggs. We would take one egg from a nest, blow the insides out and mount them on a big cardboard. We had around forty-five of them, but they finally got broken. That was a good hobby, though, for it took up a lot of our time.

East of us, running along under the hill and down into Frank Ford's place, was a lovely stand of spruce timber. Around our house were a lot of big balm (black poplar) trees. They had huge roots that went straight down. I can still see Dad grubbing away, perspiration running down his face, working on these big trees.

Nearly every spring, a homesteader's fire would get away from him. Sometimes they had to work like the dickens to save their belongings. The fires would go through and afterwards would stay burning up in the trees. At night it looked like a city. Everything was blackened, but the fires seemed to warm the ground up

and in a few days the grass was up and green again. Those fires seemed to help the fruit situation, for it was all there for the picking and we kids had to get out and pick it. We would pick a dishpan of strawberries a day when they were at their peak. Raspberries and blueberries were also picked in large quantities. One year we put up seven hundred quarts of fruit. Now the trees and brush have taken over and the fruit-bearing plants have been pushed out.

In 1920-21, the homesteaders in the area went together and got a sawmill and planer in, with a steamer to operate them. The local men cut lumber from their spruce timber for the buildings they needed. Mr. Acorn and Mr. Nelson from McLeod Valley were the operators of the mill and planer. Dad cut enough lumber for our two-storey frame house which replaced the one made of logs.

Over the years, my mother and I took great pleasure in our flower garden. Leonard and I dug spruce trees and planted them around the yard. Mum and I got round rocks, whitewashed them and put them along the paths. We planted some caraganas, a lawn, and laid out flower beds. It was a lot of work, but well worth it.

During the thirties, Dad got a sawmill and went sawing lumber and ties, making work for the winter months. It was hard to get jobs and that made work for my brothers and some of the other young fellows in the community. Wages were a dollar a day and board. Some places they built a shack and stayed there. Dad was the cook, Ted was the sawyer, Leonard was the canter and Bert was the skidder.

One time Dad had a truck come in to haul the lumber to Edmonton. They were late in coming, arriving towards evening. It took them quite a while to load up, as it was all done by hand. While the truckers were coming out, they got stuck, stayed in the truck with the motor running and went to sleep. When someone went up in the morning, they found them both badly gassed. One had his hand on the steering wheel and it had to be pried off. It took them all day to come to, but fortunately both survived.

While Dad and my brothers went lumbering, I was left at home to feed the pigs and look after the cows. There were always ten to fourteen to be milked. Milking cows and shipping the cream was the mainstay

of the homesteaders for a good many years.

On the farm there's always some kind of enterprise one can try. It doesn't always work, though! I thought I'd try raising chickens, so I bought a hundred New Hampshire chicks. I built them a chicken house and everything went fine until they were just starting to lay. Bronchitis hit them and they just up and croaked, so I didn't make my fortune from that project.

Then I thought maybe honeybees would be a good thing to get into. I wouldn't have to worry about feeding them. So, I got a couple of hives to start with and began learning about them. They really did well. The next year I got ten hives going, but then the hives started decreasing instead of getting stronger until they almost petered out. I found out a disease called "fowl brood" had either gotten into them or they had had it when I bought them, so that was the end of that. I had to get a government man out to disinfect all my hives.

My brother Leonard was raising pigs and one of his sows had too many little pigs for her to feed. One was such a tiny pig, but it was strong. He gave it to me and I fed her on the bottle. She grew to be a good-sized pig and I kept her for a sow. She had eleven pigs in her first litter, so now I was in the pig business. The price went up and I really did well on that project.

In 1948, my sister and her family, the Wrights, decided to leave their farm and go back to Picture Butte so the two children could continue their education, as they were approaching high school age. They asked me if I would like to take over their farm. I was delighted. I already had three horses and bought one from them; I also had a heifer calf, a steer calf and a few pigs. These I looked after at home and worked the land from there, going over in the morning and coming back in the evening.

I had a border collie dog and, when it was time to quit, she would start nipping my heels telling me it was time to go home. She was such a good cattle dog that I decided to get a male and raise puppies. I sent to Ontario and got a registered border collie. At one time I had as many as thirty puppies. I shipped them all over Alberta and some to British Columbia. Then the trains stopped no more at the small stations. One had to go to Edmonton, buy cages for them and put them on a plane, so I quit that enterprise, although I still have

three border collies.

I then had the chance to buy NE-5-56-12, but I didn't know how I was going to pay for it. Maybe if I raised a few more pigs and increased my cow herd, I could swing it. Then the government paid farmers four hundred dollars to put the land into grass instead of growing grain. That money came in pretty handy for one payment.



Kathleen Cundict

Dad passed away in 1950, leaving Mum, Bert and I on the home place. My mother gave me two ewe lambs which were being fed on the bottle and were a nuisance to her. That was the start of my flock of sixty-five sheep. I raised sheep for a number of years, but have disposed of them now. Over the years, my one heifer calf increased to a herd of sixty-five cows. I had some setbacks with them. Once I found six killed by lightning, the odd one died from bloat and a couple were killed by wolves.

I remember being hailed out twice. One time I was baling when I saw a big cloud coming over. I thought I could make it up the field and back, but when I got halfway, down it came. Some hailstones were the size of pigeon eggs and came down with quite a force. Did they hurt! I crawled under the baler, but some seemed to find me there and it also washed all the dust and dirt down on me. I was sure one dirty mess when it was over and I climbed out. After that, there was no more

baling to do; it was a job to find a spear of hay still standing.

In 1955, Mr. Rear and Ernie went to live in Edmonton, leaving me their farm to take care of. In 1961, while in Edmonton, Ernie's dad died and he decided to return to his farm. Bert and I had lost our mother that same year. As Ernie's machinery was outdated, we bought a big tractor and a line of machinery on a fifty-fifty basis and worked together. My farming had grown to such an extent it was more than one could operate.



Kathleen's house and flower garden

In 1967, I moved over to Wright's farm, bought the teacherage from the school grounds, drew up a granary and put them both together to make a place to live. There was a lot of fixing to do to make it liveable.

In 1979, I had a new ready-built Facto home moved in on the quarter I bought and am enjoying the conveniences of a modern home. There is plenty to do yet, such as planting a lawn and getting some flowers established; flower gardening is a hobby I still really enjoy.

GRACE J. CUNDICT

In November of 1932, I came to Hattonford from my home in Phippen, Saskatchewan. The train arrived

at Niton around two o'clock in the morning and Allen (Ben) Wiseman was there to meet me with a team and sleigh. We drove to their homestead through miles of deep snow and bush, which all seemed so strange to me, having just left the prairie. I came to stay for a few months to be with my friend, Iris Wiseman, when her second child was born; the baby, a son, Frank, arrived in January.

Everything here was so new and different to me: however, I found it all fascinating. Times were not easy for anyone. The men, glad of a chance to work, earned a dollar a day. People could hunt anytime they needed to, without fear of the law. Mail came in once a week, by team, from Niton and a trip to the store in Niton was a big event. The first dance I attended was after the Christmas Tree in the old log school. I have always been glad that I was here in time to attend social activities in the old building.

In the months that followed, I met Ross Woodring and in September, 1933, we were married in Edmonton. We lived on Ross's farm and in 1934, our daughter, Joan, was born; this was a first for both of us.

Then in 1935, when Social Credit was first elected, we moved to Edmonton. Ross was reporting on the new government from the legislature for the Saskatoon, Regina, and Winnipeg daily newspapers. At one point in time, Mr. Aberhart had him ejected from the news conference because he did not appreciate the lampooning he had received in one of these papers. After the novelty of Social Credit wore thin, we stayed on in Edmonton. We spent one summer organizing amateur programs on the Coal Branch and in the Peace Country.

We returned to the farm in 1943. Ross passed away in April of 1946 and was buried in Edmonton.

Joan went to school at Beaver Meadow and then boarded in Evansburg during her four years of high school. While there, she won the divisional medal for Grade Nine standing. From there, she attended Alberta College, then trained at the University Hospital, graduating as an X-ray technician.

In 1955, Joan married Cecil Stollings and they have lived in Edmonton ever since, with their four daughters - Karen, Sandy, Linda, and Susan.



Leonard bringing Joan home from Niton on the ever-muddy roads!

In 1946, some of the district farmers and residents organized a Co-Op Association and, in 1947, opened a small general store. I was asked to manage this, as well as the Post Office, which I did until later in 1947.

In December of 1947, I married Leonard Cundict, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cundict, longtime residents of Hattonford. We lived on the farm beside the store. In January 1949, our son Douglas, was born and, in July of 1950, a daughter, Elaine, arrived. We continued to farm over the years. Leonard also did some custom trucking, worked in the bush, and worked with a sawmill. At intervals, I again managed the store and Post Office. Doug and Elaine attended Niton Central School and graduated together.



Grace, Elaine, Doug and Leonard Cundict

In 1963, Leonard suffered a ruptured heart. We lived with this worry until November of 1969, when he died in his sleep, the day before he was to go to Edmonton for open-heart surgery.

My next move was to leave the farm, temporarily, to move to Grande Cache in 1971, where I owned and operated a jewelry and gift shop. While in Grande Cache, I lost my son in a truck accident. Elaine attended one year at the University of Alberta and one year at the University of Western Ontario in London. In 1975, she married Lawrence Garraway; they have three children by her husband's former marriage - Cheryl, Michelle, and Terry, and all live in Spruce Grove, Alberta.

In 1976, I returned to my home on the farm. As I mentioned at the beginning, I came to Hattonford for a few months, but except for my fairly short sojourns in Edmonton and Grande Cache, am still here almost fifty years later.

TED AND JOYCE CUNDICT

In June of 1937, I married Ted Cundict and we moved to the small house he had built on SW 8-56-12-5. The second winter we were married, lumber was sawed on our place. The following summer, when our first daughter, Verna, was six months old, the house burned down. Ted saved most of our things, but we had no home. The baby and I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Cundict that winter while Ted was trucking south of Niton.

In the spring, Ted got a permit to log on Section Seventeen. The trees were huge, but that was the summer the Second World War broke out and Ted, his brother Leonard, and several other young men in the community decided to join up. Maltson took over the logging. Ted was stationed in Nanaimo for a year. That's when he started having problems with arthritis and was in the hospital quite a bit. Our older son, Dick, was born in Nanaimo.

After the war we came to Edmonton and rented a small house on sixty-sixth street for fifteen dollars a month. Of course, all facilities were outside. Ted worked for three or more years for Canada Packers. Another daughter and son, Sharon and Brian, were

born in Edmonton. Ted got tired of the city, so we moved back to Hattonford.

We bought NE 28-55-12-5 from Mrs. Bartley and that was where Carol, our youngest child, was born on the chesterfield at home. Mrs. Bowerman, who was then Mrs. McDonald, looked after me. Her fingers were crippled with arthritis and she couldn't pump up the Coleman lantern which was leaking air so, between pains, guess who had to do it.

Early in my marriage, I had also acted as a midwife. The first baby I helped into the world was Iris Wiseman's second daughter, Maryon. She was sure a cute baby. My second baby was Billy Lawton. I'll always remember you, Billy. I was the first one to bath and dress you, but what you did to me, I'd rather not tell!

We had both good and bad times in those days, but they were happy times. As my children grew up, they started school in Hattonford and later were bussed to Niton. Mr. H. Lawton did a great deal for the school children from this area in those days.



Ted, Carol, Joyce, Verna, Sharon, Brian and Dick Cundict.

When Verna was eighteen, she joined the Air Force and was sent down east where she met her husband, Joe Richard. They now live in Courtenay, Vancouver Island. They have four children - Joe, Jeffrey, Greg and Lynn.

Dick went through for a plumber and now lives in Edmonton. He started his own business a few years ago and is doing very well. Dick married Joanne Fallbacher; they have two children, Mark and Wendy.

Sharon decided to be a teacher. She married Brenton Simmonds and lives in Hinton, where she is presently teaching. They have a daughter, Shannon; their young son, Shane was killed in a tragic hunting accident in November, 1981.

Brian also went through for a plumber, but decided he had always liked the farm better. Brian married Joanne's sister, Louise Fallbacher, and they are now farming by the McLeod River. They have three children - Audrey, Kurtis, and Freddie.

Carol married Ross Taylor and now lives north of Viking on a lovely farm where she is very happy. Carol and Ross have one son, Clinton.

Ted and I parted company in 1961. A few years earlier, a small Co-op store had been built on Grace Cundict's place. It also housed the local post office. Frank Ford ran the Co-op for the first few years, followed by Harry Hodges. When he got older, I took over working there, with Harry's help. I really enjoyed those years. After leaving Hattonford and coming to Edmonton to work, I often visualized all the oldtimers who used to congregate around the old coal stove as they came to the store to get their mail, their groceries and the general news.

Many a story can be told of those olden days and many a story will be told in days to come by all the young ones growing up in Hattonford, the place we love so well.

BRIAN AND LOUISE CUNDICT

Brian Cundict and I, Louise Fallbacher, were married on July 29, 1967. Three years later, on September 24, 1970, our daughter, Audrey Michelle was born. She was her Granny Ford's eighty-ninth birthday present. Our first son, Kurtis Brian, arrived on January 16, 1973. Our latest addition, Frederick Wolfgang, made his appearance on September 25, 1980.

After ten years of working as a plumber in Edmonton, Brian decided to become a farmer. Farming was something he had always wanted to do. When Mum and Dad stated that they would like to slow down, Brian and I, after much discussion, decided to come home - home being my parent's farm six miles west of Hattonford. We had obtained a farm development lease on the eastern half of 28-13-55-W5 and had purchased one quarter from Dad. We would farm these and Dad's two quarters.

March 28, 1975 was moving day. Dale Wigley arrived bright and early that March morning to move us. Our possessions were loaded on Dale's truck. Everyone was busy working, when suddenly we wondered where Kurtis, who was then two years and two months old, had gone. Quickly looking around, we discovered him. He had decided to try his tricycle out on the Quesnell Freeway! This was one aspect of living in Edmonton that I definitely would not miss.

Audrey, who was four-and-a-half, was looking forward to the farm. She had been promised a dog. Two days before we moved, Brian made a trip to the S.P.C.A. and arrived home with a ginger-colored bundle of fluff. Audrey was delighted. She had her dog, Ginger. There was only one small problem - Ginger was a female. After many litters of delightful pups (if only cows would reproduce so quickly), we had Ginger spayed. She is still an important member of our family.

As soon as we arrived home, farming began in earnest. It was calving time! I think I spent half my time trotting around the barnyard trying to decide which cow was going to calve next. Whenever problems arose, we would, of course, call on the 'pros', Mum and Dad, for help. We still consider this one of the best times on the farm. There are, of course, problems and disappointments, but also so much enjoyment and excitement as new life begins.

One other experience which seems humorous now, but was nerve-racking at the time, was our first attempt at dehorning cows. We ran our first cow into the chute and Brian sawed off her horns. He had his trusty blood-stop handy. Wow! Blood all over the place! What a shock to our systems! The blood-stop didn't help. What now? Run for the propane torch-we'll try burning. Nope! Blood continued to pour out in two steady streams. Maybe Mother knows what to do.

Flour! I run back with my bowl of flour. That doesn't help either. What do we do now? By this time the cow appears weak. Brian suddenly knows what to do. He phones Dale Wigley. Not only does Dale tell us how to stop the bleeding, but he, Diane, and family come over and Dale helps Brian finish dehorning...What a blessing neighbours are!

Haying time the first couple of years was hard work. Brian, Dad and I put up ten thousand bales by hand. I was rather fun, though - especially when relatives and friends from the city came out for a day of hauling bales. Everyone's bones and muscles ached, but what a feeling of accomplishment!

That first summer, the road down to our farm was rebuilt. Rain came down in buckets, making the road impassable. We had been invited to Doreen and Alvin Acorn's wedding and dance and were hoping to go. However, there was no way the car would make it through the mud. Mother Cunctict, however, chose this time to pay a visit. She had parked her car at the corner by Gary and Pat Neufeld's and walked down. That evening, Brian and I attended the dance after all. Brian hooked the tractor to the hay wagon. I hopped aboard - long dress, gum boots, and all. After an enjoyable evening, we parked Mom's car at the corner again and rode home in style!

After almost seven years of farming, we haven't accomplished all that we had hoped to. The work never seems to get done as quickly as one anticipates. However, we have no regrets. The kids love it and so do we. Where else can one work together as a family and have so much enjoyment? As Kurtis proudly said to Grandpa, after we moved the cattle home from the pasture, "Only four people moved those cows - Dad, Mom, Audrey and I."

One of my first observations of Hattonford, when I began dating Brian back in 1962, was the feeling of togetherness that existed. Young and old seemed to enjoy themselves together. There was a real sense of companionship and belonging. When we returned to this area in 1975, many faces had changed, the landscape had changed, but something had not changed! That feeling of friendship and community spirit was still present. We are proud to be considered part of a great community, Hattonford.



Kurtis, Freddie, Brian and Audrey Cundict

JAMES AND LAURENE CURRIE

James Currie arrived in Canada from Minnesota in May 1913, and settled eighty miles north of Regina, Saskatchewan. Leaving there for Alberta in 1919, he settled in the Viking district, where he met Laurene Brown, who had come to Canada from Minnesota in March, 1908, with her parents. A few years later, James decided he wanted this lovely lady for his wife.

At this time James was playing goal for the Viking hockey team. Hockey teams didn't travel by car or bus in those days, but by train. The team was going to play in Wainwright the night of February 15, 1921. James and Laurene had made arrangements with the minister in Wainwright to hear their wedding vows that evening. They travelled by train with the rest of the hockey team, arriving between 5:30 and 6:00 P.M. After they had supper, they went, at about seven o'clock, to the minister's home for the short marriage ceremony. After the ceremony they went to the rink and James played goal as usual, although his mind wasn't really on the game! Later they went to Saskatchewan for a honeymoon to visit his sister. That was the beginning of over sixty years together, almost twenty years of which have been lived in the Hattonford District.

They have six children: Hazel Davis of Viking, Alberta, James Alvin of Niton, Alberta, Douglas of Viking, Alberta, Donald of Westlock, Alberta, Irvin of Viking, Alberta, and Walter of Hattonford, Alberta. There are now nineteen grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren added to the family tree.

James raised sheep and horses, entering his animals in many fairs across the province over the years. In 1967 he entered one of his lovely Percheron horses in the Toronto Royal Winter Fair and came home with fourth place prize.

James and Laurene loved to be outdoors and took many trips to B.C. in fruit picking time. They were both very active until Laurene suffered a stroke. She passed away in the spring of 1981 at the age of 86, and was laid to rest at Viking, the place she always called home.



Mr. and Mrs. J. Currie Sr.

James is still very active, busy with his horses; he also enjoys western music and songs. He chuckled thinking of how time flies by; some of his children will soon be old enough for their senior citizen's pension, and here he is, still busy raising horses.



Mr. J. E. Currie poses with King, the Percheron horse, he exhibited at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto.

GEORGE CUTTER

by Grace Cundict

George Cutter came from England and stayed in Windfield long enough to prove up his homestead. He was a very nervous man and when visitors came, they knew they had to identify themselves quickly; he had shot at Harry Fletcher once, forcing him to stay out in the bush all night. He worked as a painter for the C.P.R. and then returned to England.

THE LEE DAVIS FAMILY

On October 30, 1965 Lee Davis and Gladys Faulkner began their life together. At that time, we lived in Viking, Alberta and both worked. We were never really happy in town so every chance we got we would be off to either Lee's folks or mine to the farm. Our dream was to have a farm of our own someday. Thus, when we heard of some farming opportunities in the Niton

area we gathered up our belongings on March 21, 1967 and "came west".

Our first home was a small two-room house that we rented from Tom Clark in Niton Junction. We lived there until May. During that time we cut tamarack posts in the swamp behind Ben Zerb's and sold most of them to farmers from Viking. It wasn't much income but it did keep the wolf away from the door.

In May 1967, we moved to the Fred Woloshyn place north of Mackay. The Curries and us rented this land for a year from Mrs. Woloshyn. Lee and I milked cows and managed to get by that way. It was the Christmas we lived there that we thought we probably wouldn't go "home" for that special day. Deep down we both wanted to, but along with the fact that we couldn't afford it, we also didn't have insurance on our car. Anyway, about four o'clock that afternoon we decided, "We're going!" We borrowed ten dollars for gas, hurried and did chores and left. We made it to both our folks places that night and, since then, we always know that Christmas is one day of the year that we're going "home".

The following spring (1968) we moved to the Stan Gilbert farm in Hattonford. Now we had a bigger barn, so we got more milk cows. We milked as many as twenty cows that summer. One weekend Lee's dad, his brother and a friend came out and they decided to go on an overnight ride north of the farm. They each picked out a horse to ride and, of course, Lee's dad picked an unbroken one. Well, they went on their ride with many little incidents happening. One guy got bucked off, one went to sleep and fell off and to top things off, they ran into a heavy rain and electric storm. They arrived home after dark and rode up to the door. Lee's sister, Lynda, and I jumped out of bed and ran out in our nightgowns to hear all about the ride. Lee's dad said to me, "Well, she's broke now, so jump on and go for a ride". I didn't think I'd better, but after alot of urging and a ten dollar bribe, I jumped on and went for a ride - nightgown and all.

On July 1, 1969 our daughter, Leeanne Hazel Harriet arrived prematurely. She weighed only two pounds twelve ounces at birth, so we thank our lucky stars that she survived. She spent seven weeks in hospital so by August 23rd we were very glad to have her come home with us.

Also in 1969, Lee did some rodeoing. Lowel Gorsline and Lawrence Sharkey had stock and held rodeos at many different places. Lee was sometimes a pick-up man and was always in the Wild Horse Race. At year end, he and his team won the High Point Trophies for that event. He really enjoyed this, since he had always been involved in helping with the rodeo that was held every July 1st on his dad's farm at Viking. Many stories are told of rodeos he rode in! One such rodeo was at Shining Bank. Lee and his uncle would bring bucking horses out to it. This was where Clarence Bowman rode and got kicked by his bucking horse "Sleepy" and had his jaw broken.

It was in July 1969 that we bought our own farm W½-28-55-12-W5 from Walter Currie. We moved there in January of 1970. We continued to milk cows and so fixed up the old log house on this land to be a barn. It held ten cows so we milked just that many. Besides these ten milk cows, we had six heifers to calve that spring. We started to buy more machinery and did the best we could to make a living.

At this time I would like to tell about the coincidence that happened in our family. My dad, Debs Faulkner, had been out hunting in this area in the fall of 1934 with Bill Johnston and some other guys from Kinsella, Alberta. He had stayed overnight with Earl Schomer, had attended a dance in the old Hattonford Hall and had walked through Bendall's to Art Sonne's. He had a 22 rifle that he traded to Mr. Sonne for a buckskin coat. Can you imagine how surprised Dad was when he found out that some 35 years later Lee and I had bought the place he had stayed on! Incidentally, Mom still has the buckskin coat Dad got from Mr. Sonne.

On March 27, 1971, our son, Cody Lee arrived. He also was born prematurely and weighed three pounds eleven ounces at birth. His stay in hospital was five weeks. He arrived home on May 5th. The children soon grew and between the two of them they could get into lots of things, especially when we were out doing chores. Once Leeanne whitened Cody's hair with baby powder.

Time passed and since it was becoming more difficult and expensive to ship cream, we decided to quit milking cows and go into raising beef cattle. We also got a small herd of sheep and had a few pigs and horses.

We needed more land cleared to produce feed for the increased herd so in January 1976 Lee bought a cat. He and Tim Sullivan did some custom work but we soon decided to use it just for our own work... a handy machine to have, I might add.

Also on January 9, 1976, our second son Zane Mayla Debs was born. He weighed eight pounds four ounces - quite a difference from Leeanne and Cody. They were very happy with their new brother and soon became good babysitters.

Our family are all horse lovers. Everytime a new foal is born, someone soon claims it and if anyone mentions



Lee and Gladys Davis and Family; Cody, Leeanne and Zane

selling it the tears start. We have been faithful “Saddle Club” supporters since it started in 1970 and have come home with many trophies from the trophy nights. Also we enjoy trail rides, sleigh rides and, of course, rodeos.

Many people find our brand  to be very different. My dad bought it from Turners (near Viking) in 1934. Dad signed it over to us in 1974 and this is the only way a brand such as this can be passed on. We have it registered as a cow and horse brand. It, incidentally, is on the “Brand Ceiling” in the Horseman’s Hall of Fame in Calgary.

Our story is really nothing compared to the story of many pioneers, but it has been, and still is, a rough road and I think because of all the hard work we really do appreciate anything that we have. And now, Hattonford is “home”!



Berland Dressler, front row

BERLAND DRESSLER

by Shirley Manary

The Dresslers homesteaded in this area in 1913. Mr. Dressler and his wife, Reena, had two children. Both children died and are buried on SW-1-57-13-W5. Mrs. Dressler died in 1923 of cancer of the throat. Mr. Dressler worked out until 1941, then came back to the homestead and farmed until his death in 1954.

JOSHUA EASTWOOD

(As told to Grace Cundict)

Joshua Eastwood came to the Windfield area, where he met and married Mrs. J. White in 1924.

Mrs. White, who had pioneered in several localities, had suffered many hardships and heartbreaks but was still a hardworking and most resourceful person.

One evening when her daughter Florence was bringing home the cows, she encountered a mother bear and two cubs. Florence quickly climbed a tree, calling loudly for help. Her mother and brother Dave came from different directions, Dave with a rifle and her mother with a thirty-eight revolver. Fortunately the bears ran off into the bush, for if Mrs. White had shot at them with the revolver, it could have proved more dangerous.

When Grandma Bruner died and was the first buried in the little cemetery in Windfield, it was Mrs. Eastwood who conducted the service. This little cemetery where six or more people, including children, are resting is marked only by a few steel posts, but can still be found on the land that Frank Douglas now owns.

After a few years, the Eastwoods moved to B.C. where they lived out their years. Mrs. Eastwood was ninety-two when she passed away.

TOM FACEY FAMILY

The Facey family, consisting of the father, Tom, two sons, Jack and Gordon, and one daughter, Evelyn, lived in the Log Cabin district before coming to the Windfield area to homestead. A third son, Earl, had been fatally kicked by a horse when quite young.

Tom was a blacksmith by trade, but while homesteading did mostly bush work and a little trapping to make a living.

Evelyn did the housekeeping until she left to work in Edmonton, where at one time she cooked in the home of Premier Greenfield. In 1925, Evelyn married Dave White and returned to Windfield, where they still live.

Gordon lived in Windfield for forty years, most of which were spent at the home of his sister and brother-in-law and family. He died in 1975.

After leaving the Griesbach Barracks in Edmonton, Jack and his family moved to Vancouver, where he passed away in 1980.

THE WOLFGANG FALLBACHER FAMILY

Wolfgang Fallbacher came to Canada from Bavaria, Germany in 1925, but did not move into this area until the thirties. His homestead, which he got in 1932, marked the beginning of many years of hard work on his farmland. Clearing the land with an axe and a team of horses was a long and difficult process. His second quarter, which he purchased for four hundred dollars in 1937 from Mrs. Knight (who had left the area long before), had twenty acres under cultivation. This made it considerably easier then starting with another raw quarter.

In 1938 Wolfgang married Christina (Tina) Lambie who had come to Canada from Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1921. Tina had been raised on a farm and thus spent her days working along with Wolfgang on the various farming tasks. Wolfgang's mother, Maria Fallbacher, came to live with them and became part of their family until her death in 1942.

At the time of their marriage there were quite a few neighbors in the area. Some (Nordels, Webbers, Tieses

and Fred Dremer) had pulled out, but there still were half a dozen families not too far away (Ralph and Agnes Ford, Bernhard Brendal, Walter Kermzie, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Oudermann, Edward and Edith Piper, Frank Schoettler and Jim Peach). It was always hoped that there would one day be enough children in the area to form a school district and build a school, but people didn't stay. In the early forties the Fallbachers said goodbye to many neighbors. The Oudermanns, Walter Kermzie, Bernhard and Violet Brendal, Frank and Ann Schoettler with son Richard and Ed and Edith Piper with sons Joe and Dick all moved away. This left the Fallbacher's, Ralph and Agnes Ford and Jim Peach. And that's the way it remained until George Taylor and the Ben Giesbrecht family moved in after the war.

With such a small population the possibility of a road, let alone a school, seemed hopeless. Groceries were brought across the McLeod by horseback, rowboat or buggy-sleigh depending on the state of the river. On occasion, the river would rise very rapidly. Wolfgang recalls leaving the wagon on the other side of the river and riding the team home because the river rose too high for the wagon while he was away for the day. There was a trail past Ford's to Peers, but this was approximately six miles further than crossing the river and going to Neff's Store at McCleod Valley.

In 1944 Wolfgang and Tina decided to buy Schoettler's place (where they live today). This quarter was once owned by Mr. and Mrs. Rosenhagen and today, out in the blueberry patch, Mrs. Rosenhagen's grave is still marked by a little iron cross made by her husband many years ago.

Mr. Schoettler wanted \$1800 for the quarter, which was a lot of money at that time, but since Mr. Fallbacher had done well on his trapline that winter, the deal went through. Fur was high in those days, so every winter Wolfgang would go trapping at Five Mile Prairie where he had a registered line. Tina would remain on the farm where she would care for the cattle and other animals. She and the children enjoyed the many weeks they spent together, but always looked forward with great anticipation to "Dad's homecoming".

Tina and Wolfgang raised four girls - all were born at home and boarded out most of their school years. Every Sunday, Wolfgang would take the girls across the river in his handmade rowboat and they would then walk another two to three miles to their grandmother's or aunt's. Then, on Friday night, they'd walk back to the river and their dad would be waiting. If the river was high and swift or considered dangerous, their mum would also be there to help catch the boat when they got across.

The most difficult times were during spring breakup and fall freeze-up, when it was impossible to cross and the girls couldn't get home on weekends. One spring breakup will always be remembered by the Fallbacher family because of an accident. Mr. Fallbacher's horses and sleigh, loaded with a fanning mill, broke through the ice. Wolfgang got out alright, as did the bigger horse. But the smaller horse was frightened and refused for hours to attempt the jump out of the icy hole. Finally, in response to coaxing etc. from both Tina and Wolfgang, he succeeded in making the jump. Days later some neighbors on the other side of the river were able to lasso the sleigh and pull it and the fanning mill to their shore.

During the winter the roads were often drifted in. Sometimes the cows couldn't even get down the river hill for their daily drink at the water hole.

Selling the calves in the fall or hogs, whenever they were ready, was usually quite an undertaking. Sometimes the cows and calves were chased to Ford's and, after the calves were loaded, the cows were chased back home. A truck could sometimes get as far as Ford's after freeze up but before the heavy snow. Leonard Cundict was one of those who drove that road to Ford's to pick up calves. Other times calves were butchered and sold to lumber camps. Sometimes a cattle truck would cross the McLeod if it was particularly low in the fall. Once Bill Peach crossed over, but got stuck with the load on the way back. The calves had to be unloaded and were soon met by their bawling mothers who guided them right back to the yard.

The hogs were usually hauled across the river by wagon sleigh and on to Highway 32 or Bob Richardson's where Mr. E. Bowan would pick them up. Often road conditions or other difficulties kept Mr. Bowan from going to Edmonton on the day planned, so Mr. Fallbacher would have to drive back home in the evening box still full of hogs.

The turning point came with the building of the new road. There was great excitement in the Fallbacher household the day that Wolfgang came home and said he'd been talking to George Hall from the Department of Highways, up by the homestead. Mr. Fallbacher had known George Hall for years - since they had worked together for Mr. Upcott on the Yates-Edson road in the twenties.

By 1955 the road was ready for a "school bus" so Ben Giesbrecht drove his children and the Fallbacher girls to E. Acorn's to meet Bert Radcliffe's school bus. This was the first year the girls could attend school from home and by then the oldest was in Grade Eleven. However, it only lasted one year. The road did not prove to be satisfactory, which meant that many days Mr. Fallbacher would take the girls by tractor to Acorn's or right to school. So, for the next four years, it was back to boarding out and attending Fulham and Edson High.



Fallbacher girls crossing the McLeod to attend school in 1951.

Then in 1960 the regular school bus started travelling the route and the service became excellent. The same driver, Mr. Bert Radcliffe, was still driving when the next generation (Louise's daughter, Audrey) started school in 1976.

Many stories could be told about hardships, illness, trips with the horses, threshing, floods, experiences with wild animals, happy times and sad times. But, to conclude, when Tina and Wolfgang look back at those years it is with fond memories of the good times.

Today, three daughters, Christine, Grace and Louise are school teachers. They all have B. Ed. degrees plus Christine has an M. Ed. in Counselling and Guidance. Joann is a registered nursing assistant and has spent many hours working with the elderly and the handicapped.

There are eight grandchildren. Grace and Murray Whetter have three (Kevin, Arlene and Leanne). Joann and Dick Cundict have two (Mark and Wendi) and Louise and Brian Cundict have three (Audrey, Kurtis and Fredrick).

Grace and Murray Whetter and family are presently residing in Fort McMurray where Murray, a mechanical engineer, is employed with Syncrude. Their previous homes were in Winnipeg and Kitimat, B.C. Grace and Murray also spent two years travelling around the world. Starting from Vancouver, they went to New Zealand, Australia, north to Asia, across to Europe, back to Halifax and home.

Joann and Dick Cundict and family reside in Edmonton where Dick owns and operates "J.L.S. Mechanical Services". This family spends many enjoyable days at their summer cottage at Pigeon Lake.

Christine Small, now a widow, also resides in Edmonton where she is employed as a vice-principal for the Department of National Defence. She has previously resided at Cold Lake, Alberta and Baden, West Germany (both with D.N.D.).

Louise and Brian Cundict spent ten years in Edmonton where Brian was employed by Industrial Power and Louise by the Public School Board. Brian then decided to fulfill his desire to go farming, so they moved out to the farm in the spring of '75. It is a special treat for Tina



Joanne, Wolfgang, Louise, Christina, Chris and Grace Fallbacher

and Wolfgang to have three of their grandchildren and, of course, Brian and Louise, only a few steps away.

To all the Fallbacher children and grandchildren, "the farm" is still the heart of the family which is quite evident by their many trips "home" on weekends and holidays.

ELVA FICKLE

by Grace Cundict

Elva Fickle was born in Peru, Indiana, U.S.A., where he lived until 1910 or 1911, before the spirit of adventure brought him to Western Canada. This was in answer to, and by reason of, the advertising that the western provinces were using to bring people to settle the areas at that time.

It was here that he learned of the land available west of Edmonton. So, in 1912, he came to Hattonford district to make a ten-dollar bet with the Alberta Government against one hundred and sixty acres of homestead land plus three years to prove that the necessary improvements could be done.

The log shack he built and moved into on New Year's Day, 1913 still stands on SW25-55-12-W5.

He was fond of horses and dogs and always took pride in taking good care of them. The following years he spent clearing some land, working for neighbors, and trapping. He would also go to the prairie for harvest and other seasonal work. It was on one of these trips that, by coincidence, he worked on a farm at Adanac, Saskatchewan, belonging to Iris Wiseman's grandfather (this was when she was five years old).

In the early nineteen thirties he sold his land to Ross Woodring and moved a few miles south, near August Staehle. There he worked again making a home, cutting railroad ties and doing whatever other work he could find.

Age was now catching up with him, so he finally moved to a little house close to the Maltson's store, where he lived until he passed away.



Elva Fickle and his house

INGVOLD AND JULIA FJELD

by Mable Vatter

Ingvold and Julia Fjeld were both born and raised in Minnesota. They were married in June, 1913. After they were married, they moved to North Dakota. They had five children - Mable born in 1915, Minnie and Clara, the twin girls, born in 1916, Louie born in 1919, and Albert born in 1924.

With their family, Ingvold and Julia moved to the Hattonford district in 1931. They came from North Dakota by Model-T Ford, pulling a four-wheel trailer with the few belongings they could load on it. This was heartbreaking, for there was so much they had to leave behind.

When they reached the Lobstick River, which had to be crossed to get to their homestead, Julia was very upset. Taking her children out of the car, they walked across the rough pole bridge. At this time, Julia was wishing they had never come to Canada! Ingvold managed to cross the river with the Model-T Ford and the four-wheel trailer.

When they reached the homestead, they found a fire had gone through, burning all the logs, some of which were still burning. This was a real disappointment for Ingvold, as these would have made a good home and other needed buildings. The family lived in a tent from June until November. Then they moved into a slab shack with sod around the outside and a rough slab floor. This was home for the winter.

In 1932, Mable married Bobby Moore; this marriage was short-lived, as in 1933, Bobby passed away after a hunting accident, leaving his wife, Mable and one child, Caroline, born only a few days before her father's death. Caroline married Wally Bray and lives in Anselmo.

Mable married for the second time in 1936. She and her husband, Otto Vatter of Anselmo, had two children - Phillip, who married Jeanette Reapel and lives in Drayton Valley and Laurie, who married Jim Cloak and lives in Anselmo.

Minnie had one son, Gordon Fjeld, who married Helen Paul; they also live in Anselmo. In 1955, Minnie married Carl Lisenmann and they live on the farm in An-

selmo. Twin sister, Clara, married John Maichen, who had taken a homestead in Hattonford. They had five children, all raised in the district.

In 1935, the Fjelds moved with their two sons, Louie and Albert, who never married, to Anselmo to farm. Ingvald and Julia are both laid to rest in the Anselmo Cemetery. Louie and Albert sold their farm in 1980 and now live in Barrhead, Alberta.



Albert, Louie, Minnie and Mabel Fjeld

HARRY FLETCHER

by Grace Cundict

Harry came to Canada from England sometime before World War I, when he was eighteen years old. At one time a brother came to Windfield to homestead, but did not stay long. He would say very little about the large family he came from, but it is known that he never wrote home, even once, after he left.

Harry enlisted for World War I from Calgary and had some unique experiences in the army. He returned to Canada to work at his trade as a master brick layer, and was in great demand both here and in the United States. His name was number one on the Brick Layers Union list in Edmonton.

Following retirement, he lived for many years on his land in Windfield and moved to the Senior Citizen's Lodge in Edson where he passed away in his mid-eighties. He was buried in Edson.

THE FORD FAMILY

by Joyce Cundict

My uncles, Frank and Herbert Ford, came to Hattonford in the spring of 1913. They were among the very first settlers there, Jake Guignon, his brother Arthur, and Heggblade being there first. They lived in dugouts while building their log house and barn on Herb's place. They cleared land and had a good vegetable garden. They had plenty of clear spring water, one spring by the house and one by the barn; these never froze in the winter. There were plenty of deer and moose, also partridges and prairie chicken.

My grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ford, and her daughter, my Aunt Nell, came to Hattonford in the spring of 1914. They walked up from Mackay, making a female population of four, Mrs. Hellekson and her daughter, Alice, being already there. Later my aunt married Dave Strachan and had the first post office in the area. Until postal service was established, the land hereabouts was referred to as Poison Creek country.

When the war broke out in the fall of 1914, Herb joined up and was killed in action. Then Frank joined up. I believe Mrs. Potts lived with Grannie Ford that first winter and I think Grannie lived one winter in Edmonton with Mrs. Strachan Sr.

After the war, Herbert's place with the house on it was sold to an uncle on my mother's side, Fred Strudwick, who had retired from the British Navy. In the winter of 1919, Uncle Frank built the house and barn on his place.

My father, Henry Ford, (but not *the* Henry Ford) and my mother, Ethel, came to Canada after the First World War, in the spring of 1920. The winter of 1919-1920 was the year long to be remembered as the hard winter, when the few settlers who were here lost so many horses and cattle. My Uncle Frank was supposed

to meet us at Niton, but as he wasn't there yet, Mr. Fred Cundict (who later turned out to be my father-in-law) gave us a ride up the road towards Hattonford till we met Uncle Frank. What impressed me most about that journey were the horses' tails! They were long and, for two little girls fresh out from England, this was very strange. We always thought all horses had their tails braided and tied with pink or blue ribbons. We had much to learn!

Dad worked at a lumber or tie camp somewhere north of Mackay for a few weeks after we came. He filed on SW23-55-12 which had belonged to Ingstroms. There was a one-room log house and barn on it. We also had a spring of fresh water.

The summer of 1920 was the year Uncle Frank finished the house on his own place. I stayed with him and Grannie Ford for awhile before school opened. It rained quite a lot and the basement of Uncle Frank's house was full of water. Uncle Frank had a team of horses called Prince and Brownie. When I asked him if they were father horses or mother horses, he just grinned and said they were neither - they were uncles, just like him. This didn't make sense to me at all, at the time!

Our family was poor, like everyone else. Dad, fresh out from the British army, hadn't been paid very high wages. He borrowed money from the Soldier Settlement Board to buy a team of horses and some cattle. High interest rates were put on the money lent to the soldiers; some years it took all their time and energy to meet these interest payments, which left them little to live on. Dad got his stock in the spring of 1921. The snow was late in going that year and the cattle were in poor shape; I'm sad to say we lost a few by getting them stuck in the muskeg and mud holes.

In 1921, our little sister, Renee, was born at home with Mrs. Bryant, the nearest neighbor, acting as midwife. The creek was flooded at the time and Dad had to carry Mrs. Bryant across. It was grand having a new baby in the house. We had wanted one for years, and couldn't understand why a war should make any difference, when the doctor who brought them had lived right next door to us in England.

When Nora and I first went to school, we had to walk three miles; the other children thought we had the

measles, we were so covered with mosquito bites. We only had school for two months that summer; Mr. Rudd was the teacher. The little log schoolhouse was already there when we came, but there were not many pupils - just the Cundicts, my sister, Nora, and I, two McQuan boys, and later in the year, Jack Bartley. The following year, my cousins, Ossie, Raymond, and Ken-ny, who had emigrated from England with their parents, Arthur and Mabel Ford, joined us as students. The school yard was full of willow bushes, ideal for playing hide-and-go-seek, and in the fall blueberries, which we had for dessert after our sandwiches, grew there. One chore I remember is having to go a quarter-of-a-mile to Bendall's for a pail of drinking water each noon hour.

Old Jock's Trail was a very well-trod path when we first came; the Indians had kept it that way. It went through our grant, coming from Lac St. Anne, and continuing westwards. The Niton road wasn't surveyed all the way then and I remember Nora and I coming home from school one day, seeing a big white tent at what is now known as "Grace Cundict's Corner". They were road surveyors and their cook made the best molasses cookies! Not long after that, the road was cleared straight through and the horses and wagons began using it. The trip to Niton in those days took all day, as so much of it was muskeg covered with corduroy. It was almost impossible to pass in places without sinking nearly up to your neck.

The molasses cookies mentioned above remind me of one of the times Dad went to Niton to get our monthly supply of groceries. Included in the order were a hundred-pound sack of flour and some coal oil. Somehow or other, with the bumping up and down, the plug came out of the coal oil, the can worked its way over to the flour, and you can guess what happened! We couldn't afford any more flour, so we endured a long month with the most horrible-tasting bread. I remember when it was finally done and Dad had fetched a new sack of flour, Mom baked a special, small loaf for Nora and me. We took it down to the creek to eat. Never had bread tasted so good!

We learned to do all kinds of work inside and out - from housework to milking cows, cleaning barns, and plowing. Dad kept me from school one year to help with the plowing. We had three horses hitched to a sulky plow and, above all, he said, I had to keep a straight furrow. I tried very hard and I think he was

pleased. It was monotonous work, but not difficult. Stooking barley, with all those barley beards was an itchy business. One job I always enjoyed was looking after the chickens.

Most of us children ran barefoot all summer and our feet became so tough that mud holes or stubble fields didn't bother us any. The humble flour sack made most of our clothes; sometimes the lettering was hard to erase. I remember my mother being so annoyed with my cousin, Jack Long, laughing at my little sister as she bent over. "Look what it says on Renee's pants - one hundred pounds when packed!" He was the darndest guy; he could make you so angry, and yet, he could make you laugh when no one else could.

What bothered those early settlers the most, I think, were the mosquitoes and flies. People used to make smudges almost every evening during the summer to smoke the house out; still the beds had to have a covering of cheesecloth to stop them from getting to you. I don't know which was worse - the mosquitoes or the smoke.

I forget which year the Big Bush on the way to Niton caught on fire. Every man in the settlement went to help fight it. We couldn't see the sun for days because of the heavy smoke. It did succeed in clearing

the land, though. Forest fires were always something to watch out for in those days. Many homesteaders plowed fire guards around their buildings if they were going to be away from home for any length of time.

We had lots of dances, first at the schoolhouse and later at the hall. For a number of years, the Hattonford Fairs were something to be competed in and remembered. We loved them and many a story can be told about them. The highlight of the year, as far as the children were concerned, was the annual Christmas Tree with its gifts, program, good food, and dancing.

Our family grew up as families will, and we went away to work before marrying and starting families of our own. Nora married Dave Hellekson from Mahaska in 1932. I worked in Edmonton, at the Anglican Indian School at Cardston, at Niton and at Edson, then returned to marry Ted Cundict in 1937. Renee worked in British Columbia and Edmonton during the war years; she then married Ted Phillips.

Now we, our children and grandchildren enjoy returning to Hattonford whenever we can and especially enjoy the reunions that have been held in the past years.

My father and mother retired to Edmonton in later years and Father passed away in December, 1963. After living with me for several years, Mother passed away in November of 1980 in her ninety-ninth year.



Harry Ford Family; Mrs. Ford, Nora (at back), Renee, Joyce, and Mr. Ford.



Getting water from the creek below on the Herb Ford homestead.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR O. FORD

Arthur and Mabel Ford were born in Lincolnshire, England, and came to Canada in 1922. They sailed on the S.S. Metagama with their three sons, Oswald, Raymond, and Kenneth.

They were met at Niton Station by Mr. F. Cundict and travelled to Hattonford by horse and wagon. They stayed with Arthur's mother, Mrs. Mary Ford and his brother, Mr. Frank Ford, until they built a log house on S.E. 34-55-12-W5th. They had three more children, Mary, Peter, and Jean.

They donated an acre of land (S.E. corner) for an Anglican Church; Mr. Ted Strudwick was the foreman at the time of the building of the church, which is still standing. Mr. Frank Ford donated an acre of his land for the cemetery, right across the road from the church.

Due to ill health, Mr. Arthur Ford had to give up the homestead and went to live on his son Peter's place, where he raised chickens. In 1948, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford moved to Victoria, B. C. where Arthur died in 1962.

Years later, Mabel married Mr. David Strachan who also homesteaded in Hattonford. They are still living in Victoria, their ages being eighty-eight and ninety-two.



A. Ford Family 40th Anniversary

OSWALD AND KATHLEEN FORD

Oswald, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ford, went to Beaver Meadow School along with Triss, Bert, Ted, Kathleen, and Leonard Cundict, Mildred and Edward Babcock, Goldie and Isobel Schomer, Pete Arnold, Ralph and Edna Williams, Joyce and Nora Ford, Bobby Larsen, Evelyn Guignon, Jim Bendall, Bill and Don Anderson, Arthur Bryant, Jr., and his own two younger brothers, Raymond and Kenneth. The teachers through the years were Mr. Garry, Mr. Clark, Mr. Pauley, Miss Cargill, and Mrs. Pitblado.

In 1941, he joined the Army (Royal Canadian Engineers). He went overseas later the same year. In 1942, he married Kathleen and in 1944, a son, Michael, was born. In April of 1945, Kathleen and Michael arrived in Canada under the War Brides Scheme. Ossie arrived back in Hattonford in September of 1945, after serving in Britain, France, Holland and Belgium. He was stationed in Germany when the war ended.

He bought his father's homestead and the quarter north of it through the Veteran's Land Act. Later on, he got his Uncle Frank's quarter. He went into mixed farming and also, for a couple of years, he fetched the mail once a week from Niton. He also got the job of grading the roads in Hattonford and district, and is proud to say he spread the first gravel on those roads. He did the grading for six years, during the summer months.

Ossie and Kathleen had four more children - Valerie, Barry, Kevin and Brian. Valerie was born in the log house and, when Barry was expected, the weather turned so bad, that when Ossie went to get Mrs. David Bowerman to accompany Kathleen to Edson Hospital, they just got back to the house in time for Mrs. Bowerman to act as midwife, as Barry was born ten minutes later. Mrs. Bowerman was called "Auntie Min" by the Ford family; she had also assisted with Valerie's birth.

In 1960, a new house was built closer to the road. Ossie cut the logs and Leonard Cundict helped him to haul them home. Jock Clark came with his sawmill and sawed them into lumber. Ossie borrowed a planer from Melvin Wagner and made the lumber into shiplap. He hauled the gravel and sand from the West Road. A "bee" was held and most of the people from Hatton-

ford came to pour cement for the basement. Mr. Harold Pollock of Edson did most of the building.

In 1963, Ossie, his wife, and four of their five children moved to Victoria, B.C. where Ossie was a Security Officer at the Parliament Buildings until his retirement in 1979.

The Fords now have five grandchildren. Michael, his wife, and daughter live in Edson, Alberta; Valerie, her husband, and son live just outside of Toronto, Ontario; Barry, his wife, and their three children (two boys and one girl) live on the outskirts of Victoria; Kevin and Brian are single.

After nineteen years in British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Ford still miss the farm; they have fond memories of Hattonford and like to visit friends there.



O. Ford Family

WILLIAM AND HESTER FOSTER

by Margaret V. Watt

On September 17, 1932, William and Hester Foster and their son Harry, came to a stop on William's homestead in Hattonford, and so became late, late pioneers in a long-established settlement.

This Ontario couple, married in 1896, came west to Irvine, near Medicine Hat, in 1904, aboard a Harvest Ex-

cursion train. They had with them the three little girls, Margaret, Marion, and Rose, which then composed the family. Between 1904 and 1917, five daughters and two sons were born to them, making ten children in all.

Times were uncertain in the wake of the First World War. The Fosters were to move more than once in hopes of improving their life-style. In 1929 father and mother, with the two youngest girls, Ellen and Nora, were back in Edmonton for the second time. Unemployment was rampant all over the North American continent. The Great Depression waited in the wings.

It was then that William and Hester made the decision to go homesteading once more and, perhaps, find the independence they sought. When they began this third venture in homesteading, William was sixty-two years of age and his wife was fifty-seven.

Four of the girls had married by this time and had their own homes and families. The boys, Harry and Alec, when the matter was discussed, were all for this venture; the younger girls were willing to leave the city and go with their parents into the wilds. But it took time for plans, once formulated, to jell. It was 1932 before the first contingent arrived in their new surroundings. Alec, Ellen, and Nora came later.

William, Hester and Harry had trailed the hundred miles from Edmonton, riding a wagon behind a team of horses which they had named Rock and Barney. A flat rack, on which they were seated, was loaded with household goods, tent, bedrolls, and two sets of tools - one set for carpentry work and the other for preparing the logs used in the process. Within days these last-named would be in service, for, in true pioneer style, they were going to build themselves a log house.

On the rig, right up front, exhibiting all the complacency of the young, sat a pup and a kitten, named Paddy and Tilly. Harry referred to them facetiously as "the unemployed". Hardly that! Paddy got to be a very creditable watch-dog; Tilly, in a locality in which the mouse population exceeded all others, became a valued producer of mousers.

It is conjectured, with reference to William's homestead, since documents have gotten lost, that its descriptive numbers were S.E. 24-55-10-W5. Hester's quarter-section, which cornered that of her husband, and

a record of which is still at hand, was N.W. 19-55-11-W5. Harry's land, numbers unavailable, was north of his father's. His brother Alec's homestead is designated S.W. 6-56-11-W5.

In the end, only Hester proved up on her homestead and received her patent. In the course of time, it was fenced, land was broken and cropped. The logs used in the construction of the house on their father's land were cut on their mother's place. Some lumbering was done on it as well and gravel, which was later discovered there, was sold to the government for road building. However, timber suitable for making railway ties was found on William's place in pretty fair quantity.

Hattonford was a friendly neighborhood, and the newcomers soon settled in. The young folks took part in the sports - football, baseball, and basketball. Harry, Alec, Nora, and their nephew, Alec Watt, were often invited to supply the music for the dances with violin, Hawaiian guitar, and drums. The parents held office in the newly-organized Social Credit Political Party.

Presently, there were to be weddings in the family. In 1934, Ellen and George Bruner, and Alec and Toots Wilkinson were to marry within a month of each other.

Gwen Beck from Thunder Bay, then called Fort William, was Harry's choice for a bride. He went east in the fall of 1934 to be married and lived there the rest of his life. He worked for years on the boats which, plying the waters of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence River, delivered the wheat from the elevators at Thunder Bay to Montreal. Harry died in 1976, aged seventy-one. He was survived by his wife, two sons, Wayne and Melvyn, and his grandchildren.

Julia was also married in 1934, at Galahad. She and her husband, Donald McDonnell, came to Hattonford directly after their wedding to live on the Eastwood place, situated northeast of Windfield School.

During the winter of 1935, Alec, his brother-in-law, and his father contracted with Corser Brothers of MacKay to make a quantity of railway ties. Logs for these ties were found in several localities adjacent to their homes. Alec and Don were both to learn from William the way to swing a broad-axe. Bill Foster's broad-axe came with him from Ontario. It may well have been the only axe he ever owned. He had first gone to the woods



William and Hester Foster - 1934

with his father when he was only a boy. When he was no longer physically able to use it, he gave it to Miles Bruner who, for friendship's sake, may still have it in his possession.

Working men need good food and plenty of it. The garden patch on Hester's farm grew wonderful crops. Wild fruit abounded. Hester and her daughter-in-law, Toots, picked and preserved literally hundreds of quarts of these fruits, and canned or salted the moose meat William brought home. The cellar would be stocked with vegetables of their own growing. In summertime, surplus butter, made by their own hands, would be exchanged for groceries at the store in MacKay.

Then the Second World War came and changes with it. Don and Julia with their two little ones, Brian and Donna, departed for Wells, British Columbia. Here,

their third child, Jock was born. Through successive moves, they lived in Fort McMurray, where they operated a bakery, and in Dawson Creek. Husband and wife are now both dead.

George and Ellen Bruner followed the McDonnells to Wells. Their two little boys, Larry and Kenneth were then six and three years of age. They lived in other places before moving to Alberni. There, Keith and Kathie were born. Ellen died in 1962, mourned by her husband, these two small children, two grown sons, both married, and a little grandchild. George lives alone in Alberni.

Nora, the youngest member of the Foster family, became the wife of Fred Majer of Anselmo. The attendants at their wedding, at her parents' home in Hattonford, were Fred's brother, George, and Nora's niece, Mary Watt of Edmonton. It is of passing interest that this young couple were later to wed. Fred and Nora's daughter, Jean, resides in Edmonton with her husband, Roland Poulin, and their three children. Their son, Perry and his wife, Annette, are at present in Indonesia, where he is employed by an oil company.

On October 6, 1941, the day of his seventieth birthday, William Foster suffered a stroke. He was moved by car, Alec driving and Hester accompanying him, to John and Rose Kirschman's farm at Forestburg. Rose was his third eldest daughter. He died there February 11, 1942.

Alec and Toots and their three-year-old daughter, Janet - two children, Robert and Olivine had died in infancy - left Hattonford at this time and went to Ponoka, where Alec drove truck for Gib's Transport. He drove the first truck to enter Whitehorse after the Alaska Highway was opened. Janet is now an instructor of Paramedics at Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary.

Following her husband's death, Hester went to Ontario for a year or two and then came back to Alberta to spend the remainder of her life with one or another of her children. She sold her homestead and divided the proceeds among her children. She died in 1969, at the age of ninety-four. She lies beside her husband in Pleasinton Cemetery, at Galahad.

The story now passes from those who once had ties with the Hattonford community to those children of William and Hester who resided in other sections of

Alberta.

The eldest daughter, Margaret, wife of James Watt, with their family of five - Gordon, Mary, Alec, Jean and Janet - lived in Edmonton. The two boys and the two younger girls all joined the Canadian Navy in the Second World War. Margaret, with her husband's sanction, filed on a homestead in the Hattonford district. It lay directly west of her mother's quarter. She abandoned it, however, because of the impracticality of trying to keep up two establishments, separated from each other by a hundred miles. James passed away in 1967.

Marion, the second daughter, married Hereward Turner, a veteran of the First World War, who farmed near Castor. Marion passed away in 1931, leaving two small children, Arthur and Elizabeth. Their father still lives in the house to which he brought their mother when they were married.

Rose's husband was John Kirschman, a son of a pioneer couple of the Alliance district. They had three children. They farmed at both Galahad and Forestburg. Widowed in 1957, Rose is now Mrs. Peter Lindeballe. They live in Flagstaff Lodge in Sedgewick.

Charles Baird was Irene's husband. They raised three sons and one daughter, all born in the Castor Hospital. Irene, widowed in 1954, lives in the Senior Citizen's Lodge in Alliance.

Kate and her husband, Gilburn Thompson, began



Ellen Bruner and sons, Kenny and Larry; Jim Watt, William Foster, Nora Major and daughter Jean. Front: Julia McDonnell, Donna and son Brian and Toots Foster and Janet. July 1940.

their married life on a farm at Galahad, but Gib gave up farming in favor of trucking. "Gib's Transport" was set up during the war years. They had three children, Donald, Audrey, and Malcolm. They moved to Burnaby, B.C. and then to Nanaimo, where Kate, now a widow, still lives.

NORMAN AND JOYCE FRIESEN

Canada is a land of vast opportunities, especially when compared to Russia, where Norman's grandfather, Mr. Martens, a school teacher, was shot and killed for helping defend a farmer's land on a weekend, where burning crops by marauders was a daily occurrence. Both Norman and I had relatives in Holland, and freedom of religion was an unknown factor. In their trek to freedom, they journeyed from Holland to Germany to Russia and from Russia to Canada.

Our parents, Ernest and Nettie Friesen and Jake and Mary Stoesz, live in Manitoba. My mother was born in Alberta. Norman and I own a half-section of grain farm land in southern Manitoba, near the North Dakota border. We got tired of fighting nature with chemicals and wanted to try the more organic method of farming. We also own twenty registered Quarter Horses and Norman is constantly studying blood lines, nutrition and management (which course he took at the university). He also worked on a Simmental Bar 5 Ranch and has experience working with cattle, which he enjoys.

The Hattonford area came to our attention when Allan and Deborah Klassen, our neighbours in Manitoba, moved here (and, by coincidence, we are neighbors again). You might say we're here on a trial basis. (Watch out Alberta - be nice to us)!

We are renting a house and some acreage from Fred Smigelski, who in turn, rents the land from Mr. Jozsa from Calgary. Norman works as a C. N. R. brakeman out of Edson. •

We have been blessed with three children, Shawn Curtis, January 31, 1972, Ross Rene, March 3, 1975, and Dustylee Chadene, January 9, 1980. To us, the environment our children grow up in is very important.

Perhaps the pioneers thought they moved out into

the wilderness, but when we passed endless bumpy, curving roads and saw the trees - so many trees, creeping towards the road - vague thoughts of wilderness did cross my mind!

We love the howl of the coyotes and wolves at night. That's something we'd never experienced before. The bear, moose, deer, elk, and birds add a wonderful new dimension to our lives!



Norman and Joyce Friesen



Shawn, Ross and Dustylee Friesen

BEN AND IRENE GIESBRECHT AND FAMILY

Irene Hellekson and Ben Giesbrecht were married in Edmonton on August 26, 1945. Ben had just returned from overseas, after spending over four years in the armed forces. In October of 1946, Irene and Ben moved to the Mahaska District where they worked for Elwood Bowen.

In March of 1947, while Ben was hauling straw from the Upcott river flat on the east bank of the McLeod River, he decided this was where he wanted to make his home. On July 23, 1947, Ben moved to the river flat to prepare a place to live. There was a big log granary on the place and this was made into our first home. On September 6, 1947, Ben moved Irene and their three month-old daughter, Sandra, to the home he had prepared. We built on a lean-to kitchen, which was ready to use by November.

We had a lot of land but not much to work with except horses and horse-drawn machinery. Our first crop was seven acres of wheat. This yielded well and graded

Number One Northern. We had good soil, so always had a large garden. Wild fruit was plentiful, especially blueberries, and with wild meat, we lived very well.

We had a radio and that was our connection with the outside world, except for a few neighbours that we heard news from. Bill Wilkins and Amos Heron lived about one mile west of us across the river. Bill Peach, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haddock, Bill Pitcher and Milners also lived on the west side of the river. We were about seven miles from the Mahaska Post Office and had the river to cross. There were many times, due to high water or ice, that we were unable to cross the river. We had a boat and anyone coming to visit would yell for a boat ride.

Jim Peach lived about a mile from us; his land joined ours on the east. Jim stopped at our place many times and it was good to see him, as we didn't have much company. Jim came quite often for breakfast; he liked the porridge I cooked. Jim had a sawmill, so Ben and his brother, Spike, worked for him quite often. Irene and Fred Osipow also worked for Jim. Irene did the cooking and it sure was nice for me to have a woman close by. I would take Sandra with me on our saddle horse "Moonshine" and ride up to camp.

The winter of 1948 and 1949 was very cold for six weeks. When temperatures dropped, it was colder on the river flat than on the high land. It was not uncommon for us to have - 60 degrees below Fahrenheit.

My dad, Harry Hellekson, and his second wife, Annie Mae, had moved out to Dad's homestead about 1948. To visit them, we had to cross the river, go down the west side and cross the river again on the Mahaska ferry, as there wasn't a road on the east bank of the river at that time. Wolf and Tina Fallbacher lived about four miles to the south of us on the east bank of the river.

On April 5, 1951, Ben, Sandra, and I were crossing the river on the ice with our Ferguson tractor to visit Bill and Ethel Peach. We broke through the ice, so we walked back home. The men had to get the tractor out of the river on the west side. The river ice moved out on April 11th of that year. After spring break up, Ben drove the tractor up the west side to the McLeod Valley. He then crossed on the ferry and came down the east side to our home. There wasn't a road all the

way, but there was a bulldozed trail.

To celebrate Easter of 1952, Ben rode our saddle horse to the Hattonford store to get some Easter treats, coffee and tobacco. The store was out of Easter treats, so Ben got some chocolate rosebuds.

My sister, Vivian Hellekson and Orville Armstrong were married in July of 1951. Sometime in 1952, they moved onto the Frank Elston river flat, about five miles from our place downstream. At that time, we had a road under construction up the east side of the river. When it rained, the road wasn't too long - it was too deep!

In June of 1953, we had a truck which was on the west side of the river. One day we crossed the river by boat and went to Edson in our truck. On the way home we drove up the east side of the river. There was a fairly good road as far as Holland Acorn's; past that, for about thirteen miles, was only a dozed trail which later became our road to Peers or Niton so we did not need to cross the river every time we went to town.

In the fall of 1953, Ben and Irene and their family - Sandra Irene born in June of 1947, Sarah May, born in August of 1950 and Jimmy, born in July of 1953, moved briefly to Robb, Alberta where Ben worked in the mine. Ben's brother, Spike, was on the farm looking after the animals we had. Sandra started school at Robb; she only had four months of grade one.

Dawn Diane was born August 9, 1954. Inez Krinke worked for us that summer and took care of the house and family while I went to Edson to have our baby. **That summer, the months of July and August were very wet.** The road was impassable so baby Dawn and I came home across the river by boat. I taught Sandra grade two by correspondence.

In 1955, Ben drove our 1951 Ford car as a feeder bus so Sandra could go to school in Peers. During spring break-up in 1956, Sandra stayed with my cousins, Dorothy and Bob Bradford, who lived near Peers at that time.

Elinor Joy was born February 14, 1956. In the spring of 1956, we had our basement dug for the new home we were building. Since this was a poor crop year, Ben and Spike went out to work. I did the chores and

taught Sandra grade four and Sarah grade one by correspondence. We had Irene Hayes hired to help me. Irene did the housework, cooking and baby sitting while the girls and I did school work.

In 1957, Sandra, Sarah and the Fallbacher girls went to Niton School. Ben drove our car or Jeep as a feeder bus. That year we met people who lived in the Hattonford District. We had our deepfreezer plugged in at Stan and Iris Gilbert's. I had coffee and many good visits with Iris when I went to put things in or take them out of our deepfreezer.

In 1958, Sandra and Sarah boarded at Peers with Ray and Jean Radcliffe to go to school. We were trying to form a school district at this time. The men attended a School Division meeting and were told they had no voice in decisions, as we were in unorganized territory.

In 1959, we formed the Eastbank School District and the school bus picked up Sandra, Sarah and Jim, as well as Alvin Acorn, Fallbachers, Osipows, Rolls and Youngs. Bert Radcliffe drove the bus for Eastbank until he retired in 1979. Bert had driven a Niton bus and had also driven the bus which was extended to cover Eastbank for four years before he picked up our children. He drove school bus for twenty-six years. Our children remember him as a really great bus driver and person.

Another son, Bruce, was born January 13, 1959. On April 4 of that year we moved into our new house.

By 1960 we had a good farming operation going, despite being hailed out in August of 1959. With a good road we visited more often. Ralph and Agnes Ford were almost like grandparents to our children. Sandra joined the Peers 4-H Sewing Club and won first prize for her project book. On April 21st of 1960, we had a surprise birthday party for my dad. It was very successful; we had a good time and he was really surprised.

When the Hinton pulp mill opened for operation, many people in our area cut pulp. Mr. Abe Kinky had a camp on the east side of the river. His daughter, Carol, now Mrs. Curly Johnson, was the cook. Since we didn't have much entertainment, we started having pulp parties, generally at Armstrongs or Giesbrechts. We all chipped in for food and a few drinks. We had

records and Len Lindstrom quite often came and played the guitar and sang. It was open house for anyone who wished to join us.

During the winter of 1959 and 1960, the six children took turns having measles, chicken pox and scarlet fever. About half-a-dozen times in two weeks, Ben would drive to Peers and bring the District Nurse, Miss Roebuck, out to check the children. Miss Roebuck, a very dedicated person, had breakfast at our place before Ben took her back to Peers to resume her regular office duties by nine A.M.

In 1961, Sandra was a junior leader in 4-H and won a trip to Olds Agricultural College. Ben, Spike and I were members of the Peers branch of the Farmers Union of Alberta. Ben and Spike were charter members of the Peers Lions Club. I was Secretary-Treasurer of the Peers and District Co-op Elevator for a few years.

Carol Cundict from Hattonford and Sandra rode horseback together quite often. Duane and Dave Gilbert, also Dick and Brian Cundict were frequent visitors to our home. Many of the young people enjoyed coming to our place.

Our daughter, Katrina Ruth, was born October 19, 1964. Sarah was in the 4-H Beef and Dairy Club. Sandra went to Olds Agricultural College.

In the spring of 1967, Ben had a heart attack and stroke; he was not able to work for sometime, but we had some wonderful friends and neighbours who came in full force with tractors and other farm machinery to put in our crop for us. These included Irene and Fred Osipow, Mr. and Mrs. Lang, H. Acorn, Vic Valley, Percy Young and his son, Ken. It seems there were more, but I can't remember for sure. We really appreciated the help.

Sarah had won a trip to Gold Eye Lake camp in 4-H. Dawn's heifer took first prize at our local Achievement Day and Ben and I, with Dawn and Audrey Manary, took the heifer in our truck to enter the Provincial Fair at Red Deer.

That fall we sold our river flat farm and moved to Pinedale, as the doctors said Ben would not likely be able to work again. We were still quite active in the Farmers Union organization and Jim, Dawn and Elinor

were in 4-H. Sarah was in Edmonton taking hair-dressing course. In 1968 Sarah married Edwin Stanyer.

Ben's health improved and he was able to work some. In August of 1970, with our children and friends, we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary. That fall, we moved to Hinton, Alberta, but that is another story.



Giesbrecht Family 1960

STAN GILBERT FAMILY

by Grace Cundict

Stan and Iris Gilbert came to Hattonford from Camrose, in 1952, to farm the land belonging at that time to Iris's father, W. Hillaby (SW-2-56-12-W5). They brought their four children, Duane, David, Lowell and Neal. Later a daughter, Goldeen, and son, Randy, were born. Stan farmed and then went to work for the Department of Highways. In 1968, the Gilberts sold out and moved to Mackay, where Iris worked at the Nojack Hotel for twelve years. In 1981, they sold again and retired back in Camrose.

BILL GOAD

by Margaret McCallister

Bill Goad came from Clandonald, Alberta, where he ran the livery stable for many years. He came to this area with his housekeeper, Lilly Elliott, to visit her sister and brother-in-law, May and Peter McCormick, at Niton. Bill decided he liked the country and wanted a change, so he rented the land where Grace Cundict now lives. Then during the war years he farmed the Moore property, now owned by Ben Zerb. He also rented the cultivated land on Abe Tennant's farm.

After the war, Bill took a trip north and decided to move again. This time he took up a homestead in the Valleyview area. Lilly decided the homestead was too far away from her family and moved to Edmonton, where she lived until her passing at the age of eighty-eight years.

After several years on the homestead, Bill sold it and moved farther north, this time to Grande Prairie where

he took on the job as a guard at the jail. He worked there until he retired. After retiring, he lived with his brother until he passed away. Bill then moved again, this time to Vermilion Senior Citizens Home where he would be close to family and friends. He was one of the few who had a lovely driving team and a high top buggy.

JOSEPH GUEST

Joe Guest came from England to Calgary in the early nineteen hundreds, in time to have a part in the "land boom" of those years. At that time he filed on his homestead on NE-26-55-12 in Hattonford and, during one of his times of living here, enlisted in the Canadian Army of World War I.

Upon his return from overseas, he worked on the Calgary Herald as a linotype operator. In 1934-35 when Social Credit was being born, he wrote and published a booklet on the Douglas Plan which, at that time, was father of the Social Credit idea.

He spent summers and holidays on his land here. He had a nice log house built and some lovely furnishings shipped in to be ready for his retirement. Unfortunately, he had waited a few years too long for all of this; in 1940 or 41 he passed away in Calgary.



Lil Elliot and Bill Goad



Joseph Guest

JACOB GUIGNION

by Grace Goode

Jacob was born in Rosebridge, Gaspé Province, Quebec, in 1877. He was the sixth oldest of a family of sixteen. At an early age he worked his way west on the Grand Trunk Railway to Chip Lake. There he quit the railroad and built a boat and sold fish to the railroad crews. He explored all the surrounding country until he found just what he was looking for - a place with a creek running through, so he filed on NW 26 - 55 - 12 - w5. He was the first homesteader in the district.

He had to go to Leaman for supplies. In winter he went with his oxen when the ground was frozen and hauled in supplies for summer. When the muskeg was thawed he travelled on foot for the mail.

In February 1916 Jacob married Grace Paterson. The minister came from Edmonton and Jacob's brother, Art, went to pick him up. They were starting to cross Beta Lake (McNalley's Lake) when the moon came out and showed a large open spot of water on the lake, so they had to go all around the edge. This made the ceremony rather late. Joe Guest came from Calgary for the wedding. MacDonald took the bridal couple to Jacob's homestead with his half-broken team, a seven and a half mile trip around through Barney Carlson's, the way the road went in those days.

There was no lack of company. Men looking for land, government inspectors, police, etc. always knew they could get a meal and a bed at Guignions.

Jac was on the District Council which met in Wildwood monthly.

Their first child, Betty, was born in November 1916. Grace went to Edmonton a month before the baby was born and had her meals and a nice big furnished room, including a crib, for one dollar a day.

Their son, Jack was born in Edson in 1918.

Then the family moved to Edmonton where they had a small acreage north of Calder. Jim was born in 1921, and Harvey in 1923. Jacob worked in the C.N.R. shops in Calder until he retired at sixty-five.

Betty trained as a nurse at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton before she moved to the West Coast, married, and raised six children. She is still living and nursing in Victoria.

Jack served in the Air Force in the Aleutian Islands. After the war, he went well drilling for awhile, then farmed at Shoal Creek, Alberta. He is now living in Westlock.

Jim served in the R.C.A.F. and was a prisoner of war for some time. After the war he farmed at Shoal Creek for several years. He then had a business in Barrhead. He married and has two children. They managed the Elk's Beach resort at Lac la Nonne for a few years and are now living in Parksville, B.C.

Harvey is married and has three children. He worked as a well driller, then farmed at Dapp. He moved to Alberni, B.C. in 1981.



Jacob and Grace Guignon

THE ARTHUR GUIGNION STORY

by Grace Goode

My dad, Arthur Guignon, was born in Rosebridge, Gaspé, Quebec, in 1884, thirteenth of a family of sixteen. He worked at various jobs in Gaspé and spent two years sailing on government boats on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. In 1912 he came to Alberta, where his brother, Jac, had a homestead. He filed on an adjacent quarter section - NW26-55-12-W5.

He cleared some land each year - a hard, slow job then, cutting the trees, pulling the stumps with oxen or

horses, or blowing out the big stumps with dynamite. He built a log house, barn, etc. and a rail fence.

In 1919, Dad married Elisabeth Paterson. She and her family came from Scotland and lived in the Windfield district, north of Mackay.

Evelyn was born in Niton, in 1920. They had one son, who was stillborn. I was born in 1924, in Edson, at the home of Mrs. Rambo. That was before there was a hospital in Edson.

Evelyn and I attended Beaver Meadow School, which was a distance of one-and-a-quarter miles from home. My first teacher was Mrs. Charles Larson, followed by Miss Davis and then Mrs. Elsie Watson.

Mom and Dad had a gramophone and, in the early days, some of the young people used to gather at their house. I understand that is where Ed Sterry learned to dance. Later there were dances at the school where the kids slept on the desks and the parents danced till dawn because the roads were too rough to travel in the dark.

We didn't travel far in those days. Roads were poor and we used horses and a lumber wagon in summer, and a sleigh in winter, with lots of blankets and hot rocks to keep warm. Grocery shopping was done at Niton at Cecil Robinson's general store. Clothing was purchased through the mail from Eaton's or Simpson's catalogue. It was an exciting day when we were expecting a parcel in the mail. Mr. Arthur Bryant operated the Post Office at that time and we picked up our mail once a week at his house. Browsing through the catalogues provided a lot of entertainment and the soft pages of the outdated ones had their own special use. Trips to Edson were few, only if we had to see a doctor or dentist. We usually went to Edmonton on the local passenger train for a few days during the summer holidays to visit our Auntie Grace.

Occasionally, a few families from the community would gather at Beta Lake for a picnic and fishing. Another good outing was the berry picking trips, when we would spend the day in the sand ridges a few miles west of our place, picking blueberries and cranberries. We would take a big lunch and make tea or coffee in a syrup can over an open fire.

There were three annual social events that we always

looked forward to. The picnic in July, where we could get ice cream; the fair, when everyone brought their best produce, baking, and needlework; and the Christmas Concert, when the school children put on plays, sang carols, recited, and Santa Claus (usually Mr. Williams) passed out Christmas stockings and gifts.

Mom and Dad were active in community affairs. Dad was on the school board and they did their part in the various school and farm organizations that were active at the time.

I took grades ten and eleven by correspondence and, in 1943, went to Edmonton to take a business course at Alberta College.

In 1954, I married Harvey Goode. We have two children - Wayne, born in 1964, and an adopted daughter, Denise, born in 1968.

Mom passed away in 1957. Dad farmed until 1966, when he sold the farm to Jack and Nancy Clark. He and Evelyn then moved to Edmonton to live with us. Dad passed away in 1972. Evelyn is in a nursing home in Edmonton.



Art and Lizzie Guignon

FRANK HANDWORK

by Shirley Manary

Mr. Handwork homesteaded on NW35-56-13-W5 in 1915, then went overseas during World War I. He returned when the war ended in 1918. In 1930, Cecil White came to live with Mr. Handwork. They farmed, trapped and worked out together. Cecil took everything over in 1940. In 1944, Mr. Handwork died of lung cancer.

CHARLIE HARDY

by Ernie Cox

Charlie Hardy came to the Hattonford District in the fall of 1931. He came from Philadelphia in the U.S. He had been working there as a pattern maker in a foundry when the depression of the 30's hit and he was forced out of work. He came west to Canada to seek other employment. He met John Cummings in Edmonton and they came out to the Hattonford district together. Mr. Cummings settled in the Windfield district and Charlie Hardy in Hattonford. He liked to experiment with his cooking and going around to his bachelor neighbours to try out his latest creations.

He left about 1933, returning to the U.S.

JOHN AND EDNA HARTLEY

John was born at Carvins, Nebraska in 1891 where he lived with his parents on the farm. Later John moved to Bismarck, North Dakota where he farmed. Edna Parsons was born in Minnesota in 1899.

On April 16, 1919, Edna married John Hartley in Glenive, Montana and moved to Bismarck, North Dakota to John's farm. This is where two of the children were born - Alvin and Roberta. The youngest son, George, was born in Edmonton, Alberta.

In 1926 we moved from the U.S.A. to Canada and set-

tled on a homestead near Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Neither of us liked the prairie dust storms and blizzards. Our neighbors dug a well by hand, 150 feet deep, one man down the hole, the other on top pulling the dirt up with a pail. John dug on our place and went 106 feet deep. The water came so fast that the man below got his feet wet before getting the tools in the pail and up to the top!

In 1928, we left Saskatchewan, and moved to Edmonton, Alberta where John did carpenter work. We didn't like raising the family in the city. They couldn't run and play or make any noise like they did on the farm. So, in 1932, we left for a homestead in Windfield with our belongings on wagons and the old red cow behind. At times we walked and led the cow. The cow was milked every morning. We always had fresh butter by leaving the milk sit in the bottom of the wagon.

We took the trail by St. Albert, Onoway, Sangudo, Mayerthorpe, Anselmo, and Windfield. At one place the wagon wheel broke, the wagon turned over, and the furniture flew out - among it the sewing machine, but it still worked. John had to return to the city for a new wheel, and we were away again. The camping at night with the fire and cooking a good meal was the highlight of the day. Later on the journey, one horse went lame. They made a rubber shoe for the horse and after a few days we carried on the journey. After arriving we stayed with Peter Bacon until our cabin was built.

While at Peter's, a friend of his came over and asked young Alvin who he was. The reply was, "I'm Dad's little man."

"And who is this?" the man asked pointing to sister.

Alvin quickly said, "Oh, that's mom's kid."

Also while we were at Bacon's, George had a sun stroke. All the while he kept calling, "Bacon, fry your bacon!"

After moving into our cabin, the one horse died so we hooked one horse and the cow together to plough the garden. On Alvin's first hunting trip he got a deer. After cleaning it up, Edna went to put it in the creek to cool and fell in to the waist. That was a pretty cold bath! John laughed, thinking it very funny, but a few days later he had the same cold bath in the same creek!

John helped Art Sonne dig a well and some other jobs. So Art gave him a cow for pay as he didn't want to milk her. She was a good cow, but had short, sore teats, so you got lots of cream, but you worked for it.

Many a good evening was spent with friends, playing music and singing. In 1934, John helped build the Windfield School. One time we had a Maggie and Jigs dance. Everyone came in costume. John dressed as Jigs, Margaret Watt dressed as Maggie, and they took first prize.

We moved over to McNally's Lake and lived there for two years. We had lots of company there, and lots of fun. People came on Sundays with picnic lunches and went fishing.

In 1942 we moved to a quarter belonging to Leo Crockett Sr.; John worked on the farm and piled lumber. George went to the Lilly Lake School then. In 1946 we moved to the town of Mayerthorpe. We cooked in construction camps, travelling around quite a lot. Both of us enjoyed it.

We were never sorry we came to Canada to live in Saskatchewan and Alberta. In 1948, Alvin and his mother went to Alona, Washington, to visit friends and relatives. In 1956, we visited Saskatchewan where we came from. Things were much different. They all had running water and had planted shelter belts.



John Adams, Alvin and George Hartley, Roberta Adams (Hartley) holding Rosie, Edna and John Hartley

Our son, Alvin, married Sadie Wilkinson of Anselmo and lives on the farm there. Our daughter, Roberta, married John Adams and lives in Mayerthorpe. Our son, George married Reta Bacon of Edmonton and now lives in Mayerthorpe. We have four grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary on April 16, 1969, our Sixtieth in 1979, both in Mayerthorpe. Last April made sixty-two years together. We are now living in the Edson Nursing Home.

EMIL HEGGBLADE

by Grace Cundict

Emil Heggblade was one of the first settlers in the area; he lived on NW17-55-11-W5. He always chewed tobacco and when Frank Ford walked up from Mackay to look for a likely homestead, he followed the trail and the brown marks in the snow where Emil had spit. He cleared land, worked out to get machinery and livestock, and stayed on his land until moving into Edmonton in the early nineteen thirties.

HARRY HELLEKSON

In the late spring of 1913, our family moved from near Edson to Poison Creek country. A Charlie Fickle acted as sort of a guide, as he had packed with Jock. At any rate, he knew every foot of Jock's famous pack trail. We came to the pack trail near Bilton's, on the north side of the Edson River. It was just a trail for pack horses, so there was an odd tree or windfall to cut, as ours was the first wagon over this trail, except in spots.

The first place we came to was that of the fire ranger, Arthur Hotchkiss, east of Reflection Lake. He had a fire observation tower there. It was supposed to be sixty feet high and the first one in Canada. He had brought the idea from South Africa. The next place we passed was the Cameron homestead. Incidentally, to cross some of the ravines, we roughlocked the wagons down into them and used a block and line to get them back up. The next place we passed was Haubis at Trout Creek, which we forded. The Haubi family were out clearing land.

There were campsites along the pack trail, where there was water, nice teepee poles already peeled, and a few poplar trees girdled for dry wood for the future. The next places we passed were Ramishes, who had buildings and fences, and Joe Christochs, where they were building the McLeod Valley schoolhouse out of logs. We went east from there a mile and went down and camped at Messingers, who were quite well-established.

On these trips getting everything moved down to Poison Creek, on several occasions we met the packer, Jock, on horseback, coming to McLeod Valley. On the second day of our trip, we'd go northeast from McLeod Valley and ford the McLeod River at the pack trail ford. At the east bank, we shovelled a wagon trail up the bank. We only had one shovel, so we all took turns. On one of these trips, my twenty-two rifle fell off the load and the wagon ran over it, bending the barrel; I straightened it between two planks and wore it out shooting rabbits. I also remember having to build a bridge out of logs across a deep creek to get out of the river flat.

It was another seven miles from the river to the homesteads that Dad and Mr. Fickle had filed on in the Poison Creek country. They built a log house with a sod roof and a dirt floor; I had the job of building a small hen house.

There was very little big game in the area at that time, but millions of rabbits, which all homesteaders practically lived on for several years. There was tall grass, peavine and vetch, which Dad and I put up as hay with scythes for several years.

Dad was a steam engineer and was working out a good share of the time. That left me with the responsibility of getting wood and going the fourteen miles to McLeod Valley store for the mail and groceries. Occasionally this was a problem, when the river was in flood. Sometimes I took the chance and crossed when the horses were almost swimming. The box was always chained on so it wouldn't float away. Of course, the horses became good in water; a horse can do nearly anything in water if the person doesn't panic. Crossing the swollen river and travelling over a rough wagon trail through timber and stumps was how I received my teenage education, when I should have been in school. One summer I went to the store on horseback and the

river was high and had many pieces of driftwood, so it wasn't safe to try to swim the horse across; I went to see the people who lived by the river and one of the men took me across in their boat. Then I walked the seven miles to Neff's store and back. The man came and got me again with the boat and then I rode home bareback.

I would like to remind the reader that there was no Hattonford at this time, just the Poison Creek country, as the area was called. Our mother and sister were the first white women to settle there. Our dad and Charlie Fickle had homesteads side by side, but Charlie soon abandoned his. There were bachelors farther east - the Guignon brothers, the Ford brothers, and several others who had come in via Mackay with oxen and stoneboats.

The fall of 1913, I worked for Frank and Herbert Ford, who lived together; they had a big garden with lots of vegetables and a few cows. I earned the winter supply of vegetables for the family. I made two rabbit pits with trap doors to get meat; we also fed rabbit meat to the chickens as feed. We even tried eating a porcupine once, but didn't like it. However, there were lots of upland game birds to be had with the twenty-two rifle - ruffed grouse, spruce grouse, and sharp-tailed grouse. There were lots of red squirrels, but their skins weren't of any value. There were no fur-bearing animals except weasels and a few muskrats.

Our dad had broken up about five acres in a small natural clearing and had sowed it to oats. It grew into a nice crop and ripened well. I didn't know what to do with it, as Dad was away on the prairies harvesting. One time when I was over to Peers, I saw a man cutting oats using a scythe with a cradle on it and binding the grain by hand with the straw. I came home, made a homemade cradle on one of our scythes, and cut and bound our five acres of oats. This was quite a feat for a boy in his early teens, but there's the joy of achievement to spur one on. Later in the fall, I hauled a load over to Jake Guignon's and got it threshed. Incidentally, that was the first threshing machine in the area, to my knowledge. It was owned by a Robinson and was a hand-fed machine.

For two springs, with my two brothers and my cousin, Art Sonne, we walked to the head of Poison Creek, where the jack fish were spawning, and got all

the fish we could carry home in sacks. They were so thick in the little creek that we threw them out by hand. A Dell Moffat showed me how to smoke them, so we had fish both fresh and smoked.

In the fall of 1915, I heard they were cutting out a government road from Niton to the Poison Creek country. I had made myself a pack sack out of canvas, so when Uncle Frank Babcock said he was going there to work, I put a couple of old blankets and things in my pack and went along. The workers were camped a short ways north of the Niton station. Thereby, I helped cut the first road from Niton to present-day Hattonford. The road was hewed out of the bush and swamp, two rods wide, and the corduroy was sixteen feet long. I managed to do a man's work with an axe until November, when I quit to go trapping muskrats on Sunset Lake. A Vic Ingstrom had loaned me some traps. I figured I did pretty well at that, as the rats were quite big and I got thirty-five cents apiece for them.

The Cundict family had moved out from Edson in 1914, also the Mulcahy family, so Dad and Mr. Cundict got a school district organized and, with mainly volunteer help, got a hewed log schoolhouse built. Unfortunately, the school only lasted about a month and then had to be closed down on account of lack of funds. So many men had joined the army and they were tax free while they served; of course, some of them didn't come back.

The fire ranger who patrolled the area, with a riding horse and a pack horse, was Scotty Low. It seems he came by every two or three weeks. This was the Scotty Low who, at one time, became the mayor of Edson. In August, 1914, on one of his trips, he told us there was a war in Europe. We hadn't been to the store and post office for over two weeks, so this was the first we knew of it.

In the summer of 1916, Uncle Frank Babcock came home from Niton and said they were driving logs down the Lobstick River to Chip Lake and he had a job there. Again I put some stuff in my pack sack and went along. This was really something - trying to drive logs down the Lobstick; if a sixteen foot log turned, it would catch. We were camped down nearly north of Mackay. There had been a flume built to dam the creek, but it had burned out. We packed our grub in from Mackay station. One time the train was late, so I

played the mouth organ and the rest danced on the station floor with corked shoes.

In the fall of that same year, Dad hired me, along with our team and wagon, to go threshing in Saskatchewan. I remember Albert Williams shipped down there too, also several McKenzies. In all, there was a carload shipped from Peers - horses, wagons and men. We went about three hundred miles to a place called Landis. It rained a lot that fall, and I didn't get home until after the first of December. They threshed late at night at that time; we counted as many as thirty-six straw piles burning for light.

On the 17th of March, 1917, I remember there was a house-warming in a new house some fourteen miles away, the way we had to go. We went to that housewarming and that house still stands today along the fifteenth baseline.

In the spring of 1917, it was decided we must move so my three younger brothers could attend school. The folks rented a quarter at McLeod Valley on account of the school there. The first part of April, they sent me back to the homestead to get the wagon and leave the sleigh. By the time I got back to the river, it was dark and the ice was bulged up like a ridge. After examining it, I decided I could get across, as the ice was still fastened to the bank on my side. This ridge of ice was higher than I thought, and when I passed the crest and started down, my heart was hammering and was I scared! I knew what a chance I was taking, and when I drove off the ice, I shed tears of joy and thankfulness. It was quite dark and, when I finally covered the other seven miles, it was almost midnight. The folks were really worried, as the river was already running up there! That trip is how I remember ending my pioneer years in Poison Creek country.

THE HELLEKSON FAMILY

by Claude Hellekson

It was June 1913, when we, the Hellekson family, came by wagon from just north east of Edson about five miles to Poison Creek, later called Hattonford. Including Mother and Dad, there were seven of us in the

family at that time - Alice, fifteen; Harry, thirteen; Claude, nine; Dave, seven; and Paul, the youngest, four.

The road from Edson was just a wagon trail through the McLeod Valley north of the river, north of Peers. Dad and a fellow named Charlie Fickle had widened out Jock's old pack trail just enough for the wagon to get through, tying the hind wheel of the wagon with a chain to hold the wagon back going downhill (called a "roughlock"). On sidehills, they ploughed a furrow for the upper wheels so the wagon would not upset. Before crossing the river, the road crossed the river flat on the south part of what is now the Gering Ranch. After crossing the river just up from the Brodderson homestead, where later Mr. R. Ford lived, we followed the old trail through to Dad's homestead.

We were soon living in a log house which had already been started. The logs were chinked tight with dry moss. Poles were laid tight on each side of a gable roof, plenty of slough grass was laid on the poles, and sod was placed on top. Dad hooked the team to the walking plough, ploughed sods, and cut them in less than two-foot lengths. We all packed them up on the roof where Dad laid them as they should be laid, with a slight bevel so the rain could run over the sod below. However, until the sods could grow together a little, rain leaked through in many places. You can picture what it was like inside when it rained heavily! At first the floor was dirt; later Dad split small straight logs, hewed them, and placed them down for a floor, smoothing the surface with an adz. It was a rugged floor, but much better than dirt.

I don't think people today can imagine what a hardship mosquitoes and flies were at this time, on people and animals alike. We had to build a "smudge" in the house every night, unless it was windy, to be able to get to sleep; a "smoke pen" was lit outside for the horses and cows.

At this time, there was a lot to do and all of us were very busy; Alice and Harry were a great deal of help to Mother and Dad, as they were strong, healthy teenagers. We worked up a small patch of garden and planted it, including potatoes, but it did not do all that well, as we planted a little late in the season and the land was too new.

There were not many people in Poison Creek in 1913. That first fall, we got some vegetables from two bachelor brothers to the east of us a few miles. They had been on their homestead long enough to have a good garden patch going. Brother Harry helped them harvest the garden and did other work as well, in exchange for garden produce. Frank and Herbert Ford were two fine English fellows, whom Dad and Mother liked very well; the following year (1914), Herbert volunteered for overseas service in the army and was killed in action. Two bachelor brothers living near the Fords were Art and Dave Guignon, also very good fellows. Cundicts, a family from Edson, arrived shortly after we moved in.

Dad was not a hunter and the rifle he had was an old army one we could not get the proper shells for, but we did have a good twenty-two rifle. We had plenty of partridge, spruce hens, and rabbits - countless numbers of healthy rabbits. We had them boiled, stewed, roasted, fried, or in pie. If there was any other way to prepare them, Mother did it. She was a good cook and bread maker, cornbread and such, so we lived not too badly. Oatmeal and hotcakes were our regular morning breakfast. The only moose meat we had was some Dad got from a Metis; it was really good, fat meat. The nearest fishing was in Poison Creek and Beta Lake, both too far to go there often and Dad was not a fisherman either!

During those years from 1913 to 1916, there was an abundance of berries. Both kinds of blueberries, high and low bush cranberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and black currants grew in the area. At this time of year we somehow managed to buy sugar in hundred pound bags. We all picked berries. If the lowbush cranberries were picked when green on the lower side, put in boxes, and placed down cellar, they would keep until after Christmas.

I am not so certain that people who talk about "the good old days" know what they are talking about. Homestead days were a hard life for women; they became old beyond their years. Long, long winters couped up in a small cabin, a slim budget, endless cooking, preserving, sewing, and mending, just to keep the family fed and clothed, were the order of the day. Mother was lucky she had a nearly grown-up daughter to help her and a family for company, but she, like all early homestead women was often lonesome for

another woman to talk to.

In those days, of course, we had no radio or television set, just a farm newspaper once a week, or whenever we got the mail from Neff's store at McLeod Valley. On long winter nights, Mother would read to all of us from the few books we had and tell us stories of early ranching days along the White River. Her brother's ranch, the -A-, was right across this river from Ogalla Sioux Indian Reserve. She knew well two chiefs who had been in the Battle of Little Big Horn - White Blanket and Stranger Horse.

Dad put in long hours cutting hay with the scythe. Peavine, vetch, and broom grass, as he called it, were nearly waist high. He made a pole hayrack to haul it home. The hay was then stacked and a high, tight, small log fence was put around the stack to keep out the rabbits.

Harry was a big help to Dad in all outside work, as he was a strong, healthy boy. He was also the man of the place when Dad was out working for some cash. One of his jobs was working in tie camps, south of Sunset Lake and north of Niton across the Lobstick River. He also worked as a water tower man between Niton and Peers, where the steam engines took on water. This was then the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad.

There was no store at Niton, just the railroad station, and only a winter road north to the new settlement, because of the muskeg. The east part of the settlement had a summer road of sorts out to Mackay and the west part had a similar one to the McLeod Valley and Peers. A trip to the store at McLeod Valley was a long day's trip and we had the river to ford. Mother sometimes went with Dad, but it was a rough and tiring trip. They did not have that much cash, so first things came first - one hundred pounds of flour, twenty pounds of sugar, a pail of lard, a gallon of syrup, coffee, tea, coal oil, salt, and dried apples or prunes when berries were out of season. Then, if there was any money left, they bought other things not quite so necessary, such as a box of Royal Crown laundry soap, which came in large, brown bars. Mr. Neff was a good businessman and carried a good stock of groceries and dry goods, including just about everything a homestead farmer would need.

Luckily, no serious accident or sickness happened to

the family those early homestead years, as it was a long trip to Mackay or Edson to the doctor. We had no first aid kit as such, just castor oil, bromo quinine and sulphur; each spring we kids had to take a dose of sulphur and syrup, which was supposed to clean out our systems. Mother and Dad had been raised in frontier country in southwestern South Dakota, east of the Black Hills, so were very knowledgeable in all the home cures.

Christmas in this area was like all homestead Christmases - homegrown tree, homemade decorations and presents, except for parcels we would receive by mail from relatives and friends. If we did not have a turkey or goose, we had a fat partridge with all the trimmings. Somehow, those were happy Christmases to remember for the children, though no doubt a strain on Mother and Dad with not much to do anything with. Whether it is a poor person's Christmas in the country, or a wealthy one's in the city, the closeness of the family all together enjoying this special day is what makes it a happy occasion.



Henry and Josie Hellekson

After living for four years on the homestead, the decision was made to move so the three youngest boys could attend school. Claude, Dave and Paul went to the log school at McLeod Valley, beginning in March 1917. They attended this school until the spring of 1918 and then moved to North Derby School in Mahaska District, west and north of Shining Bank Lake. The Mahaska Post Office was there at that time, and for several years. Jess Radcliffe was the mail carrier. He brought mail from Peers, using horses, to McLeod Valley, Haddock, Mahaska, and Shining Bank Post Offices, staying overnight at Shining Bank.



Claude Hellekson, Sept. 30, 1976.

MRS. MARY HENNIG

I, Mary Hennig, (nee Sturtz) was born at Leduc, Alberta. I was one year old when my uncle, George Born, built our house at Leduc. I attended public school at Jordan Hill, three miles south-west of Leduc and got my high school education at Golden Spike.

I was married in 1935 and had one daughter, Doreen. The next twelve years were unsettled ones, never knowing where home was, just drifting from one place to another. My mother and dad decided to let me have the home place at Leduc, which then was the first real home I had since I got married.

After selling the place to Doreen and her husband, Martin Bauman, I spent a few years in Edmonton. In 1963, I came out to Hattonford, and purchased my present home, which at the time belonged to Martin and Doreen. It consisted of the house and twenty-one acres of land.

In 1966, Joyce Cundict decided to sell her home, which I then purchased. I still consider this the luckiest deal I ever made. In order to pay her the cash sum, I had to draw out my Common Wealth Savings. I had to run them down every time I went to see them, for they were making plans to pull out. I didn't know of their plans until a week after I had my money. Suddenly there was no more Common Wealth Savings. Overnight they had vanished, money and all. Everyone else who still had their money tied up with them lost it. I got all my money back, but not a cent of interest for the twelve years that it had been invested. It was fortunate for me that Joyce decided, just at that time, to sell!



Mary Hennig in front of her house.

HARRY HODGES

by Grace Cundict

The beautiful county of Kent, England, was the birthplace and home of Harry Hodges. When just a lad, he left the hop fields to try and join the British Navy, but was too young. He then tried his hand on a sailing ship, but didn't stay too long; he said he wanted something more steady and secure to stand on. He finally did join the British Navy during World War I and saw some very interesting events and places, as well as a great deal of hardship and peril. At one time his ship was attached to the Grand Fleet, when all were massed at Scapa Flow before the big push on Europe. The crew nearly starved, off the west coast of Africa, while waiting for supply ships that never got through. He was also on the convoy that was sent up through Istanbul and into the Black Sea to await the arrival of some of the Russian nobility, including the Grand Duchess, who were escaping after the revolution.

After the war, Harry came to Canada, to an uncle's place in Saskatchewan, where he worked for awhile and then came on to Alberta. He homesteaded west of Niton; after staying there awhile, he decided to re-homestead in Hattonford. This was about 1930. He worked in the bush camps, helped with farm work for neighbors, and went to the prairies for harvest. One summer he and Bill Jillett went out on a prospecting trip but all they found was a lot of new country they had not seen before.

Harry joined the Canadian Navy during the Second World War and spent his time on the east coast, most of it in Shelburne, N.S. Returning to his homestead, he did some farming and bush work again, until the Co-op store needed a manager. He was persuaded to move down there, where he lived in the cabin that had been built for Frank Ford when he managed the store. He worked at the store until he was ready to retire; after retirement, he continued to live in the Co-op yard.

Harry spent much of his time gathering roots and wood for his wood carving hobby. He made innumerable objects - from small necklace pendants to tables, flower stands, and ornaments of every description. At one time, he made large rocking horses for all the families with children. Most of the homes in the district have some of his wood work to show.



Rocking horse made by Harry Hodges.

Harry passed away, alone, in the little house in March 1973, and was buried in the Hattonford cemetery without a military farewell.

BILL HUTCHINSON

by Mildred Setzer

Bill Hutchinson lived south of the Poison Creek bridge, where he had a sawmill and logging truck. Rosie Lawrence and her family lived and worked there also. The Lawrence children attended school at Niton until 1962, when Mrs. Lawrence passed away. Their addresses are unknown at present but their names are Jackie, Danny, Jimmy, Johnnie, Henry, Rita, Sonia, Linda and Peggy.

CHESTER AND MARGARET INGLE

by Gerald Ingle

Chester Ingle, along with his brother, Leonard Ingle, their sister and her husband, Glen Ashmead, started out looking for land in 1929. They landed in Hattonford, where they each took out homesteads. Chester, at this time, was twenty years old. Chester went to Saskatchewan and worked on a farm. Later he returned to the homestead to make some improvements on it. He cleared and broke some land, built a house and other buildings, bought some horses and livestock. He took out ties and worked on sawmills in and around Hattonford.

He met a girl, Margaret Duel, from the Windfield district and they got married on May 24, 1937. They settled on the homestead, rented some land from a neighbor, Ernie Cox, and became involved in mixed farming on a small scale. They were blessed with five children, three girls and two boys - Gerald, Joan, Fern, Thelma and Kenneth. The children attended school at Hattonford for awhile.

The family endured many hardships but overcame most of them by making good friends with neighbors such as the Wisemans, the Rears, and Dot and Ernie Cox. They attended different functions which took place in Hattonford.

Chester Ingle and his wife both felt they would like to better themselves and also provide a good education and a better future for their children. This meant having to leave Hattonford and all they had worked so hard for, pulling up roots to settle some place else.

Finally, in 1951, they moved to Edmonton. Both Chester and Margaret were able to obtain good jobs and were able to provide the children with a good education. They lost a son, Kenneth, the youngest of the family, in 1970. The remainder of the children are all married, have children of their own and are living pleasant lives.

Chester, his wife and family left Hattonford, but took with them many memories - some pleasant, some not so pleasant - which they cherished until their passing away, Chester in 1972 and his wife in 1976.



Chester and Margaret Ingle and Family

THE ART JONES FAMILY

by Phyllis Jones Meier

My mother, Margaret Larsen, was the daughter of Carl and Margaret Larsen who lived in Windfield, Alberta. She married Art Jones who worked at the Marlboro Cement Plant. They moved to Exshaw, where Phyllis, Rodney, and Jackie Jones were born. Due to Art having trouble with his eyesight and their house burning down, they moved to Windfield in 1930. They lived with Margaret's parents for awhile and then moved into a house which belonged to Edith Larsen's father, Mr. Harrington.

This was during the years they called the "Hungry Thirties", but we somehow survived the years and enjoyed many good times during them. I always enjoyed the dances at Hattonford and Windfield. Everyone used to take their children. We would dance up a storm all night. I think every kid that could walk knew how to dance, and I mean dance, to the music of Anderson's orchestra. The ladies would all bring lunch and coffee was made in a boiler. Of course, I can remember some of the men going outside to have something a little stronger than coffee! The picnics were always so wonderful too; I just loved them. The kids nowadays just don't know what good times are.

I can remember when we got our first relief parcel and I had to wear hightop boots with all those laces in them. Now I see they're back in style again.

I'll never forget the night the Windfield schoolhouse burned down. It was December 8, 1936 - the same day our mother died. We three Jones children, Jim Brooks, John Paterson, and my Uncle Bob tried to save some of the supplies, but all in vain. My brother Jackie, who was only a little guy then, nearly froze to death. Then that same night, they came home from Edson and told us our mom had passed away. She was buried in Hattonford a few days later.

Phyllis Jones Meier now lives in Hinton. She is married to Benter Meier and has four daughters - Arlene, Patricia, Cindy, and Charlene. Rodney Jones lives in Calgary with his wife, Audrey, and their two sons, Douglas and Glenn. Jackie Jones and his wife, Vera, live in Vermillion. They have five children - Karen, Dianne, Ken, Brian, and Terry.

Our father, Art Jones, died at ninety-four years of age and is buried in Hinton.



Margaret Jones

KEN AND JAN KATARYNCHUK

I was born in Lacombe, Alberta, but was raised in Edmonton. That's where I spent most of my childhood and received my education. I started working in the oil fields in January of 1974, when I was eighteen years of age. My job brought me to Edson in the fall of 1975.

Owning my own land had always been my dream. In May of 1976, I purchased SE-33-55-13-W5 from Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crawford.

On June 4, 1977 I married Janet Lundberg who was born in Mercoal, Alberta, but had spent most of her life in Edson. We lived in Edson while building a house on our quarter of land.

In September of 1977, we moved in; we lived without power and the telephone for a short time and used a wood stove.

Jan and I share a love of the land and the joy of having something we can call our own. The city life is not the life that is cut out for the wife or me. Sometime we would like to own some cattle, hogs and chickens, but we are still trying to get more established, little by little. It all takes a lot of time and money. We do own some horses and enjoy riding whenever we can, but should get out more often.

THE KLASSEN STORY

J. Allan Klassen was born June 20, 1952, in Altona, Manitoba to Jake and Mary Klassen, the eldest in a family of seven children. Allan has five sisters and one deceased brother. His parents live on their farm in Halbstadt, Manitoba.

Deborah Mary Ann Klassen was born April 1, 1955, in Winnipeg, Manitoba to Edward and Helena Toews, the second youngest of four children. Debbie has two brothers and one sister.

We were married on September 14, 1974 in Altona, Manitoba and bought our first farm in 1975. We grew sugar beets and other special crops, as well as grain. Our farm was located in the Halbstadt area in the Red River Valley. The area was primarily populated with young farmers and the competition for more land was keen. It was extremely expensive even to lease farm land, but necessary in order to make a decent living. Then, in 1978, after facing the realization that only by buying more land and going further in debt could we hope to succeed, Allan proposed a change of scenery. I was more than agreeable and we decided on Alberta as our next home. Three weeks later, with the land easily sold to Allan's father, we packed up our belongings and set out for Alberta.

The week before, Allan had flown to Blueberry Mountain, sixty miles north of Grande Prairie, for an interview, set up by Manpower with a grain farmer, and had accepted the job as a hired hand. We lived in a house supplied by Allan's employer, on a yard of three

acres. I worked in Spirit River, twenty-five miles away in the accounts department, in the Treasury Branch. However, after six months, we decided Blueberry Mountain wasn't what we were looking for. It was just too far north.

Then Allan met Bill Lawton, in Hattonford, through a mutual friend, Irene Doerksen, and Bill offered Allan a job on his feed lot ranch. This was an excellent alternative to remaining in northern Alberta, so in October, 1978, we moved to Hattonford and lived in a holiday camper for two weeks until our mobile home was moved to Bill's yard. That Thanksgiving, we celebrated by barbecuing a turkey won at the Niton turkey shoot, with some friends from Manitoba and our new friends, Paddy and Susan Breen. We fed nine people that day in our tiny camper, which made for a lot of rubbing elbows, but we were sincerely happy with our stroke of luck. Hattonford was what we had been looking for - lots of young people and plenty of community spirit.

One point to inject here is that Allan and I raised and showed Basenji and Doberman Pinscher dogs, as well as Arabian horses. Imagine Bill's surprise when his new hired hand came complete with eight show dogs and five horses, one in foal! However, facilities were graciously made available and we settled easily into life in Hattonford.

I had been unable to secure a transfer to the Wildwood Treasury Branch and began looking for work elsewhere. With a bit of luck and a lot of fast talking, I got on with Flint Service Rigs as a nightshift steam "boilerman." I worked the fourteen-hour shifts for three months, with an eight week break as a roughneck on a service rig between "boiler" jobs. It was a far cry from the clean life at the bank, and a whole lot colder, as it was a bitter winter, but I was so busy blazing trails for the modern woman, I scarcely noticed.

Meanwhile, Allan and I had come to the conclusion that Hattonford would be a good place to settle down on a more permanent basis and started scouting the area for a quarter section. Allan finally found one that suited us perfectly. The land description was S.W. 30-55-11-W5 and had formerly been lived on by a bachelor, Peter Bacon, and was now owned by Roger Woite's brother-in-law, who lives in Germany. In June 1979, we finalized the purchase of the 160 acres of high land, and began planning our yard. When Allan first

brought me to see the land, there was only 40 acres of pasture cleared, the old yard had long since overgrown and the trees were tall and thick. All I could see was a lot of trees on our proposed yard site, which is a shock to any true Manitobian's system, but nothing could dampen Allan's enthusiasm. He disappeared into the thick brush, pointing out to me where we'd put the trailer and the corrals, none of which I could see because I couldn't even see Allan! Fortunately my lack of vision didn't hold us up and arrangements were made for Tom Ophus to clear us a yard with his cat. There was an old basement there from Peter Bacon's house which we filled in (the house had been moved off years before). As well, there was a beautiful log barn approximately fifty years old, which we ultimately repaired for our horses. Because the driveway was lined with tall birch tree groves on both sides, we chose "Birchlane Arabians" for our herd name.

In all the excitement of moving onto our new quarter, the "temporary" lack of power was taken in stride. After all, true homesteading required some inconveniences and in the warmth of summer, we enjoyed the sense of pioneering. However, as winter approached and the application for power seemed no further along, the appeal of homesteading began to pale, but we decided against living elsewhere until we did get power and bought a '59 275 International tractor and a p.t.o. driven generator to supply us with our own power. As winter settled in around us, and still no Calgary Power, our sanity and resourcefulness was put to the test. We knew some day we'd look back and laugh about it, but that winter it was serious business. Before the arrival of spring, we would go through two tractors and three p.t.o. generators, as well as having had to use a neighbor's tractor for three weeks. We also learned that tractors can see, or so it seemed, because no sooner would we leave the yard, than the tractor would quit running, cutting off the power to the trailer, allowing it to turn into a deep freeze. Finally, that long winter ended and, with spring, life became easier with longer days and warmer weather. Still, no date was set for the Calgary Power hookup, apparently due to clerical errors.

As the summer wore on, we built fences for our expanding herd of Arabian horses, which was now complimented by our first pure-bred Arabian stallion Shalimar Gidaman, Number 9528, a beautiful bay horse we bought in Manitoba. We had decided on the direction we wanted our breeding program to take and



Debbie and Al Klassen

wanted versatile working horses.

That summer we discovered we had put our home right in the route of a well-used wildlife trail. We had both day and night visits from bears, coyotes, deer, and moose, not at all deterred by the tractor and generator noises. Coming from Manitoba, where only the sighting of a fox was common, we found the abundance of wildlife here yet another attraction of the Hattonford community. Some of the "bear visits" were a bit alarming but they never hurt us, so we never hurt them.

Allan had decided to try work in the oilfield as well, and quit his job with Lawtons, and began working for Wilmer Wilson as a power tong operator. Meanwhile, I had been hired on at Esso Resources Gas Plant at Niton, a new experience for them as well as for me, since I was the first woman field operator.

Finally, all the paper work concerning Calgary power was straightened out and on September 22, 9:05 a.m.,

fifteen months after we'd moved there, our power was turned on, and the p.t.o. generator became a thing of the past. Hello civilization! Our second winter on our quarter section was a breeze after the first one. We spent considerable time clearing more yard to accommodate the growing Arabian herd. In the spring of 1981, we acquired a second bay Arab stallion, Kheir Sandman Number 14103 and five more purebred mares, swelling our herd to thirteen Arabians. Again, we chose the working type of animal and made plans to begin showing our Arabs in the working classes in the near future.

Allan also was able to realize his dream of owning a plane and purchased a micro-light aircraft in partnership with my younger brother, Bob. Hattonford quickly grew accustomed to hearing the sound of a loud chain-saw-type noise in the sky, long before the colorful plane would come into view, surprising many people with its ability to land most anywhere. According to Allan, micro-lights are becoming the flying sport of tomorrow. Of course, an aircraft needs a hangar, so when the Hattonford Hall came up for bid, Allan bought the old school part of the building, originally moved from Windfield. With plenty of help from neighbors, it was moved from the hall site to our yard. Hattonford has certainly been quite the change for us from life on the prairies, but pleasantly so. We hope to be able to spend many more years in this unique and friendly community.

THE MIKE KOLASA FAMILY

Mike was born July 23, 1935 at Weasel Creek, Alberta to Mary and Andrew Kolasa. He left home at fifteen and worked at Alberta Bakery in Edmonton. Victoria Anne was born May 23, 1939 at Smoky Lake, Alberta to Mary and Roy Stogrin. She grew up in Lethbridge, Alberta and, at eighteen went to work at the Bank of Montreal in North Edmonton. On December 13, 1958 she and Mike were married.

Rosemarie was born in Edmonton in 1959. She is now married to Leonard Zatorski of Mackay and has two girls, Crystal and Sandra. Janet was born in Radway in 1960. She married Dan Holden of Edson and

has one daughter, Pamela. David was born in Edmonton in 1961. He is in construction and has completed his second year apprenticeship. He lives in Stony Plain. Lawrence was born in Edmonton in 1962. He is also in construction and has completed his first year apprenticeship. He married Debbie Gron of Spruce Grove in October 1981. Elizabeth Ruth was born October 16, 1966 in Drayton Valley and is attending Niton Central School, as is Tammy Cindy who was born on January 21, 1969 in Edmonton. Elizabeth has made two trips to Quebec on Student Exchange and is presently working part time at the Pioneer Cafe.

We first moved to this area in the spring of 1966. We bought one quarter as a homestead and the home quarter on tax recovery. At that time the area was not as settled. We were the last people on this road going to Mayerthorpe. The road was more like a trail travelled only in good weather, and there was little traffic in the winter. Sometimes, no one went by for weeks at a time. The Department of Highways did not want to build this road, as they said no one would use it. Today traffic is going by all day and all night.

In the fall of 1967, Mike hurt his back, so we moved back to Edmonton until 1972, when we moved back to the farm and built our home. Mike is now in construction and has his own company, Kolasa Construction. I also have a tax company, Vicki's Tax Consulting, as I got my degree three years ago. I sat on the School Advisory Board for three years.

It still amuses me to look out the window and see deer in the yard and to see bear up close.

The funniest thing I remember is when we first moved here and the kids saw their first Indian family. They were so afraid that the Indians were going to scalp them, that they ran into the house, locked the door, and crawled under the beds to hide. They would not even open the door for us.

THE RASMUS KARL AND PETER LARSEN FAMILIES

The Larsen brothers were born in Rudkobing, Denmark. Because they were members of a large family,

the two decided to emigrate to Canada.

An uncle, C. S. Larsen, was already farming in the Windfield district. In 1927, C. S. Larsen was in Bridgeford, Saskatchewan with his daughter, Gladys, when Rasmus Karl arrived. In 1929, Peter and his wife, Merry, joined them there. They worked for C. S. for awhile. The next year they went with Gladys to visit relatives in Alberta. They made the journey in a canvas-topped model-T touring car. They arrived in Mackay July 5, 1930. They liked the area so well they each filed for homesteads. R. Karl filed for the SE-32-55-11-w5, which was about a mile north of C. S. Larsen's land. Peter's land, the SE-31-55-11-w5, was a half mile west of R. Karl's.

The winter of 1930, R. Karl got a job taking out mine props for John Brooks. Karl worked for thirty days to buy one cow. Later that winter, the weather turned very mild. Peter and Karl decided to build a house. It was February and they worked in their shirt sleeves. Peter and his family moved into the house,



R. Karl and Peter Larsen on Peter's homestead.

while Karl went to work in the Drumheller coal mines for a couple of years.

In November of 1934, R. Karl married Anna Maria (Annie) Andresik of Schuler (near Medicine Hat). They came to their homestead and cleared the land in the following years. In 1937 a son, Karl Peter, was born. In 1940 R. Karl left the original homestead and rented Frank McNalley's farm by Beta Lake for one year. C. S. Larsen decided to sell his homestead, so R. Karl quit renting McNalley's land and bought C. S. Larsen's land. In the same year a daughter, Marie, was born. In 1942 the family moved onto the NE-20-55-11-W5.

The children received their early schooling in the Windfield school. Marie also took five years of schooling at Niton Central School.

In 1944, Peter and Merry moved from their homestead to the Nixon's farm which was just over a

half-mile south-east of C. S. Larsen's homestead. In 1953, they sold the farm and moved to Mayerthorpe. While living in Mayerthorpe, Peter worked around town and was mail carrier to Connor Creek. Merry, meanwhile, cooked at the hospital and worked at the dry cleaners. In 1960, they moved to Edmonton.

Peter and Merry have three children; two sons, Ivan and Bill, and a daughter, Diane. Both Ivan and Bill joined the air force and are married. Diane is married and lives in Edmonton.

In 1960 Marie married Ole Budal of Highway, near Mayerthorpe, and they have four children, three sons and a daughter.

Karl Peter is still living and working the family farm on the NE of 20.

Rasmus Karl (1905-1963) and Anna Maria (1909-1981) are both buried in the Mackay Cemetery.



Karl and Annie Larsen with children, Marie and Karl

HARRY AND ROSA LAWTON AND FAMILY

James Henry (Harry) Lawton was born February 28, 1900 in Staffordshire, England, the third of five children, to James and Eleanor Lawton. They had many employees on their large mixed farm, where all the milk from a herd of eighty cows was converted to cheese. Harry enjoyed the privileges of private schooling and sports. His world changed abruptly when his father died in 1916. World War I brought Harry to enlistment in 1918, but the war ended when his regiment was posted to France.

For several years Harry and his brothers struggled to maintain the family farm. However, their historic cropping patterns had been disrupted by government emergency food policies. The old ways and days were gone forever.

The enticing and misleading promises of the C.P.R. provided the means for easy migration. Thus Harry left the green grass of Staffordshire in March, 1929, with a ticket costing ten pounds. This would

take him from Liverpool to Calgary via C.P.R. When the "Melitta" docked in St. John, New Brunswick, on April 6, 1929, there was a foot-and-a-half of slushy snow on the streets. The climate may have been a shock, but the job situation was worse. Fortunately, Harry found employment as a farm instructor (fifty dollars per month) on the Blood Indian Reserve near Cardston, Alberta. It was here that Harry first met Rosa Page.

Rosa Margaret Page was born January 2, 1909 in Dover, England, the fifth of seven children of Edith and George Page. Her mother was a church organist and her father managed a printing and stationery store. The family was poor, but the children were diligent students and won scholarships to take them through public grammar school. Rosa was only five when World War I started and the pleasant seaport of Dover, blacked out at night, was bustling with soldiers by day. During the war, her father became very ill (probably tuberculosis) and had to stop working. Rosa's elder brother, about sixteen, lied about his age and joined the army to support the family. He sustained severe shell wounds which impaired his health for life. Rosa's elder sister, at fourteen, left school to work in the war records office to support the family. When Rosa was twelve, her father died and a younger brother was adopted by an aunt; this left the mother and five daughters to manage alone. At age seventeen, Rosa found work in Dame Littleton's home in London. For two years she enjoyed arm's length association with the rich and influential world of the arts in London and Stratford-on-Avon. Then Rosa's mother passed away and an uncle decided Rosa should emigrate to Canada to be under the care of another uncle in Winnipeg. Little did nineteen-year-old Rosa realize, that in 1931, she, who had never been on an English farm, would become a Canadian homesteader.

Rosa arrived in Winnipeg, via the C.P.R. ship "Monte Rose" and the train, two weeks before Harry was to arrive in Canada. She immediately joined her cousin who was employed at the Blood Indian Reserve, near Cardston. Here she got a job in the kitchen which paid forty dollars per month. Rosa soon met Beatrice Cundict who was also working in the kitchen.

A year later, on March 30, 1930, Harry and Rosa

were married at Lethbridge.

Harry could see little future working for the government at the Indian Reserve. Despite a lack of money, his dream was to own his own farm. Beatrice Cundict told the young couple about the homesteads available near her parent's farm in Hattonford. For Harry and Rosa this seemed the only way to fulfil a dream. They accompanied Beatrice on her next trip home and picked out a homestead at Hattonford.

The Lawtons, as homesteaders, were latecomers to Hattonford when they posted ten dollars to file homestead rights on the home quarter in 1931. Rosa lived in Hattonford for three months every summer from 1931 - 35 to fulfil the residency requirements of homesteading. On September 5, 1931, Margaret Ellen (Peggy) was born in the district nurse's home at Peers. Dorothy May, born July 22, 1933, was also born at Peers. Each fall Rosa and her babies would return to Cardston for the winter on the train, like migratory birds going south.

The spring of 1932, the Lawton house was built. A neighbor, Jack Long, helped cut logs to be made into lumber for the house. The original house, built in two weeks with a cash outlay of one hundred and twenty five dollars, consisted of four rooms with attic and no basement. Harry continued to work on the Blood Reserve until 1936 and to "vacation" in Hattonford each summer clearing land by hand.

The move to permanent residency in Hattonford came in 1936. A "horse-trading scheme" helped Harry to start full-time farming. In southern Alberta, where the snows are light, it was the custom of the farmers to turn their horses out to pasture all winter on the Indian Reserve land. In the spring they would have to pay about ten dollars for the board bill. Many farmers couldn't afford to pay this amount, since the price of wheat had dropped. The horses not claimed in the spring were sold at public auction. Just prior to moving to Hattonford, Harry spent sixty-eight dollars at such an auction and became the owner of twenty-two unclaimed horses. He paid double that to have them loaded on a box car and shipped to Edmonton. Then, Leonard Cundict, young Bill Anderson and Harry drove to Edmonton to collect the horses. The herd was unloaded at the old C.P.R. station at 109th Street and Jasper

Avenue. Harry and Bill saddled two of the horses and herded the rest down Jasper Avenue, heading west. They were escorted by the police and followed by Leonard in the Model A. Three days later, they arrived in Hattonford. Harry built up his cow herd and bought machinery by swapping horses. Henry Ford received a horse for "Blackie and Blueie"; Albert Williams got a horse in exchange for "Lily" and "Molly".

The final move to Hattonford saw Harry and Rosa and two children, with a Model A Ford pulling a heavily loaded trailer, heading northward during spring thaw of 1936. Road bans were in effect north of Red Deer, but sympathetic RCMP check stations allowed the Lawtons to pass through. However, at Evansburg, Harry had to pay a fourteen dollar overload fine, a crippling blow for the homesteaders.

Many changes in the family and farm occurred in the late thirties. The house basement was excavated from under the house from the north side using a horse-drawn slip, which looked like an overgrown scoop shovel with handles on both sides. On Dominion Day, July 1, 1937, Christine Eileen was born in Edson Hospital. She was not welcomed by her oldest sister Peggy, who ran away declaring, "one sister was enough".

In the late 1930's, the "Humphrey Place" (the west quarter, now Bill's home) was bought for three hundred dollars, one third down and three years to pay the balance. Only ten acres were cleared at the time of purchase. The "Bert Tuckwood" quarter was purchased for seven hundred and fifty dollars in 1940, with forty-two acres cleared.

James William (Bill) arrived April 7, 1940 with a chinook wind. Due to spring break-up he was born at home. Peggy and Dorothy went to Mrs. Cundict's for the night. They awoke the next morning to see the whole meadow and road converted to a lake.

Peggy and Dorothy attended school at Beaver Meadow with their first teacher being Mrs. Watson. The log school house was replaced by a frame school in the early forties. Mr. McTavish, an elderly Scottish teacher, can be fondly remembered for his efforts on their behalf. As Chris and Bill joined Peggy and Dorothy on the daily one mile trek to school, Hat-

tonford was often without a teacher. Supervisors were hired and the children learned by correspondence lessons. For Bill particularly, this was three years of hardship since he was in the primary grades. Both Harry and Rosa were strong supporters of a good education for their children. For years their English relatives continued to send books to the family so they were all "bookworms". Harry and Rosa managed to scrape together enough money in the late forties and early fifties to send the three oldest girls to Evansburg dormitory so they could finish their secondary schooling.

November 15, 1946, George Henry was born in the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton. The pregnancy was complicated and Rosa was sick during harvest and again prior to George's birth. Since Peggy was now living in Evansburg taking Grade ten, Dorothy, thirteen, Chris, nine, and Bill, six, took on the housework and cooking for the threshers.

In early November, Dorothy got severely chilled and developed a kidney infection. Grace Cundict advised Harry to send for the district nurse. Ted Cundict and Grace drove the Model A to Mackay to pick up Miss Englekey. When she arrived, she insisted Dorothy be taken to Edson Hospital. Three cheers for the courage and dedication of a country nurse who recognized severe kidney failure. The next few days were very stressful for Harry, who commuted back and forth to Edson every night. Dorothy slipped in and out of consciousness, and Peggy was recruited from high school at Evansburg to be night nurse. The help and prayers of friends and neighbors and the first sulfa drugs, administered by an army doctor, soon revived Dorothy. Only then, was Rosa, in Edmonton, told about the emergency.

Even though Hattonford was remote from the battle lines of World War II, its influence reached us nevertheless. Firstly, the war effort made tractors scarce. Harry was unable to buy a tractor until 1946. Even then, all farm tractors were allocated to veterans by priority. Therefore, our first tractor was a yellow industrial model Minneapolis-Moline bought for the premium price of one thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars (with six hundred dollars down and a bank loan to cover the balance). Bill was so excited the chilly November evening when the tractor finally arrived, that he ran barefoot through the snow

to see the new tractor. This was the first rubber-tired tractor in Hattonford. In fact, until the end of the war, it was impossible to buy tires for the cars so when the old set wore out the car had to be blocked up.

Food rationing of certain items such as meat, butter, eggs, sugar and gasoline were also in effect. Each person was issued a stamp book with dated coupons for each rationed commodity. Money and a coupon were tendered to buy such commodities. On the farm only sugar and gasoline rationing had any effect. Ration coupons were often swapped, illegally of course; sugar for meat, gasoline for butter, and so on.

In the forties Harry sheathed in his house attic using lumber salvaged from the original log Beaver Meadow school. The brick chimney, built from salvaged bricks, was added to the Lawton house as a safety feature. Certainly, the generation who lived through the Depression could never be labelled "a throw-away society".

On October 11, 1948 Barbara Ann, named after Canada's famous skater, was born in Edson Hospital.

The 1950's brought changes to Hattonford's educational system. Harry took a seat on the Edson School Board in 1951 and pushed very hard for the centralized school at Niton. The Lawton's had Mr. M. Kondruk board with them for two months in 1952, when he came to Hattonford as a young teacher. In January 1953, when Beaver Meadow closed and bussing to Niton began, George and Bill were among the first Hattonford students to now "catch the bus". Bill, George and Barbara all completed their schooling at Niton Central School.

The year 1953 was a banner year for Rosa and Harry. After twenty-three years of farming, they gave themselves their first holiday to the United States, accompanied by Harry's sister and husband from England.

In 1954 Dorothy Lawton married George Winter of Edmonton. The next year Dorothy graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Agriculture Degree.

Peggy married Jack Tyler in August, 1955 at the Hattonford Anglican Church, followed by a lawn reception at the farmhouse.

When Rosa wasn't tutoring her children and running a busy household, she took a very active role in the Women's Institute. She was one of Hattonford's first members. W.I. meetings at Rosa's were looked forward to by George and Barbara because of the goodies sure to be left over (salmon sandwiches made with "bought" bread, cream puffs and cakes).

Rosa canned an abundance of wild fruit each season and kept a huge vegetable garden. Some produce was sold to the logging camps for much-needed cash. Many bachelor homesteaders will well remember her delicious fruit pies and other home-baking. Rosa knew well the best berry patches, (Bert Cundict's "top-flat" for strawberries, an old saw mill for saskatoons). In late fall she would pick blueberries and cranberries until the snow came. Her favorite advice was, "Pick fast, even if your berries are dirty, it's easier to pick berries over while sitting in the house." Rosa often entered her garden produce and baking in the Edson Agricultural Fair and won several awards.

The Lawtons were always members of the Hattonford Anglican Church and the once a month visit of the travelling minister was not overlooked.

Home and school meetings for Harry and Rosa, working on the executive of the local Co-op store, Harry's Masonic Lodge activities and his involvement on the School Board made for much community involvement.

The 1950's brought rapid changes to the family lifestyle. Harry installed a small light plant in 1955 and in 1957 rural electrification was completed. A water pressure system was installed, and soon after a septic system. What a far cry from the old days!

In 1959, Bill completed high school and that winter attended Vermilion School of Agriculture. Christine Lawton married Eddie Birkenhagen of Carrot Creek on July 2, 1960 and moved to the Birkenhagen dairy farm.

The sixties opened a new chapter in the Lawton

farm operation. Bill joined Harry and started his own farm with the purchase of the 'Hardy' quarter and the 'Dave Wiseman' quarter. When George finished high school at Niton in 1964, he too attended the Vermilion School of Agriculture. He then joined Harry and Bill in farming with the purchase of three-quarters of raw land six miles west of the home quarter.

Bill's innovative stack mover, purchased in 1965, changed the method of haying. It allowed the cattle to be kept at the farmstead rather than being wintered at field haystacks.

Bill Lawton was married to Marie Sim on October 8, 1966. On July 13, 1968, Barbara Lawton was married to Ross Phillips of Mackay.

The late sixties saw the last use of the binder, stooking and threshing operation. With the arrival of the combine, the threshing crew, with several neighbors working together, ended. The sixties also saw the wood stove and oil heater give way to a furnace and electric cook stove. No longer did Rosa have to rise early to 'stoke the fire'.

Unfortunately Rosa did not live to fully enjoy the fruits of their long years of hard work. She passed away unexpectedly of a post-operative blood clot on December 10, 1969 at the age of fifty-nine. The eight oldest grandchildren have fond memories of their Grandma Lawton.

The seventies led to greater and more rapid changes for the family. George was married to Gloria Kremeniuk on June 16, 1973, at Evansburg. The family farmstead expanded to make room for the beginning of the third Lawton family.

The loose hay method of haying gave way to silage making as a feedlot operation was started. In 1979, George, Bill and families and Harry ended their cow-calf operation and began a year-round feedlot. The three families were incorporated as Lawton Farms Ltd. in 1979.

In 1982, at the age of eighty-two, Harry continues to play an active role in the community and on the farm. He is still telling the 'boys', Bill and George, to slow down, and is still fixing things that the boys

wreck. He enjoys life to the fullest by staying busy. Harry loves to give the older grandchildren his words of wisdom and tell tales of years gone by to the younger ears. In 1982, Harry has sixteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Peggy and Jack Tyler live on a farm near Drayton Valley. They have three grown children, John (1957), Dinene (1959), and Alayne (1961). Jack works for Pembina Pipeline and Peggy substitute teaches.

Dorothy and George Winter live at Olds, Alberta where George is Dean of Instruction at the Agricultural College. They have three grown children, Calvin, Aurora and Bryce; Calvin has one son, Valerie-Georges.

Chris and Eddie Birkenhagen farm at Carrot Creek and have two grown sons, David and James.

Bill and Marie and their three children, John, Tammy, and Tracy live at Hattonford, as do George and Gloria and their three children, Derek, Mark and Christine.

Barbara and Ross Phillips live on an acreage north of Spruce Grove with their two daughters, Shannon and Hayley. Ross is an electrician and they have their own company, R and B Oil Field Electrical Services Ltd.



Jack Tyler, Bill Lawton, Peggy Tyler, George Winter, Barbara Lawton, John Tyler, Harry Lawton, Dorothy Winter, Calvin Winter, Chris Lawton, Rosa Lawton and George Lawton

The Lawton family has grown and spread out as it begins its third generation in Canada.

Perhaps there is no greater satisfaction to a couple than to see their family grow up as Harry and Rosa's has done. Not only has the family name been carried on, but the dreams of a family homestead have evolved into a modern feedlot.

BILL AND MARIE LAWTON

Bill was born in his parents' home (Harry and Rosa) on April 7, 1940. Due to heavy rain and poor roads, his dad was unable to get to a hospital, so he had to go and get Joyce Cundict and Dotty Cox, who helped in the delivery.

As a child, Bill was a great lover of ducks. Once he had all his ducklings in the house. The brooder was all set up to keep the ducklings warm; the darn thing caught on fire, so out the door went brooder and all. Needless to say, Bill wasn't very popular with his duck adventure.

One of Bill's most delightful chores was to pack enough water for his mom. He says his mother would fill every bucket and pot in the house. Can't you tell this was his favorite pastime!

Bill attended his first seven years of school at Beaver Meadow School in Hattonford, until 1952. One of his pet peeves was having to wear bib overalls. Well, guess what! By grade eight he received a brand new belt and a proper pair of pants.

From 1952-1957, Bill went to Niton Central High School. Then in 1958-1959, he went to Vermillion College of Agriculture. When he was there, he waited on tables in the cafeteria to make a little extra spending money. The only problem with waiting on tables was that the students who didn't have to work would butter the handles of the milk jugs. Sure kept the waiters on their toes! Bill graduated and came home to the family farm. From 1959-1966 he farmed, moved hay stacks, and worked on the rigs in the winter months to save money to buy cattle.

In 1964, he met me (Marie Sim, granddaughter of Harvey and Eva Setzer of Niton). Bill was moving hay stacks in the Sangudo district and came to move hay stacks for my father. My friends would tease us and say we met under a haystack, but we really met at a dance.

On October 8, 1966, we were married in the United Church at Mayerthorpe, Alberta. We left on our honeymoon and came back a week later, realizing that we must get down to work. A well had to be drilled, and we had to put in water and sewer to be ready for old man winter. Bill had built a little shack before we were married. His brother George came over to help Bill install the plumbing. There I sat, trying to sew curtains amongst all the mess of pipes everywhere. To my surprise, the water ran without too many leaks and the curtains hung straight.

In January 1968, our son, John, was born. It was then that we decided we needed a new house. In the summer of 1969, we started building our new home. Our goal was to be in by that Christmas. We had Dale Wigley helping us, as well as George Lawton and Bill's father. John was just at that delightful age, so thought he would help mom spread the glue for the tiles. Well, wouldn't you know it - he was glue from head to foot. Diane Wigley came to my rescue and took him home for the day. What a relief! The long hours and sleepless nights paid off, for we moved in five days before Christmas.

Bill and I had a cow-calf business the first few years, then gradually switched to cattle feeding. We farm with his father and his brother, George and family.



Bill, Marie, John, Tammy and Tracy Lawton

We had four children: John Henry born January 24, 1968; Tammy Margaret born July 25, 1970; Joseph Sim born October 24, 1971 and passed away October 27, 1971; and Tracy Marie born January 30, 1973. The children, at present, are attending Niton Central School.

We plan to remain in the Hattonford District to raise our family. We are looking forward to having many good times with our friends and neighbors in the new community hall.

GEORGE AND GLORIA LAWTON FAMILY

On November 15, 1946, I was born in Edmonton, Alberta, a second son for Harry and Rosa Lawton of Hattonford.

In 1952, I started school at the Beaver Meadow School. I attended this one-room school for three months, which was just long enough for me to get the strap.

I remember many good as well as bad things from my childhood. One of the memorable events occurred in the 1950's when Mr. Albert Williams would stop at our farm on Saturdays and pick up my sister, Barbara, and myself on his way to the Co-op Store to get his groceries and mail. Of course, his groceries always included two chocolate bars. He made his trips in his model A car in summer and in winter with horses and a sleigh.

Being in the outdoors alot, I had hobbies like collecting bird eggs and feathers. When I was about twelve years old, the forestry had a plan of picking pine cones. Barbara and I picked about ten bags for which we received twenty-one dollars. That was more money than I had ever dreamed of having! When I was strong enough to carry a twenty-two rifle, I started hunting squirrels. In later years Dale Wigley, Dennis Strauss and I went on hunting expeditions, with our targets ranging from birds and muskrats to beaver. It was also on our hunting trips that we tried our first cigarettes and cigars. Man, those Du Maurier cigarettes were

strong! What with all our ammunition and smoking costs, our hunting wasn't very profitable.

I remember one fall, when I was in high school, we had about two hundred acres of grain to stook; the barley wasn't bad, but the oat bundles were just about too tall for me. Since I wasn't very tall, I hated those oat bundles, especially in the morning or after a rain; I'd come home wet to the arm pits.

Upon completing grade twelve, I attended Vermilion Agricultural and Vocational College for the winter of 1964-1965. Here, I supposedly learned the more technical points of farming. But mostly, I learned that you can't farm without money, so for the next eight winters I worked out on the oil rigs. However, I finally tired of working on the rigs and began to think seriously about farming full-time. It was at this time that I met Gloria Kremenjuk, in 1971, at a dance in Wildwood and on June 16, 1973 we were married.



George, Gloria, Derek and Mark Lawton

Gloria was born on March 27, 1952. She lived in the Glenevis area for the first three years of her life and in 1955 she and her family moved to Evansburg where her father has farmed and driven school bus for the past twenty-seven years. Gloria and her brother Brian attended school at Evansburg. She graduated in 1970 and then attended the University of Alberta in the Faculty of Education until 1973 when we were married.

We live on Mom and Dad's original homestead and, after living in a mobile home for five years, we have built a house. We have three children, Derek Stephen

born in 1975, Mark Henry born in 1978, and Christine Rosa-Margaret born in 1981.

After working in partnership with Dad and Bill's family, we decided, in 1979, to incorporate our family farms thereby forming Lawton Farms Ltd. Gloria had spent some time early in our marriage teaching at the Niton School but is now busy raising our family and keeping books for the company. We find the community life very rewarding and are proud to call Hattonford home.



Christine Lawton (12 months old)

WILLIAM LEEMING

by Grace Cundict

The Leeming family came from Ontario and settled on SW-17-55-11-W5. There were three known children. The Leemings moved to Seba Beach and, in later years, Mrs. Leeming bought the Dr. Klothman house in Evansburg, where she lived out her remaining years.



Lizzy McAhnecky, Annie Toby, Mrs. Leeming, William Leeming and Lawrence Brooks

BARNY LINDEMAN

I arrived at Moores at Niton in October 1932. Pat Moore and I stayed with Joe Moore that winter in his shack on the SE corner of SW ¼ section 4 township 55 range 12 W5. That winter we built Moore's log house and in 1933 we built Pat's shack of logs on SE ¼ - 5 - 12 - 55 - W5. From then on I worked in the bush most of the time, doing some trapping in the winter - when you got five cents for a squirrel hide. In 1938 Pat and I got a planer and did custom planing at Moore's until 1940, when we moved down to the Lobstick River, east of Niton Corner. We did custom planing there, with the help of Carl Wagner, and lived in Harvey Setzer's house about half a mile north.

In the spring of 1942 the three of us got our army call. I joined the air force while Pat and Carl went into the army.

After the war was over, I settled in Edmonton. I married Hazel Rittenhouse in 1948. Our son, Ron was born March 12, 1951 and Keith was born July 23, 1953.

JOHN AND CLARA MAICHEN

by Carl Maichen

Born in 1900 in Altsaf, Austria, John Maichen came to Canada in 1927. He went directly to Western Canada to work on farms in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and to work on the railroad in British Columbia.

Returning to Edmonton in 1932, he was informed of land to be homesteaded in the Hattonford area by a friend, Fred Reseschnik, who had a quarter section near there. After inspecting the land, he filed a homestead claim on NW¼-2-55-R12-W5 in 1933, and built his first one-room log cabin. During the early years his time was devoted to clearing his own land, working at harvest time in the developed areas of Alberta and Saskatchewan, working on saw mills in the area, and hunting squirrels in the winter.

In 1935 he married Clara Field, daughter of Ingvold and Julia Field, who came from Aneta, North Dakota, U.S.A., to homestead a quarter just north-west of his land. At this time a small addition, which served as a bedroom, was built onto the existing cabin. Due to the increase in his family - Dorothy in 1936, followed by Albert in 1938, work was started on a three-bedroom, two-storey house which was completed in 1940. The family moved in, although Albert had to be persuaded to leave his old home for his new one. In 1942 Johnny was born in this new house.

In 1947 he purchased from Gottfried Bauch, the quarter immediately west of his homestead.

The last of his children were born in Edson: Carl in 1949, and Robert in 1956.

John and Clara remained farming until 1970, when they retired and sold the farm to their son, Johnny. Moving to Wildwood, they remained there until John's death in 1972. Clara then sold her house in Wildwood, purchased a mobile home and moved back to Johnny's farm where she remained until her death in 1976. Both are buried in the Glenwood Cemetery in Edson.

Dorothy married Sydney Mark of Styal, Alberta and has five children. Albert married Marie Boos of



Albert, Dorothy, John, Carl, Robert, John and Clara Maichen

Pinedale and has four children. Johnny and Carl are single. Robert married Lucy Leach of Edmonton and has one daughter.

BASIL AND VIOLA MANARY AND FAMILY

The spring of 1963 saw us on the move from Buffalo Lakes, Alberta near Sexsmith, to East Mahaska (to the old-timers) or north of Peers on the fifteenth baseline. We bought the Gurber Ranch from Ken and Virgil Gurber of Kelsey near Camrose.

The original homesteaders were Grove Elliot, Berland and Roy Dressler, Al Elston, Lee Blue, and George Gleason. Grove Elliot and Berland Dressler were brothers-in-law. They built a log house across the line between the SW and the SE quarter of 2-57-13, proving up both homesteads with one house. Grove Elliot built a hip roof house on the side of Berland's Hill. Harry Hellekson remembers attending the house warming on March 17, 1917. The old house still stands.

There was a graveyard on the west side of Section 1-57-13, and some people who died of the "flu" in 1918 rest there.

I read in the book "Pack Saddles to Tete Jaune Cache" that this fifteenth baseline was surveyed in 1907.

When we moved in, the road was straight mud. Viola, Audrey, Lorne and I came in a three-ton Chev loaded with household goods, and the mud rolled up so badly we couldn't move. We sat until the "Ranger" came and brought us in. The Ranger was Ogden Cole, now deceased.

We brushed and broke about one hundred acres. Edgar Ophus was the contractor. We ran cows and a few horses. I did some farming and I worked out some.

We had a difficult time getting the kids to school. The first year, the bus came to Tobers, where Clarence and Geraldine Wilkins live now. Audrey and Russel rode horseback, much to Audrey's delight and Russel's sorrow. However before Lorne started, the bus came to the gate. What a relief! Ray Radcliffe was the first driver

up to the gate. Then Bert Radcliffe drove the rest of the years. I was well supported by the Cecil White family and the Farmer's Union in getting the bus to also go by another neighbor, Ben Giesbrecht.

When the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club started, we all took a hand. Viola worked in the booth and she made the emblem which was on all the vests we had at the start. Russel worked on the grounds and timers, Audrey and Lorne rode. I was whistle-man and rode some, too. The summers were full of gymkhana meets and the highlights were Rally Days and the Provincials.

Russel graduated the spring of 1970 and the next day I started work at the Chevron plant, north of Edson. I worked there from May 1970 to September 1971, when it finished. At that time it was supposed to be the fourth largest gas plant in the world. There were sixteen hundred employed at the peak period.

You rubbed elbows with just about any kind of man you wanted to meet and some that you would rather not meet. I was in the Labor Union and worked on plants at Fox Creek, Blue Ridge, Chevron, and the pulp mill at Grande Prairie. George Rinke and I worked on it.

Russel went to Vermilion College the fall of 1972 until he started road work driving buggies in 1974. Russel and I worked for Whissel Construction on Highway Sixteen in 1975. Russel and Lorne both work for Luscar Sterco



Audrey, Lorne, Viola, Russel and Basil Manary 1975

at the mine in Coal Valley now. Audrey was married to Robert Kirsch on September 17, 1977 and lives in Whitecourt. Robert is a mechanic and Audrey works in the drug store. I worked for Northern Alberta Rapeseed Processors at Sexsmith from March 5, 1980 to March 26, 1981.

We recently have sold out, but plan to live near here.

THE WILLIAM MANARY FAMILY

William Craig Manary was born in Sexsmith, Alberta, on May 23, 1941 and I, Shirley Mae Harvey, was born in Indian Head, Saskatchewan on May 20, 1943. Bill received his education in Sexsmith, Grande Prairie and the University of British Columbia. He has a degree in forestry and now has his own company, Northern Forest Consultants.

In 1974, Bill and I started coming out to Basil and Viola Manary's. The next thing Uncle knew, we'd dumped a couple of saddle horses at his place and we were dragging him and Auntie through the bush and around swamps, "exploring". One of the trips took us down Clarke's Road, through Arnold's old place, past Vollotton's, north across Beaver Creek and back to the fifteenth base line. Little did we know we'd be seeing a lot of that country for a long time.

The Provincial Government put several sections of land up for sale and we applied. After what seemed an eternity we were approved for a parcel of land, the home quarter being the highest point of land on the property, SE 28-56-12-W5.

We had no way of getting into the place other than with a team and wagon. We were living on an acreage out of Stony Plain and working in Edmonton at the time. Friday nights or Saturday mornings we'd arrive at Basil and Viola's and head into the bush for a two-hour wagon journey to where we made camp.

These trips were never dull. We saw an abundance of wildlife and flowers. It rained cats and dogs almost all the time. The ruts were so deep the horses could hardly pull the wagon through. The first few trips I sat on a bale on the wagon and tried to dodge the wet branches

or just hang on for dear life. I found daydreaming too dangerous having gotten bounced off the wagon into the mud, bale and all.

The end of the first summer saw us into a twenty by twenty-four foot cabin. We bought a wood stove from Ernie Rear and also installed a tin heater. We'd come out every weekend and head for the swamp to cut posts to fence the place. Rodney Osipow cleared our fence line that winter.

Fencing went quite well as we had a lot of help, some of the people being Bill's children, Craig and Noella; the Eatock's from Stony Plain; Basil, Viola and Albert Manary and Jack Norman.

One morning when Bill and I were by ourselves, he decided to pound a few fence posts on the west line and took the dog with him. About an hour later I was having coffee by the screen door, when I looked out and saw a young bear looking in at me. Shocked, I yelled, "What are you doing here!" He turned tail and ran for the trees and I ran for my camera. When I got my wits about me, I sat down, shaking like a leaf, and pushed the door shut.



L. to R. - Craig, Bill, Noella, Shirley holding Bobby 1982

The next three winters we had Tom Ophus clear land. In the summer of 1980 we started building our home and by fall we'd moved from Stony Plain. We're raising part-bred Arabian horses and own a purebred Arabian stallion, Triple A Reeyn. We have some pack horses and enjoy holidays packing into the mountains.

We feel this area, with its abundance of wildlife, scenery and good neighbors, is one of the finest places to live.

MR. AND MRS. PETER MARENCHUK

by Mary Anne Marenchuk

Peter Marenchuk was born July 16, 1893. He was born in the Ukraine in a village called Piriwoloszno. He had three brothers and three sisters. They grew up in poverty, much the same as everyone else. The brothers were very musically inclined. Each learned to play a musical instrument. They formed a family band, and played at the village weddings and other fun gatherings.

In his early twenties, Peter was called into the German army and served several years. When he returned to the village, he married Ksenia Petryshyn, who was an orphan, born February 15, 1894. Her mother died giving birth to Ksenia. Peter and Ksenia had a little girl. She was six weeks old and died of the plague which hit the area. Two years later, they had a son, Steven and two and a half years later a daughter, Katherine.

In 1928, after hearing of the great land of Canada and being a very ambitious young man, Peter decided to go seek a new life. Money was very scarce, so only he could go. He left his wife and two children behind, and travelled the long Atlantic voyage to Canada.

Upon landing in Canada, Peter found work in the nickel mine in Sudbury, Ontario. He worked there for three years; sent money home to his wife, and saved as much as he could. "Go west, young man", they said. Out in Alberta the government was accepting homesteaders, so Peter left Sudbury and headed west.

Riding freight cars to save money, he came to

MacKay. After filing his homestead six miles north of MacKay, he started to clear land and build a house. He cut logs, peeled them and let them dry. He needed more money, so he got a job in a bush camp for Frank Corser. John Skorobohaty, Steve Chalak, Frank MacNally, and Louis Johnson all worked in the same bush camp.

Finally, Peter was able to send for his wife and one child. It was decided Katherine would come, and Steve would stay in the Ukraine, till more money was made. So Ksenia and Katherine came on the eight-day ocean voyage, then across the prairies and forests, and finally arrived in MacKay, Alberta.

When they arrived at the homestead, all they found was four log walls, with no roof. They stayed with the Skorobohaty family for a month, while Peter proceeded to put a roof on their house. This was the fall of 1933.

Peter again went to work for Frank Corser and saved enough money for their first heifer with calf. In the spring, trading work back and forth with neighbours, they acquired a few chickens. Peter cleared as much land as he could, with an axe and a strong back.

On September 19, 1935, Peter and Ksenia had another daughter, Mary Anne. When she was almost two years old, they finally saved enough money to send for their son, Steve. He arrived in Canada in the summer of 1937. Being almost fourteen years old, he only attended Windfield School (S.D. No. 4160) for a year. Then it was time to help his father. Steve helped clear land and also worked in camps with his father.

Katherine finished the sixth grade and also had to quit school, much to her disappointment. She so wanted to go on and be a nurse. She was a very smart little girl and loved school, even though the school was four miles away, and the long walk in winter had once almost cost Katherine her life. If it hadn't been for her old dog going to meet her every day, she would have frozen to death. He found her lying beside the road in the snow. She'd gotten very cold and drowsy and decided to lie down and rest. The dog found her and when he couldn't make her get up, he ran to a nearby neighbour's yard barking, and running back and forth till Mr. Shook followed him. He found the little girl and carried her to his place. There, he rubbed her down and wrapped her in warm blankets. Finally she was revived and didn't suffer any ill effects. It was shortly after this that Katherine had to quit school

and help on the farm. She had to do a man's work at home, while the men went out to work. She helped skid logs, build, and work in the fields - a little woman of five feet two inches, that could put a lot of men to shame!

The forties rolled around, and so did the Second World War. Steve, being in his early twenties, got called into the army, as did the other eligible young men in the district.

Peter decided the farm wasn't bringing in enough to survive on. He got a job as a labourer with the C.N. Railroad. Again, Katherine was left to look after the farm, with her mother. Little sister, Mary Anne, not aware of the hardships around her, was attending Windfield school. Katherine, not wanting her sister to have the four-mile walk to school, often took her to school on horseback. Then, by trading with one of the neighbours for work, she acquired a saddle pony for Mary Anne. Stella Chalak, who was Mary Anne's best friend, also had a pony. Along with the Skorobohaty girls, they went to school together.

Peter was still with the C.N.R. This was 1950 already and he had been stationed at Niton for some time. He sold his farm to his son, Steve, and bought a quarter section half-a-mile north of Niton. In 1951 he bid for and received a permanent position in the Calder C.N. Yards in Edmonton, so he sold his farm in Niton and bought a house in Edmonton.

Steve, being transferred from one place to another with the army, was stationed in Chilliwack, B.C. He met Annie Semeniuk in Vancouver. She was from Evansburg, Alberta. They dated, fell in love and were married. Steve and his family now live in British Columbia. He holds a high position with the C.N. Railroad. He looks forward to retiring in a year. Steve's son, Paul, is married and has a thriving "fish store" - business in Vancouver; daughter, Eilene is a teacher, and daughter Emma is married and teaches ceramics.

Katherine met a young, handsome soldier from Chip Lake, Alberta. His name was Steve Hut. They met at a dance at Log Cabin School. They too, dated, fell in love and were married. Katherine still lives at Chip Lake. Her daughter, Judy, and son-in-law help her farm. Her two sons also are married. Jerry works for Esso Oil as an accountant and Ron lives in Alaska.

Mary Anne had quit school and worked as a waitress in Edmonton. In January 1952, she met a young man, Bill Chaykowski, from Bonnyville. They were married in May of 1952. Mary Anne has been divorced for twelve years now and lives in Edmonton. Her oldest daughter, Margie is married and has two little boys and lives in Edmonton. The middle daughter, Sonya is a police woman in Edmonton. The youngest daughter works in the office of Alcan Ltd.

In 1965, Peter retired from the C.N. and was enjoying life. He and Ksenia visited their families and helped each other out as much as they could. Then fate played a rough hand. Peter Marenychuk was found to have cancer. He fought very hard, but on April 26, 1967 he lost the fight. Shortly before he passed away, Ksenia also acquired the dreaded disease. On June 16, 1968, she joined her beloved husband.

Life must go on and we all have. Our father and mother, the pioneers, left a warm feeling wherever they touched someone's life. They were very proud of the three of us and of their grandchildren, whom they would have loved so dearly.

So from one couple, who came across the vast Atlantic Ocean and worked, laughed, cried and shared their lives with us, we have multiplied to twenty-two people.



Katherine and Mary Anne Marenychuk



Peter and Ksenia Marenchuk

NORMAN AND MARGARET McCALLISTER

I was born in Viking, Alberta, April 10, 1927, daughter of Eva and Harvey Setzer. Norman was born in Mayerthorpe, Alberta, son of Mabel and Bill McCallister, who were pioneers in that area, Bill having arrived there in 1905.

My father came to the Niton area to work in the winters of 1930 and 1931, as crops were nil on the prairie and there was no work. His sister and husband (the Wingos), his uncles and grandmother (the Whites), were settled in Niton, so Mother and I spent part of the time up here with Dad. My brother, Peter, was born in Viking on April 17, 1931. After that, my folks decided to move to Niton.

In the Thirties, Social Credit came up with the six-hundred dollar plan. They gave people from the city six-hundred dollars and set them on a hundred and six-

ty acres. This wasn't much to set up buildings, buy machinery and animals. There was lots of wild meat and fruit or many would have starved. There was work, but little pay. It was at this time that my father took on the job of taking the land inspector around. He would meet the two A.M. train and take him to Mrs. Peterson's boarding house. If it was full, he would bring him to our place. Then they would start next morning to inspect land. At this time, the start of a long-lasting friendship between my folks and the people of Hattonford began, as he made many trips up here. There were no roads at that time - just bush trails, but the doors were always open to people passing by, and you were always welcome to share what food and drinks they had.

The trains came into Niton from Edmonton at two A.M. and returned from Edson, going to Edmonton, at three P.M. Many of the Hattonford people who had to make a train trip would leave their teams with the folks until they returned; among these were Schomers, Sonnes, Ingles, Ashmeads, Fields, Bendalls, Moores, Maichens, and Kokotoviches. My folks often bought feed from the people of Hattonford, leaving early in the morning for a load as it took all day to make the trip. The children going south from Beaver Meadow School often got a ride with Dad. One day some of them asked why the chicks went under the old hen; "Oh, they run under to suck!" Dad replied. The next day he was in trouble, as one mother was out to meet him on the road. The children had plucked the feathers off the old hens looking for the teats!

In my younger years, I always looked forward to the trips to Hattonford to dances, picnics, and fairs. In the winter the men hooked four horses to the sleigh; hay was placed in the bottom, then blankets, foot warmers, people, and more blankets. Everyone loved the sound of the bells, as both teams had bells on their harnesses. The women would take lunch and the men got in for a small fee. Later on, some people moved in with big trucks; then everyone piled in the back of the truck with a tarp over it. Then came the big day when they had a few cars. Some carried a bit of hay wire for repairs and a pail to put water in the radiator. Many times there were mud holes where everyone but the driver piled out, pushed the car through, and continued on to the dance, mud and all. As it would soon dry and brush off, they never let a little mud stop the fun.

Then came the war years which separated friends and families, as many of the boys from Niton and Hattonford were in the armed forces. People began to move, as some of the veterans from the First War were called back to guard bridges, buildings, etc. My dad went to work in the Black Diamond coal mine, as they were short of men and he had worked in the mines before he was married. I went to Edmonton with Dad and went to school and cooked for him. Then I got a job until 1947, when I married a war veteran named John Sim.

We settled on a V.L.A. farm north of Rochford Bridge and this was home for twenty years. Our only child, Marie, was born in Mayerthorpe and raised on the farm. She is now married to Bill Lawton, and living on their farm here. Less than a year after their marriage, I lost my husband who suffered a heart attack and died in the Mayerthorpe Hospital. On December 22nd of the same year, I lost my home by fire. Marie and Bill were staying with me at the time; Bill was working on the oil rigs and helping do chores. After the fire, we moved the cattle and machinery to their farm in Hattonford. The following spring we had the auction sale in Hattonford on Marie and Bill's farm.

The year 1967 was a bad year for me and one I will always remember. I don't know what I would have done without good friends and relatives. In April of 1968, I went to Toronto with a sister and brother-in-law to visit a younger brother-in-law. When we returned, I went to work in Mayerthorpe for Nillie and Boyd Wardlow, who run a bakery and coffee counter.

On April 1, 1970 I married Norman McCallister, whom we had known for several years. At that time he had his farm north of Mayerthorpe and a real estate office in Barrhead. We lived in Barrhead for two years, where I opened an Eaton's order office. After two years, we moved back to Mayerthorpe, and Norman opened a real estate office there. We visited the Hattonford area often and came to most community functions. We always enjoyed ourselves and Norman liked the country.

In the summer of 1973, Archie Paul came into the office and asked if we'd like to buy the land he and his daughter owned. We told him we'd let him know in a few days. Norman took off the next morning to look at the land. He had to walk in, as there was no road, then find the corner pegs, so he would know it was the right

land, as Pauls did not know where the pegs were. A few days later, we purchased the west half of 23-56-12-W5, the former owners being Ring, Hudson Bay Company, Ritter, and Paul. My dad was quite happy about it all and said we wouldn't be sorry.

Later we purchased the south east quarter 22-56-12-W5. Owners of this property had been Ring, Smyth, Anderson, and Fentie. Our first job was to get fence lines and trails built, using different people with their cats. Then we wanted a road. After several meetings, letters, and phone calls, we heard that Edna Tindel and Ralph Williams also wanted a road to their land; we got in touch with them and the men worked together to try and get our road. In 1974 they started the road and in 1975 they finished it to our corner, so we celebrated by having a big wiener roast at the end of the road.

One neighbor said he never thought he would live to see that road built. The following year the road went into the Tindel-Williams property. We all had power on the land by that fall. We moved a trailer up there and were going to move in. Then we heard that south east 34-55-12-W5 was for sale, so we phoned Ed and Joyce Ophus. In a short time, we purchased the land, former owners Hall, Francis Ford, Arthur Ford, Frank Wiseman, Ed and Joyce Ophus. We moved in November 1978, as the cattle were already pasturing the north property. Later we purchased the south west 22-56-12-W5 from Ralph Williams, owned previously by Ring, Kaneillera, Prowse and Williams.



Margaret and Norman McCallister, June 21, 1975.

Norman's dad worked on the survey crew through this area to the mountains in the early days, helping survey the land we own seventy years later! We have enjoyed the few years we've lived here and feel we have many good neighbors. We're looking forward to many more years here.

DANIEL McDONALD

Dan McDonald came to the Hattonford area from the western United States in the early nineteen-twenties.

Not too much was known about him, other than he was a quiet person and a gentleman. It was learned in later years that he was related to the political McDonald family in the Maritimes. He used to tell of having driven a "twenty-mule team" on the historical borax haul in the west of early days.

He was almost blind for several years, but managed to do some farming, bake his own bread and ride his white horse.

Mrs. Art Guignon did his business and letter writing for him and it was her nephew, Jack Guignon, who found him when he died in his little house on NE-25-55-12-w5.

FRANK McNALLY

by Grace Cundict

Before World War I, Frank McNally came from the United States to homestead in Windfield. His home was close to Beta Lake where, for years, the people of the district would gather for picnics and fishing. He always had a good supply of hay from the large meadows that were on his land. In later years, he bought a Fordson tractor which was his mode of transportation. He built a trailer with living accommodations to pull behind it and upon his retirement, this is the way he travelled to Creston, British Columbia, where he lived until over ninety years of age.

THE MILLER FAMILY

by Shirley Manary

The Miller family lived on the McLeod River by the Mahaska Ferry. The children were Billy, Frank, Fred, Esther and Wayne. Billy was killed overseas. Frank, who homesteaded across the river in the 1920's, died of a heart attack in 1934 or 1935. Fred homesteaded on SE-15-57-13-W5 and later moved to Oregon. Esther married and also moved to the United States. Wayne homesteaded on NW-31-56-12-W5 for a few years before he suffered a fatal attack of appendicitis and died in Whitecourt in 1932 or 1933. Mr. and Mrs. Miller moved back to the United States, where she lived to the age of ninety-nine.

THE COLFAX MOORE STORY

Colfax took up land in the Indian Territory, which is now the State of Oklahoma in 1892. Within a few years he developed malaria fever, and was forced to move to a higher, drier climate. He emigrated to Millet, Alberta in 1907, with his family - Joe, Jim, Dennis, Grace, Leonard and Colfax Jr., Robert and Pat (Vernon) were born at Millet.

Having purchased C.P.R. land that was heavily timbered, clearing it for cultivation was very slow.

In 1913, land for homesteads was opened on the prairie. Having had his fill of grubbing out trees by hand with an axe, Colfax homesteaded south east of Monitor.

In 1914, war started in Europe, and Joe enlisted in the Canadian Army, serving overseas in the 49th Battalion.

In 1917, Jim enlisted and was posted to the 21st Reserve which supplied replacements to the 10th, 31st, 49th and 50th Battalions. Joe was gassed at Ypres and was invalided home in 1918. Joe was in the Keith Sanitarium at Calgary for over a year. Jim returned to Canada in July, 1919 and farmed with his father until 1925 when he started managing a grain elevator.

Dennis, Colfax Jr., and Leonard were working in the ore mines at Britannia Beach, B.C. As there was no one left at home old enough to do the farm work, Dad was forced to give up the farm in 1928.

At this time, Joe was working as a trainman on a C.N. ballasting crew west of Edson. When he was laid off for the winter, he started a trap line north of Niton and homesteaded there.

In 1929, Dad and Robert visited Joe and took out a homestead beside him.

Robert married Mabel Field in 1932 and was killed in a hunting accident in 1933. His daughter, Mrs. Wally Bray, lives near Mayerthorpe.

Grace married Joseph Arthurs in January 1919 and now lives in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Dennis had gone to Spokane where he died in 1979. Leonard was killed in a traffic accident in 1955. Colfax Jr. died in 1977. Dad and Joe died in 1938 and Mother died in 1939.

Jim retired in 1962 after 43 years in the grain business and now lives in Whitecourt, Alberta.

Pat Moore (Vernon) - homesteaded at Niton in August, 1931. In 1939 he and Barney Linderman operated a Planer Mill on Highway 16 where the highway crosses the Lobstick River. Pat now lives on his farm north of Niton. Pat enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1941 and served overseas until 1946. He worked on the C.N.R. from 1952 to 1962.



Mabel Field and Bobby Moore



**Standing - John James, Joseph, Dennis in front
Seated - Caroline Moore holding Colfax, Grace and Colfax
Alvin Moore holding Leonard**

GARRY AND PATRICIA NEUFELD FAMILY

Garry was born in Bassano in April, 1952, to Peter (now deceased) and Gladys Neufeld, formerly of Rosemary, Alberta. I came originally from Paris, France, the last of three children born to Aime' and Marie-Madeleine Barillet. My two brothers and father remain in France; my mother passed away in 1978.

Garry and I met on a small island off the coast of Spain in 1971. We travelled for two years around Europe and Canada, finally settling in Calgary, where we were married at the home of Garry's parents on September 15, 1973.

I remember well when we met what a problem language was. Although we had both taken another language in school, we were functionally illiterate in terms of each other's language. However, the combination of good will and biology served us in good stead and soon we could communicate without too many hand signals. Talk about the weather was common and "stuff" is a wonderful word when one learns English. Garry did a terrific job and by the time a year had passed, I was totally brainwashed about the Canadian forests and way of life.

We came to Canada with little in our possession except enthusiasm. After working in Calgary at various jobs for a few years, we managed to buy one of two quarters in the East Bank area, formerly owned by Joe Crawford.

I recall the day we moved in. It was pouring rain and construction was well underway on the Peers to Whitecourt highway. We had two pickup trucks full of worldly possessions and, after getting stuck a few times, we arrived covered with mud to find the porch leaked like a sieve and the doors were locked. However, after breaking into our house and consuming half a bottle of fortification, things looked a little better and we decided not to call the real estate, for a few days anyway.

We have since grown to appreciate the country with all its attributes and problems. We have made many

friends among the surrounding people, who welcomed us as only country people can. In the few years we have been here, things have changed quite a bit. A new road here, a little more bush knocked down there, a new community center, some people have left and others have come.

Three big changes have occurred for us, namely, Lalenia aged three, Stephanie two and James aged six weeks. This seems like a better place than most to let them grow up.

ED NIXON

by Grace Cundict

Ed Nixon came from England to his Windfield homestead about 1920. He was an industrious man and, with his creativity and sense of humor, helped chase away some of the boredom of those years. One year he fashioned a life-sized wooden deer, covered it with deer hide and placed it in an opening by the road. This proved to be a frustration and embarrassment to neighbors who tried to kill it. Very few admitted to shooting at it, but it was riddled with bullet holes when he finally dismantled it. Everyone in the area looked forward to seeing Ed's candle-powered hot air balloon, which he would take to the local picnics. He finally married and moved to Forestburg. He later died while on a visit to England.

THE EDGAR THOMAS OPHUS FAMILY

My husband, Edgar, was born in North Dakota in 1917. He came to Canada when he was less than one year old, to Sexsmith, Alberta.

I, Joyce June Brown, was born in Cardston, Alberta in 1926.

Edgar and I met in August, 1945 in Calgary, when he got off the train after being overseas in the war in Germany. He was there for three-and-a-half years.

We were married December 23, 1945 in Edmonton and he got his discharge from the army about four months later.



Stephanie, Garry, Patricia and Lalenia Neufeld

We then headed out to the coal mine at Luscar, Alberta. Edgar worked there for a year or so, and that's where he met his uncle, Carl Bakstad (twenty-six years later he married my mother, Aleatha). After we left Luscar we came to Wildwood and met some more of Carl's relations. Through them, Edgar got a job at Tom Clark's logging and sawmill camp, twenty miles north of Niton. That's how we got acquainted with people in Hattonford and bought a farm from Harry Ford in 1947.

We didn't want to settle down farming yet, as money had to be made in order to do so. Edgar got a job running a cat in Banff, Alberta, where he did road work for Mr. Leo Hansen from Calgary for about three years. On July 21, 1948, we had our first son, Thomas Roscoe Ophus. When he was four months old, we came out to our farm to do some logging and sawing for the winter months. Then we went back cat skinning. I did some cooking in camps and cleaning cabins in Banff.

In 1950 we had a daughter, Brenda Joyce. We travelled a lot, doing construction work on roads in Hinton and the Camrose area.

It was getting a little rough living in a small trailer with two small children and nothing to do, so we decided to come to our farm in Hattonford. Brenda was one-and-a-half by then, 1952.

My dad and mother gave us a cow and some chickens to get started. They were living in Saskatchewan. I've milked cows ever since, and still am here in Winfield, B. C. 1981. Edgar still had a caterpillar and did lots of work clearing land in the district plus road work. He helped move the old school from Winfield to Hattonford which served as the Community Hall until the spring of 1981.

Lawrence Edward, our second son, was born in Edson in 1953. When he was nine months old, we went to Sexsmith for a year to take care of Edgar's dad's farm, because his dad had a stroke. We were going to buy this place, but we were both lonesome for our own place in Hattonford. Our daughter, Julie Anne, was born there in Grande Prairie in 1954, on my birthday, June 17.

We came back to our farm in Hattonford, April 22, 1955. The children attended school at Niton, ten miles

south of Hattonford.

In 1956 we had another daughter, Lynda Darlene.

I joined the Women's Institute for two years, but I had to quit as I had too many children to look after at that time! I joined up again later and belonged to it for twenty-two years. I was secretary and president, off and on. It was nice, once a month, to look forward to getting together with the neighbours in that district.

In 1959 we had our third son, Edgar Allan, born December 20, in Calgary, where I spent a couple of weeks with my sister, Alice. I had my three daughters with me and Edgar took care of Tommy and Larry.

By this time we had lots of land cleared and lots of cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, and horses. Tommy traded a little calf for his first horse, "Mary", from our neighbour Alex Vida. He has been a horse lover ever since. He has belonged to the gymkhana club in Hattonford for twelve years. In September, 1959, Bert Lind led Edgar and I to the Lord Jesus Christ and since then He has had complete control in our lives. We had Bible studies every week in different homes from that time on until we left the area in 1977. We have really prospered in every way and many prayers have been answered. Praise the Lord! We are still having Bible Studies every week here in British Columbia.

Our fourth son, Robert Norman, was born in 1960. We stayed there on the farm until 1965; then we bought three quarters of land with a nice new house, two miles north, from Frank Wiseman.

By that time Tom had quit school and had jobs here and there. He found himself a nice girl and was married June 14, 1969, to Susan Greiter from Jasper. They got themselves a little trailer, put it on our place for the winter, and they helped in the sawmill. Then Tom got a job in Grande Cache for two years and bought a nice big trailer. In 1970, he bought our old place and moved on it in 1973. He's still there, doing really well by owning a Komatsu Cat and raising horses and Hereford cows.

In 1965, Edgar decided to stay home to run our own sawmill and do cat skinning around home. He had been working away from home off and on until then.

In 1967, the Centennial year, we had our last little

girl, Michelle Carman, born on February 12. Brenda was in Grande Prairie at this time and she graduated from school there. Julie graduated in Niton. Four of my children were married in 1972 - Brenda, Larry, Julie and Lynda. Now I was free from a lot of work such as washing clothes, making lunches and preparing large meals, so I became an Artex Instructor. It was a nice hobby and I had many customers at that time. I'm still an instructor here in B.C.



Joyce and Ed Ophus

We sold our place in Hattonford, in 1978, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman McCallister. We had spent the winter of 1977 in Rutland, B.C. and bought a house there. But we soon missed having animals and an acreage, so now we have a nice hobby farm plus an apple orchard in Winfield, B.C.

Our son Edgar was married in August, 1979. So that leaves us with just Robert and Michelle, (who's still living at home).

Edgar still takes trips back to Hattonford, peddling fruit in the summer time. That helps us keep in touch with people that we knew when we lived there.

THE THOMAS R. OPHUS FAMILY

Thomas R. Ophus was born on July 21, 1948 in Ed-

son, Alberta, the oldest son of Joyce and Edgar Ophus. He grew up on the farm we now live on.

I, Susanne D. Greiter, was born on November 5, 1950 in Zurich, Switzerland. I came to Canada with my parents, Fred and Doris Greiter, in 1954. The first place we lived at was in Slave Lake, Alberta with my father's sister and her husband who had a farm there. On May 28, 1955 my brother, Peter J. Greiter, was born on our aunt and uncle's farm. Later that year we moved to Jasper, Alberta where I started school. In 1959 we moved back to Switzerland for three years, then in 1962 we arrived in Jasper, Alberta again. My parents had decided Canada was a better place than Switzerland to raise a young family. It was in Jasper that I met Tom in November, 1968. He was working for Square M Construction at the time, building railroad grade. I was attending Grade 12 at the time and working at the Chaba Theatre in the evenings.

We were married on June 14, 1969 at the United Church in Jasper. We lived in B.C. for the next three months, then moved to Tom's parents' farm for the winter where Tom logged and sawed lumber with his dad. In the spring of 1970 we moved north of Edson up by the Chevron Gas plant where Tom was running a backhoe for Bill Oleksiw from Edson. Our next job took us down to the Brazeau River for a couple of months. At the end of August, 1970 we moved up to Grande Cache where Tom worked for McIntyre Mines, running equipment up on the strip mine. We moved away from Grande Cache in the spring of 1972 and lived at various places, as Tom was still working for construction companies.

In the spring of 1973, we moved on to our farm (which we bought from Tom's dad at the end of 1970). We finally settled down and had enough of the gypsy life!

Our first venture on the farm was sheep farming as the price of cattle was so high that year. So there we were, with two hundred sheep on the place and nary a good sheep fence in sight. It's a wonder we had any neighbours left at the end of that year!! Tom, myself and his youngest brother, Robert, herded sheep all summer on horseback, chasing them off the neighbours' land and back where they belonged. We used to tire out two horses each until we finally had all our sheep fences and corrals put up. We were also trying to raise a few



Tom and Suzy Ophus (Ruby Falls, July 1980)

pigs and chickens at the time, plus our herd of horses. At one point we had decided to name our place Death Valley Ranch, as we had so much bad luck with animals dying off. Of course, when we had bought our herd of sheep, they all had hoof rot but we didn't realize this until after they were paid for and delivered here. Three years later after much expense and work on fences, medicine, etc., we sold the sheep (the ones that were left alive) and bought some cattle.

Tom continued running equipment during the winter months. Our chosen son, Dallas Alfred Ophus, was born on November 1, 1976.

We formed our own construction company when Tom bought a Komatsu Dozer in September, 1978. Tom has been clearing land for the farmers in the winter and, during the summer and fall months, our

machine is on government construction building various roads.

Our main hobbies are horses, horses and more horses!! We are all members of the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club since it was first formed in 1970. We enjoy riding horses, gymkhanas, rodeos and wagon riding in the summer and, in the winter months, we have great fun going sleigh riding with the team. We are also members of the Beaver Meadow & District Agricultural Society.

Our chosen daughter, Cecilia Susanne Ophus was born on October 13, 1981. Our family is now complete and we sure enjoy living in this district; it's a great community.



Dallas and Cecilia Ophus (5 yrs. old and 5 months old)

JOHN AND ELIZABETH PATERSON

by Grace Goode

John and Elizabeth Paterson were born in Scotland. There they married and raised a family of seven - Jim, Bob, John, Bill, Margaret, Grace and Elizabeth.

The three eldest boys came to Canada in the early 1900's. Jim and John Jr. worked in Winnipeg as motor-

men on the street railway. Bob worked on the west coast as a longshoreman. He also worked in California and Mexico. They eventually filed on homesteads north of Mackay in the Windfield district.

Jim went home for Xmas in 1913 and convinced his dad that the rest of the family should come to Canada, so in March 1914 they sailed from Glasgow.

John Sr., Jim and Bill went to the homestead to build a house while the others waited in Winnipeg. Grace worked at a resort on Lake Minaki. When the family came to Junkins (Wildwood) by train, the men met them with horses and wagon.

To the best of my knowledge the Patersons had the first threshing machine in the district. They did custom threshing, grinding and woodsawing.

Granny Paterson had rheumatism and couldn't get around very well, but she managed to grow a beautiful flower garden and packaged seeds for anyone who wanted them. She was well known by the school children who would stop there to get warm on cold winter days.

After Bill's death, Jim and Bob sold the land and moved to Hattonford where they lived for a few years on the northwest corner of Harry Ford's land.

Due to illness, Jim moved to Edmonton, where he lived with his sister, Grace for a short time, then moved to a nursing home in Fort Saskatchewan, where he passed away. Bob moved to Edmonton to live with his niece, then to a nursing home and passed away in 1972. John sold his farm to Karl Larsen and moved to Edmonton, then Victoria where he passed away in 1972. The four boys never married.

Margaret married Bob Malstrom. They farmed in the Hattonford District and had one son, Robert. Margaret passed away in 1931. Grace married Jacob Guignion and lived on S.E. - 55 - 12 - W5. Elizabeth married Arthur Guignion and lived on NW - 26 - 55 - 12 - W5. John Paterson was buried on February 11, 1950 and Elizabeth Paterson (Boyd) on October 21, 1940.

DAVE POETTENDER FAMILY

by Grace Cundict

The Poettenders answered an advertisement of Frank McNally's and came from Scotland to work for him. They first stayed with the John Brooks family. After finding their own home, they stayed about four years before returning to Scotland. From there they went to Australia, where they are now living on a large spread owned by a relative.

VERNON AND BEATRICE PRIESTLEY—WRIGHT

Vernon (Peter) was born at Peterborough, England in 1910, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Priestley-Wright. He had one brother and three sisters.

Peter received his public school and college education at Peterborough. His college major was industrial chemistry. After completing his education, he worked at one of the first artificial silk factories in England, located in his home town of Peterborough. This was a French concern, which was forced to close after a short time, due to political pressure. Peter then switched over to the beet sugar factory, also in Peterborough.

In 1929, Peter decided to come to Canada under the Alberta Government U.F.A. farm help immigration plan. Under this scheme, young men were brought into



Jim, Bob and John Paterson with Grace and Betty Guignion.

the country and sent to the Vermilion Agriculture School for three months. They were then placed on farms in the province where help was needed. Peter was sent to St. Paul's Anglican Indian Residential School at Cardston. He worked on the school farm until the farming season was over in the fall, then obtained employment in the laboratory at the sugar beet factory in Raymond for seven consecutive sugar making campaigns, returning to the Indian School when the campaign was finished. After receiving a fourth class steam engineer's certificate, he operated the school's heating system on the night shift during the winter. He would return to the school farm division for the spring and summer, then back to the sugar factory in the fall.

I, Beatrice (Triss) Cundict, was born at Manor, Saskatchewan in 1908. In 1910, my family and I moved to Edson. We left Edson in 1913 and moved to a homestead at Hattonford. I received my education at intervals at Hattonford, Edmonton and Edson. Due to the lack of a High School at Hattonford, the local school board was obliged to pay my tuition fees at the Edson High School. I worked for my room and board at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. Mathesons; he was the R.C.M.P. officer in charge of the Edson detachment at that time. When I reached the age of twenty-one, the local school board no longer paid my tuition fees, and since my parents could not afford to, my education came to an end. Due to continual raising of the educational requirements to enter nurse's training, and not being able to further my education, my hopes of being a nurse came to an abrupt halt. I was able, however, to get a position at the Mental Hospital at Ponoka for a short period of time. Later, Reverend J.C. Mathews suggested I apply for a position at one of the Anglican Residential Indian Schools. My application was accepted and in September, 1930, I went to the Saint Paul's Anglican Indian Residential School at Cardston. While there, I was in charge of the dairy, the bake room, the laundry and kitchen at different times.

Peter and I were married at All Saints Church at Hattonford in 1934. We lived at the former Dave Strachan's residence, and Peter filed on a homestead north-east of my dad's homestead. In the fall of 1934, we moved to Raymond for the sugar campaign. Our son, Frederick Walter was born at Lethbridge during this time.

After the campaign, we returned to Hattonford, again returning to Raymond in the fall of 1935 for the sugar

making campaign. That year, the B.C. Sugar Company started to build a new factory. In January 1936, we moved to Picture Butte. There were not many places to rent then, so we lived in a one-room shack for a while, then were able to rent two rooms in a house until the spring of 1937 when we were able to have a home built. At this time, our daughter, Margarette Joyce was born. Due to Peter working off and on during winter campaigns, we decided to sell our home at Picture Butte and returned to Hattonford in April, 1941. We did not move to the homestead originally filed on, but bought the S.E. quarter of 5-56-12-W5, which was closer to school. Fred started school then, and Margarette started a month later at the request of the teacher, Mrs. E. Watson. We stayed with Mom and Dad until our small lumber house was built. We got some land cleared, broken and cultivated with the use of Dad's machinery and horses until we were able to purchase our own. We raised some cattle, horses, pigs, chickens and geese. After acquiring these animals, we built a log barn, a chicken house and other necessary buildings.

Every fall, Peter would return to the sugar factory at Picture Butte for three to four months and the children, and I looked after the farm while he was away.

As time went by, it became impossible to get teachers in the small country schools, so the children were not receiving a proper education. At this time, a new sugar factory was being built at Taber and Peter was offered a steady and permanent position as chief chemist at the Picture Butte factory. Thus, we decided to move back to Picture Butte so the children could receive a high school education, after which I worked in the laboratory office for twenty campaigns.

We remained in Picture Butte for a few years after Peter's retirement from the sugar factory. Then, because of ill health, we sold our home and moved into an apartment in Brooks, where we still reside. Our ties with Hattonford are still strong; we frequently visit my sister, Kathleen, and our son, Fred who now lives on Dad's homestead.

Our daughter, Margarette, after graduating from the Picture Butte High School, went to the University Hospital in Edmonton to study for a laboratory technologist, later going to the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto, where she obtained her R.T. Certificate. She then went to work at the Lady Minto Hospital in

Cochrane, Ontario, where she met and married Ronald Eaton. While in Cochrane, Margarette and Ron had two daughters, Jean and Kathryn.

In 1968, they moved to Lethbridge and Margarette worked in two hospitals there, eventually becoming charge technologist of the haematology labs of the combined hospital laboratories. Ron studied to become an X-ray Technologist at the Municipal Hospital in Lethbridge, where he obtained his certification. After graduating, he accepted a position in the X-ray department at the Brooks Hospital causing the family to move to Brooks. Margarette worked in the laboratory at the doctor's clinic for a while, then took a business course at a branch of the Medicine Hat College and is now employed by Uni-Flex Rig Co. of Brooks. Jean is attending Grant MacEwan College in Edmonton, studying physiotherapy and Kathryn is attending high school in Brooks.

While in Calgary, Fred married Margaret Farkas. After graduating from S.A.I.T., he had the opportunity to work for Boeing in Montreal, on the Bomarc missile program. When this project was scrapped by the Canadian government, Fred was transferred to the Boeing plant in Seattle, Washington.

After working there for two-and-a-half years, he and his family returned to Alberta and Fred changed from aeronautical engineering to petroleum engineering. He worked for Caproco, a cathodic pipeline protection company out of Edmonton, spending much time in the Estevan, Saskatchewan oil fields. Fred soon started his own business of a similar nature and moved himself and his family to Estevan. Fred and Margaret were later divorced; Margaret and the two younger children, Lance and Lynette, moved to Calgary while Fred and the two older boys, Peter and Lars, remained in Estevan.



The Priestley-Wright Family; Fred, Margaret, Margarette Eaton, Ron Eaton, Lars, Peter, Peter Sr. holding Lynette, Lance and Triss holding Kathryn and Jean Eaton.

FRED PRIESTLEY-WRIGHT AND FAMILY

After graduating from the Picture Butte High School, Fred went to Mount Royal College in Calgary, studying aeronautical engineering; later he transferred to S.A.I.T.



June and Fred Priestley-Wright

On July 4, 1969, Fred married Miss June Bast, a teacher from London, Ontario, whom he had met while both were vacationing in Barbados, West Indies. They continued to live in Estevan for six years and June taught school there. Fred sold his business at Estevan and bought his grandfather's farm in Hattonford. He had long planned to return someday to the area where he had spent his youth. They lived in Edson until Lars had completed high school and had started a two-year course at Olds Agricultural College. They then moved to the farm, living in a mobile home until their house was finished. Fred is now raising registered, purebred Polled Hereford cattle and June is the school and community librarian at Niton Central School.

Peter and his wife, Artna live in Edmonton and are hoping to buy land in the Hattonford area. Lars has purchased some land from his father and intends to farm with him.

THE ROBERT RANDALL FAMILY

Robert (Bob) was born in Edmonton in 1945. His parents lived in several Alberta towns until they settled in Dawson Creek. Bob lived with his sister and family in Vegreville and this is where he met Lorna at the Agricultural Fair.

Lorna was born in Viking, Alberta in 1949. Her parents, James and Doris Currie, lived at Viking until Lorna had finished grade one. At this time they moved to Crescent Spur, B.C. They lived there for three years before moving to the Chip Lake area and, one year later, to Niton. Lorna took all of her schooling from grade four to twelve at Niton Central. During her high school years she worked at the local grocery store.

In 1967, Lorna travelled the Agriculture Fair circuit with her grandfather and Uncle Ervin, showing large Percheron horses. When they reached Vegreville, a little boy was especially interested in the large horses and a colt which was with the teams. This little boy was also impressed with Lorna, so went home to convince his big brother, Bob, to come and meet her. Somehow things were meant to be and on May 23rd, 1969, Lorna and Bob were married.

The wedding took place on a beautiful, early summer

day at the little Niton Church. The reception was held in the Niton Community Centre and the dance at Carrot Creek.

Lorna and Bob lived in Edmonton for one year, then bought a mobile home and moved to Spruce Grove with their son, James. Later Keith was born and six happy years were spent at this location.

In 1976 Bob decided he'd like to try the country life, so he bought a quarter of land from Lorna's parents. On June 29, 1977, the mobile home was moved out to the farm on N.E. 5-55-11-W5.

Lorna was not too impressed with this rainy country. The first twenty-seven days she lived in this area, it rained every day. At this time she was lonely, stranded with no vehicle, and no telephone. Finally on her birthday, August 2nd, Alberta Government Telephones installed the telephone. Having a sister only three miles away and her parents fairly close helped out in these trying times. At this time, Bob was away for at least a week at a time.

Right after they moved out, it was discovered Bob had a terrible allergy to grain products. This resulted in Lorna having to learn to cook all over again, but, thankfully, it was nothing worse. Then in August, Keith fell and had to spend three days in the hospital with a concussion. In September, Bob came down with appendicitis and had an operation in Edmonton. After all this, was it any wonder Lorna hated it here?

Gradually, things changed. Bob got a deal on a small car for Lorna's use and was going to be home every night, which he never had been before. The family joined the community organizations and began to feel at home. In 1979, the Randalls traded their mobile home in on a modular home. After a lengthy stay in a travel trailer, they moved into their new home.

In 1980 Lorna took a part-time job at the local Esso Gas Plant office. She finds this very rewarding and it fills in long days with the boys in school and Bob leaving at 6:30 a.m. to work in Edson for A.G.T.

James is very active in school sports and has made several close friends. Keith does very well in the gymkhana club, in which both boys ride.

Lorna and Bob belong to the Beaver Meadow and District Agriculture Society. Lorna is the 1982 president and Bob is the 2nd vice-president.

ERNEST REAR SR. AND ERNEST REAR JR.

I was born in England in 1907. My father worked on a farm for a bachelor and my mother kept house. In 1912, my parents decided to go to Canada.

Dad and his brothers decided to homestead in Alberta. They filed on land north of Peers, in November, 1913. My mother passed away in 1918. I stayed with friends for two years while Dad worked at Cadomin on the coal branch. We left the Peers district in 1923 and worked on a farm near Wainwright until we came to the Hattonford district.

We left Wainwright in April of 1927. Dad and I spent a couple of days in Edmonton before boarding the west-bound train to look for a homestead somewhere. As it happened, I was talking to a fellow-passenger, Mr. Fred Cundict, who was homesteading north of Niton. Mr. Cundict's son, Bert, met the train, so we rode with them to Hattonford and stayed at the Cundict home overnight.

The next day I asked Mr. Cundict if there was any land suitable for homesteading in Hattonford and he answered in the affirmative. Dad and I looked some land over and went back to Edmonton to file on the SE8-56-12-W5.

On our return to Niton, we were informed there would be no one coming south to Niton for awhile on account of the spring breakup. A Niton resident said he had a little shack we could stay in, which we did. After a couple of days, I saw a team coming from the north. It was Frank Ford. When I asked him if he could take a few things to the homestead, he said, "Sure." So, after his horses were fed and rested, we loaded up and were away. It started to rain after we'd gone a mile or so. About five miles north of Niton there was what was known as "the trapper's shack". By this time it was pouring. A head poked out of the shack door and said, "Do you think it's going to rain, boys?" and I answered "Yep!" However, the journey finally ended and, once again, we stayed at the Cundict home.

Mr. Cundict took our belongings the remaining two miles to the homestead, and after unloading, his parting words were, "Don't work too hard, boys." Dad and I got busy setting up a tent which we lived in all summer, while building a log house. We didn't quite complete the job before going harvesting to Castor, Alberta. I got the job of firing the steam engine at threshing time. I was always fascinated by steamers and enjoyed the work very much. On our return, we finished the house. During the winter of 1927-28, I had the experience of learning to use a broad-axe hewing railway ties.

Land had to be cleared by hand in the early days. This involved a lot of hard work and was slow going. It took quite awhile to clear just one acre.

During the winter months, for some years, I worked in lumber camps, cutting logs or working on the sawmill. I remember working for Art Sonne in the winter of 1943-44, sawing ties. I was canting on the mill and also getting the engine started in the mornings. Art Sonne's son, Carl, worked on the mill with me, also Peter Ford and a young fellow from the North Derby district, whose name I've forgotten.

Several members of the community enjoyed playing, singing, etc. The Anderson family were good musicians. Under the tutelage of Mrs. Anderson, a quartette was formed - My father, Ernie Cox, Bill Jillett, and myself. Also, Mrs. Fred Cundict, Mrs. Anderson, Frank Ford, and Charlie Hardy sang together.

The Young People's Club sponsored a play, "The Arizona Cowboy", which included quite a large cast and was two-and-a-half hours in duration. Those who took part were: Mrs. Ashmead, Harry Hodges, Ernie Cox, Kathleen Cundict, Earl Schomer, Chester Ingle, Joyce Ford, Bill Jillett, and Ted Cundict.

Hattonford had a fairly good men's baseball team and the girls had a basketball club.

During the summer of 1935, several of the younger set went to Shining Bank Lake for a week of camping. We had a very enjoyable time. The group included Mrs. Strudwick and her son John, Joyce Ford, Renee Ford, Kathleen Cundict, Elsie Watson, Ted Cundict, Bill Anderson, Ernie Cox, Pete Arnold, and myself.

Also in 1935, I had a nice stand of wheat which was

almost ready to cut. Around 5:00 P.M. it started to hail; at about 7:00 P.M. it started to hail again and, believe me, it really hailed! So, there weren't any harvesting and threshing expenses that fall. However, it was the only crop I lost by hail during my many years of farming.

We farmed in a small way with horses for a few years. The greatest problem working horses was the flies were so terribly bad. However, in 1939, I bought a secondhand 10-20 Hart Parr tractor; it was a cylinder engine and the old thing popped right along. I did a lot of work with it. Then, in 1948, I rigged up a small sawmill and sold some lumber which helped to buy a new Model S Case tractor and a two-bottom plow. We really thought we were going places then!

Some years later, Dad and I moved to Niton to look after Tom Clark's place. I also built a cabin for him. After a two-year stay in Niton, I got a job at the Edmonton Flying Club and we moved to the city. Kathleen Cundict looked after the homestead during the years I was away.

My father passed away in 1961, so in the spring of 1962 I returned to Hattonford, where I still reside.



Ernest Rear Sr. and Ernie Jr.

EDWARD AND MARGARET REGNIER

I was born and grew up in Jasper. After completing high school there, I trained as a Registered Nursing Assistant at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton.

Eddy was born at Olds, and grew up in the Sundre

area. He later worked as a big game guide and packer for outfitters in the Jasper area, where we lived for some time after our marriage.

Since 1973, our permanent home has been in the East Bank District. At the present time, we have our trailer at Beaver Creek Ranch, belonging to my parents, Clarence and Geraldine Wilkins. In the meantime, Eddy is proving up on our nearby agricultural lease, as well as working as a pipefitter in the gas plants during the winter months.

In 1979, we bought the Miette Trail Rides and Summer Pack Trip business in Jasper Park. From May to September, with our three daughters, Maureen, ten, Christy, eight, and Shauna one-and-a-half years, we operate this. On both sides of my family I am the third generation to be involved in the tourist and outfitting business in the Jasper area.



Margaret, Ed, Maureen, Shawna and Christine Regnier

EARL WILLIAM SCHOMER FAMILY

Earl William was born in the year of 1907 in Faith, South Dakota, U.S.A. In around 1925 - 1930 he came to Hattonford with his mother and two sisters and got a homestead. He was the oldest, then his sister Bell, then Goldy. Bell and his mother moved away later. Goldy married Mr. Sites, who had a farm south west of Mayer-

thorpe. They had four children, Laura, Sam, George and Basil. They are all married now.

Earl came often from Hattonford to visit his younger sister and family, also to help them out.

Earl was in the logging business. He hauled ties to Mackay from Hattonford with a team of horses.

He worked on the highway, which is now Highway 16, when it was first being built from Niton west to Jasper. He drove one of the graders, which was pulled by eight horses. He was injured when they scared and ran away. He broke and dislocated some ribs when he fell off. In fact he was lucky to come out alive.

We met when he came over to see his sister, (I was Mary Razzo then). His sister and I were very good friends. I used to go over to help, as she was not in very good health. Later she died of a heart ailment, about 1935.

Later my mom died and I went to work. I came back home because my dad was going to Vancouver, to visit one of my sisters. I went with him so he wouldn't be travelling alone in the old Ford car. I went to work there. Later Earl sent for me. We were married in December 1939. We lived in a log house by the National Store which was owned by Mr. Maltson. Earl helped by tending the store while Mr. Maltson was away for groceries or whatever.

In 1939 our son was born in Edson. We named him Robert William. He is married and has one daughter, Iris. Later Margaret was born. Now she is married to James Bray. They are farming and have ten children, Wanda, Danny, Christine, and Rocky, who are out working. Tex, Trixie, Emma, Patrick, Cindy and Trever, are going to school.

We were still in Hattonford when our youngest daughter, Pauline, was born. Now she's married to Dennis Baudine, and lives in Edson. He's teaching school there. They have six children: Joann, who is working out, Carmen, Tiffany, Christal, Danny and Nichole, who are going to school.

Earl had to quit working for Mr. Maltson because of his health, due to the accident. Another doctor told us he had an enlarged heart because of too much bone formation, causing a lump on the ribs which irritated the

heart.

We had to go on relief, which was five dollars a month and we had three little mouths to feed. Later we went to Edmonton, to his sister Bell's place. By then, she was married to Jim Brown. I told the relief representatives that we had to get a place to live where we could get to a doctor for Earl. From Edmonton they moved us to the relief camp at Westlock. They said that the foreman there would see that he got to the doctor. Pauline was one and a half years old. We stayed just a few months, as that wasn't a very nice place to be.

Then we moved back with his brother-in-law, Mr. Sites. Now we were getting fifteen dollars relief a month. We sold our sleigh and bought a cow so the children would have milk. We lived in a granary until we could find a better place to live. Finally we got a house two miles south on the base line. We had one horse left, which I hooked up to a buggy that my dad gave us, which was supposed to be pulled by a team. The only thing I could do was tie one end of the single tree back so



Earl Schomer with our first born.

the one horse could pull it. I used it to get groceries from town, and then hurry back, as Earl was getting worse and I did not like to leave him any longer than I could help. We were there when Earl died in the year of 1944.

Later I got a chance to buy NE - 10 - 57 - 9 - W5, where I still live, for a down payment and the rest in monthly payments.

JAKE AND JENNIE SCHRIEVER

We arrived in Canada from Holland on April 20, 1953. We had six children and were expecting number seven. Our Tina was the first one born on Canadian soil, six weeks after our arrival. (We had six more children, all born in Edson hospital). My parents and two sisters were here already, so we moved in with my oldest sister and her family, the Wildeboers, until our baggage arrived.

My first impression of Canada was the friendliness of the people. We did not know any English, but many people helped us to overcome this. One of them was old Bill MacKay, who was then the storekeeper in Mackay. He would hold up a product and tell me the name of it. There was also a bit of prejudice. Some kids would head our children off, not wanting to let them pass, and calling them names like Flying Dutchman or Dike Runner.

We had been here for only one week when our two oldest ones went to school and Jake went to work for the C.N.R. It was hard for them at first, because they did not understand what they were told to do. Our son, Keith, was called into the principal's office one day and got a lecture and, to this day, he never found out what it was all about!

That first winter was the hardest. We had no car as yet and Jake came home only on weekends, riding on a train. I was not used to wooden houses, as they were all built of brick in Holland. One evening as I was sitting alone after the children had gone to bed, there was a loud report like a rifle shot that almost scared me out my wits. But nothing else happened and there did not seem to be anyone around. Later, I found out that it was the frost making the timbers crack. At another time there was a knock on the door, or so I thought. I

went to see, but nobody was there. A little while later, the same thing happened again. This time I went outside to look and there was a woodpecker, knocking on the wall of the house.

Jake had his share of troubles, too. He once bought a can of tomatoes, only to learn that it was ketchup instead. Our first car was a Model A. When Jake was working in Hargwin, he bought two goats. He took the back seat out of the car, put the goats in, and drove them home. He had opened the windows, so the goats could stick their heads out. The people whom he passed laughed and blew their horns at them.

Jake worked for the C.N.R. for eleven years. He then quit and started farming. The first land that we bought was Nolan Watson's place in 1955; but that was only one quarter, so we bought three more quarters in 1956 from Mr. Ulfsten. After ten years, we bought the old Paterson's place and lived there for another ten years, until 1975. In the meantime, Jake had bought a sawmill. The kids helped him with that and did most of the chores as well. We had good times as well as bad ones. There is still a treehouse that the boys built in one of the trees behind the house.

One year when Jake was in the hospital in Edmonton with an inflammation of the nerves, two of our neighbours, Roger Woite and Karl Larsen, put in the crop for us that spring. Then in the fall, it got snowed under. That's what they got for their pains, but their combined efforts were greatly appreciated.

Our reason for leaving Holland and coming to Canada was that in this country there was more of a chance to get ahead and, for our children, there were more opportunities than in that crowded little country. We have not been disappointed. All the kids are grown up now and all are doing well.

During the winter of 1974 - 75, forty of our calving cows died. What was wrong with them remains a mystery. It had to do with their thyroid glands, but neither the local veterinarian nor those we called in from Edmonton knew just what or why. That did it. We decided to give up farming and move to Spruce Grove. Jake got a job with a construction outfit and is still there and enjoying it.

Most of our children are living closeby. Seika, Hank,

Bob and Dennis are all in Edmonton. Lena, Keith, Bey and Coba are in Stony Plain. Jennie is in Wildwood. Tina and Milly are in Calgary. The one who lives the farthest away is Sheila, in Rycroft. Emma is living the closest to where we used to live, in Mackay.



Mr. and Mrs. Jake Schriever and family

TERRY AND TERESA SHEPHERD

We came to the area of Hattonford intending to stay a week, spending Thanksgiving with Fran (Terry's Mom) and Walter Currie. As fate would have it, we are still here! Terry took advantage of the opportunity of working for Bill Manary with Northern Forest Consultants.

Terry was born September 10, 1962, in Prince George, British Columbia. He's the oldest of three brothers. Brian, the second oldest, is working in the Alpine Bakery in Vanderhoof, B.C. and Earl, the youngest, is helping his mom on the ranch.

Terry's dad, George, is a trucker. His hobby is photography and he has been selected as one of the top ten finalists in Alberta to go on a trip to Europe in the spring of 1982.

Terry's mom, Fran, is a rancher's wife and her interest in sheep, cows, quarter horses and Morgan horses keeps her busy. Presently, she is taking an art course and likes to paint portraits and horses.

I was born November 4, 1964, at St. Helen's,

Oregon, U.S.A. I'm the youngest of four, having two sisters and one brother. On November 11, 1967, we moved to Vanderhoof, B.C. where my father Neil Miller, has been a rancher for the last fifteen years.

Terry's hobbies are swimming, waterskiing, hunting and fishing, while I like to wade (!), ride horses, read, and work crafts. We were married December 29, 1981.

We have found that living in Hattonford is quite the experience, as we have no hydro or running water, and now I know how the pioneers felt way back in the early days.



Terry and Teresa Shepherd

JOHN AND KATHERINE SKOROBOHATY

by their children, Mike, Annie and Mary

John was born in Austria where he served his country in the First World War. In 1925, he married Katherine Lahola, also born in Austria.

John immigrated to Canada in 1929 and he took up a homestead in the Windfield area. A year later, he was joined by his wife and four-year-old son, Mike. His year of waiting was spent preparing for his family to arrive from the old country.

In July of 1932, their second child, a daughter, Annie was born at home, attended by a midwife, Mrs. John Brooks. She also attended the delivery of their third child, another daughter, Mary, in January of 1934.

John built cabins and farmed in the summer. Winter months were spent working in tie camps.

Fate was not kind to the Skorobohaty family in 1938. While working in camp, John took sick and was brought home. Being winter and hard times, he hoped to be able to recover at home. His condition proceeded to get worse. A friend and neighbor, John Antonach, took him to Mackay with a team and sleigh. Seeing him in the sleigh box, padded with straw and covered with blankets, the family had no idea that John would not return home from the hospital in Edmonton. He passed away March 8, 1939 from cancer of the liver.

Katherine and her three children were now faced with many hardships but had to carry on. Her many ways of providing for her family included growing and selling garden vegetables and selling milk, cream and butter to the local store in Mackay.

Katherine married Bill Ganchar, only to have tragedy strike again. She and her children were left alone once more.

Katherine's health was failing by now, but she still managed to farm as much as possible. Mike was forced to quit school and work out at the age of fourteen. His first job was in a lumber camp of Henry Dewalt in Evansburg.

Katherine had a few years of good health again. With Mike still working out and farming picking up, the family saw a few years of good times.

In 1947, fate took its toll again and Katherine became ill. Annie was forced to quit school and care for her mother and the farm. After doctoring for about a year, cancer was discovered. She underwent surgery in November and returned home to her family. On May

14, 1949 she passed away, leaving to mourn her son, Mike, and daughters, Annie and Mary.

Once more, the family had to carry on. Mike, now working for Tom Clark, continued to work out. Annie looked after the farm during the week, with Mike and Mary helping on the weekends. Mary was in Evansburg finishing high school. Mr. and Mrs. Chalak and many neighbours were very helpful in many ways.

In 1952 Annie married Alex Adams. They took up farming in the Balm district, southwest of Mayerthorpe. They have six children; three boys, Jim, Don and Bryan, and three daughters, Marlene, Renee and Leanne.

Mike sold the family farm and moved to Niton Junction where he bought Tom Clark's garage. He married Helen Procupuik. They have three daughters - Maryann, Lynda, and Patricia, and one son, Michael.



John Skorobohaty

In 1955, Mary married Grant Hewins. They lived in Wildwood where Grant was employed by Haliburton. A promotion for Grant meant a move to Red Deer, where they now live. They have three children - one girl, Karen, and two boys, Dennis and Bruce.



Katherine Skorobohaty

FRED AND HELEN SMIGELSKI

Fred Michael Smigelski was born in 1933 and raised at Beach Corner, Alberta. He attended Blueberry School until he finished grade nine, at which time he went to work for the Albrecht Brothers in their lumber camp at Spurfield. During the summer he worked for the Department of Highways. Then, in 1956, Fred purchased his own gravel truck and, in 1959, began to haul water and oil.

Helen Chalak was born in the Edson Hospital in

1938. She attended the Windfield School until grade nine then Niton Central School to grade twelve. After graduating, Helen attended McTavish Business College and worked in Edmonton until she married Fred in 1961.

Fred and Helen lived at Carvel for their first winter, then moved to Swan Hills where Fred drove a water truck. From there they moved to Wildwood where they ran the U.F.A. Bulk Station. However, in 1962, when Helen's father passed away, they moved to the Chalak homestead to take over the farm.

Fred and Helen have four children: Steve, born in 1966, Stanley, born in 1967, Scott in 1971 and Cindy in 1972.

The Smigelski family are actively involved in the community through the Beaver Meadow and District Agricultural Society, the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club, the Carrot Creek 4-H Club and the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Wildwood.



Helen, Fred, Steve, Stan, Cindy and Scott Smigelski

ARTHUR (ART) SONNE

When I was nine years old, I, with my stepfather and mother, Frank and Tillie Babcock, came by train to

Peers, Alberta, in the spring of 1915. Our possessions included \$30.00, clothes and bedding. An uncle of mine, Henry Hellekson, of Peers, Alberta, had written to my mother and suggested they come to Canada from their home at Faith, South Dakota. (Henry Hellekson and Matilda Babcock were brother and sister.)

Francis (Frank) Babcock took up a homestead next to Henry's and with the help of a garden, they lived on their thirty dollars.

In the fall of 1915, Frank and Henry went to Saskatchewan to work with the threshing crew for Berland Dressler, who owned the threshing machine and lived at Mahaska. They had to go to McLeod Valley, fording the McLeod river by team and wagon as they did not have a saddle for the horses.

I had my own trap line when I was eleven years old and trapped muskrats on Poison Creek and up to Sunset Lake; the run was some fifteen miles in distance.

Gradually other families moved into the district. I remember the Henry Hellekson family, Fred Cundict family, two Guignon brothers and the Frank Ford family.

For relaxation a community picnic was enjoyed at Beta Lake on the old McNally farm. Also dances were enjoyed at the Hattonford school.

The Hattonford Post Office came about around 1916 or 1917, and this is when it became known as Hattonford.

Frank Babcock and family moved to Edson, Alberta, some forty miles west and took up residence, where he acquired a job on the Canadian National Railways and I got a job delivering groceries by horse and buggy, for a storekeeper, Mr. Jealous, from 4 to 6 P.M. every day and all day Saturday, sometimes as late as 10 P.M. The wages were four dollars and fifty cents a week.

In the spring of 1919, they moved back to the homestead at Hattonford.

There were three children born to Frank and Tillie Babcock. Susan was born on the homestead at Hattonford, Edward at Edson, Alberta and Mildred at Edmonton, Alberta.

In June 1920, my mother passed away at Edmonton, and Frank and family moved back to Faith, South Dakota. They returned to Hattonford in the early summer of 1923.

That same year I started making and hauling ties to Niton, Alberta.

In 1925, I was married and settled on my own homestead where I raised a family of six children. (SW 34-55-12-5)

In 1939, I started a small saw-mill and continued with this work for two or three years.

Then in 1949, I sold my home and moved to Prince George, British Columbia.

Life in those days was quite relaxed and pleasant, far from our modern day ways of living.



Ernie Rear and Art Sonne sawing lumber and logging

AUGUST STAEHLE

as told to Gladys Davis

August Staehle was born in 1907 in the village of Adelburg, in the province of Wurttemberg, Germany. He arrived in Halifax on March 6, 1930 and then came on to Edmonton. He took a job at Spruce Grove for twelve dollars for the month of April and fifteen dollars for the month of May, helping put in crop. Usually this work consisted of a ten-hour day behind the walking plow and three horses. Later that year he made plans to go to Vancouver, but while in a German-speaking drugstore in Edmonton, he met a man who was Bill Wolfe's partner. This man said that Hattonford was the place to go and described this area very colorfully. Naturally, August thought he would give it a try, so he boarded the train for Niton.

He arrived at Niton at three a.m. and asked where the hotel was. After finding there was no hotel, he was told he could stay at Cecil Robinson's for seventy-five cents. This he did and, in the morning, went to Mrs. Peterson's for breakfast. Breakfast consisted of a large moose steak and cost ten or twenty cents.

Later he asked directions to Hattonford and was told to follow the road north. While heading north he met Godfried Bauch, who invited August to come along with him. August did and so spent his first winter here with Godfried Bauch.

August found a piece of Dominion Land and, in 1931, rode the freight to Edmonton to apply for this homestead. On his return he built a log house south of his present buildings, since that was where the trail crossed his land. He worked very hard to make his land productive. He cleared over one hundred acres by himself with an axe. In order to get some livestock, he worked in Anselmo clearing trees for ten cents a tree in trade for some cattle.

Bringing the cattle home in November was another story. He tried leading the cows, but they broke loose. Then he put the calves in the wagon which, because of the terrible road, later upset along the way. After finally arriving home, a dog scared the calves and they ran off. All but one returned. This one was found at McNally's in February or March, eating at their hay. A deal was made and August got ten bales of hay in trade for the calf. Mr. McNally brought the hay as far as the muskeg and August had to pack it the rest of the way

home, three bales at a time, on a saddle horse. Feed for his cattle was bought for fifty cents a load for wheat straw and one dollar a load for oats straw.

August also used to go to the prairie (usually near Medicine Hat) in the fall to help with the harvest. The train people did not mind the men riding the freights



L. to R. - August Staehle and John Maichen

free to go to harvest; on their return, however, they were asked to pay their fare, since they would have made money at the harvest.

In 1932, after the harvest, August bought a horse for fifteen dollars and a saddle for five dollars and decided to ride back home from Medicine Hat. He came via Lloydminster, where he stopped for two days and was hired to pick potatoes for five cents a sack. He picked twenty sacks. He was able to stable his horse at the livery barns for fifty cents a day; breakfast cost fifteen cents, so the one dollar wage was soon spent. He then came on to Edmonton where he spent two more days. In total, the trip of six hundred miles took sixteen days—twelve of them spent riding an average of fifty miles per day.

The last year August went out for the harvest was in 1939 and he says, "You could make a living- that's all - not get ahead - before the war."

In 1962, August went back to Germany for a three-week holiday. He found things very different from when he had lived there.

August is still very active, farming and raising a few

cattle. He has a daughter, Maureen, born in 1963. She now lives in Edmonton.

EDMUND STERRY FAMILY

by Gladys Wagner and Nancy Clark

In 1912, the two Sterry brothers of Gloucestershire, England wanted a challenge so they came to Canada. Each of them filed on a homestead and lived in their log shacks which they built. They bought oxen to break their land, which they cleared by hand.

When World War I broke out, they volunteered their services, so they returned to England to fulfill their duties in the Army. After the war was over, William stayed in England and our father, Edmund, returned to Canada to continue to farm. At this time, he purchased two more quarters of land and also bought his brother's place.

Arriving in Edmonton on June 1, 1922 Kathleen Emily Smith, from Gloucestershire, joined Edmund in marriage. Then they came out to their place in Hattonford. They lived in a shack for a short while until they finished building the house which Dad had started before Mother came out.

Mother said it took awhile to get used to living here, after living in England, but with two good neighbors, Mrs. Guignon and Mrs. Ford who were close enough that they could walk and visit with one another, helped a lot.

They had two daughters, Gladys and Nancy. The family attended all the picnics and fairs which took place each year and Christmas Tree concerts which were held in the school, and later in the hall. Large crowds gathered, all ages attended and everyone really enjoyed themselves. Mother and the other ladies helped with lunches, the filling of the Christmas stockings and the wrappings of the presents, which everyone enjoyed doing.

After living on their place for nine years, Dad and Mother purchased George Gordon's farm and also had other land rented.

In those years, there were always plenty of wild berries. Mother and we two girls used to walk to our

neighbors, the Ashmeads and Ingles, and pick berries with them all day. Then they would have us stay for supper. Their cooking sure tasted good, as we all returned very tired and hungry with our pails full of berries. Our neighbors just across the road, the Sonnes, had plenty of raspberries and saskatoons on their place and we were always welcome to go over and pick, so we were never short of fruit for the winter.

Dad and Mother remained farming until their retirement in 1960, at which time they moved to Entwistle. In 1966 Mother passed away and Dad passed away in 1970. They are both buried in the Hattonford Cemetery.



Nancy, Ed, Kathleen and Gladys Sterry, 1940's

DAVE AND HELEN STRACHAN

by Lindsay Strachan

My father, Dave Strachan, left Dundee, Scotland for Canada in 1910. He worked on the telegraph in Brandon, Manitoba for approximately two years before leaving for Edmonton. Here he met up with his friend, Alf Potts, and wife, Jean.

They heard about a settlement, twelve miles north of Niton that was available for homesteading, so decided to find out more about it. Arriving at Niton Railway Station, they found the route to the settlement was by a rough trail cut out of the bush. Their destination was a

log house, the home of Frank Ford, his mother, Mary and sister, Helen. This home served in those days as a meeting place for all the new settlers arriving. After checking a survey map of the area, they left to find a piece of land suitable for farming. After walking for hours in heavy bush, they at last decided on a place which suited them. They stayed and built a little cabin. Alf later sent for his wife to join them.

My father stayed with them for awhile but later left to file on a piece of land for himself; he also built a house and cleared some land. He married Helen Ford in 1916. As the settlement grew, there became a need for a post office and mail delivery. My mother became the postmistress, and my father carried the mail to Niton and back, meeting the trains. Hattonford was the name chosen for the new district.

My mother was raised at Harmston, Lincolnshire, England and came to Canada with her mother, Mary Ford. They made their home with her brothers, Frank and Herbert. My Uncle Herbert had a homestead not far from Frank's. When war broke out in 1914, Herbert enlisted and went overseas where he was killed in action. Frank also served overseas with the forces. He returned after the war and continued farming. Frank and Herbert were the first settlers in this district, so they explored different routes to the outer areas. One was fording the McLeod River with horses and wagon to Mahaska; this was a dangerous crossing and many times they almost lost all with the water currents. They also paddled their way across Chip Lake to the east delivering eggs, butter, etc.

Some of the hardy folk that made Hattonford their new home were as follows: Arnolds, Ashmeads, Babcocks, Bartleys, Bendalls, Bowermans, Bryants, Coxes, Cundicts, Fords, Fickles, Fultins, Gordons, Guests, Guignions, Helleksens, Humphries, Larsens, McDonalds, Moffits, Pattersons, Potts, Rears, Sonnes, Strachans, Sterrys, Williams, and Woodrings.

While Postmistress Mother recalled many peculiar instances, one she often mentioned was of a fellow who came to live there. He built a little cabin for himself in the thick woods. He would hunt rabbits to eat; in the winter he had a pile of rabbit caracasses frozen by his door. He threaded cord among the trees from his cabin out a fair distance; this enabled him to follow the cord back safely to his home without getting lost. This same

fellow came to the post office and asked mother to send back a pair of boots that he had worn all winter. Mother mentioned that it was not really the right thing to do, but he insisted that the boots were not what he needed then and he wished to get another pair, in exchange, for summer wear. Eaton's catalogue was the main supplier of goods through the mails at that time. To my mother's astonishment Eaton's sent a new pair of summer work boots to the gentleman, no questions asked.

In the year 1913, my grandmother, Agnes Strachan, left Dundee, Scotland with her two sons, Lindsay and Francis. They journeyed to Hattonford and settled on a piece of land north of my father's. Later, they built a house there. Lindsay and Francis both joined the forces when war broke out. Lindsay died on active duty. Francis was wounded and returned to Canada after the war, but left Hattonford for business employment in Calgary. He retired at Victoria, B.C. where he died in 1942. My grandmother Strachan died in Edmonton in 1944.

My older sister, Agnes, was born in 1917, myself in 1918, my brother Donald in 1923, and my younger sister, Hazel, in 1928.

Agnes and I attended school at Hattonford. I was five years old. We walked to school through heavy bush on rough trails. The schoolhouse was a one-room log construction, with all grades attending; it employed one teacher. This little schoolhouse served as a dance hall, a meeting office, etc. The playground was a sports centre for annual events.

Life in those days was very much different, especially to us children. With no automation, radios, and such, we looked forward to more simple things and activities. An exciting event would be a visit from our cousins Oswald, Raymond, Kenneth and Mary Ford. They would walk from their home through the bush country with bare feet. The soles of their feet were as tough as leather. We would hunt for bumble bee nests under the spruce tree roots, where we found honey-comb to eat; we also chewed the gum or pitch from the spruce and balsam trees. Many times we saw moose and deer enter our yard. Also, bears would climb trees not far from the house. On occasions there were sports activities held at the school grounds. My Uncle Arthur, being athletically minded, would organize foot races, ball

games, jumping, vaulting and other competitions.

Employment was scarce in this area. My father worked at various jobs to get the needed cash to carry on. One winter we stayed at the Babcock's while Dad cut railway ties on contract, with Frank and Jim Babcock, also Arthur Sonne. Arthur's wife, Leena, helped cook for the men. The Corser Brothers had a large tie camp at MacKay, which gave employment to some men of the district.

We left Hattonford in 1926 for Mackay. Ed Sterry moved all our belongings by wagon and a team of mules. It was some trip, as the roads were mud holes and ruts. Here Dad was employed on the railway. When Dad was transferred, we moved to Duffield and I went back to school, as there was not school at Mackay. After finishing school at Gainford, we left home. Agnes was managing a restaurant, Hazel was a secretary in a government office, Donald joined active service in the army and I was in the airforce overseas.

Agnes, now living at Gainford, married James Millar and has one daughter. Hazel, living in Edmonton, married Harry Schultz and they have one daughter and four sons. Donald, now living at Seba Beach, married Esther Zielke and has five daughters and three sons. I married May Brown and am living in Stony Plain. We have two daughters and one son. My mother died in 1958 and my father is now 93 years old and living in Victoria, B.C.



Hazel, Agnes, Dave, Helen, Lindsay and Donald Strachan, 1948

THE CHARLES STRAUSS FAMILY

by Marcella (Strauss) Kimball

Charles Andrew Strauss was born on February 24, 1884. He left his home near Formosa, Ontario in the fall of 1905 and came west on a harvest excursion. He settled near Heisler, Alberta and never returned to Ontario.

Mrs. Strauss, formerly Theresa Ann Kuntz, was born on October 26, 1889 at Everett, Nebraska, U. S. A. She came to Daysland, Alberta in 1907 with her family, who were originally from Bruce County in Ontario.

Charles Strauss and Theresa Kuntz were united in marriage on October 10, 1910. They were the first couple to be married in the Wanda Church, near Heisler.

Mr. and Mrs. Strauss settled at Daysland and their three oldest children, Theodore, Raymond and Caroline, were born there.

In 1917, the family moved to a farm in the Galahad district, just one mile north of the Battle River and about eight miles from the town of Galahad.

Marion Matilda was born on March 24, 1918. The flu epidemic reached these parts in 1918-1919 and Marion died in the spring of 1919; she is buried in Wanda Cemetery.

While living in the Galahad district, the family grew to include Barbara, Edward, Leo, Marcella, Velna, Julia and Josephine.

On July 2, 1933, Caroline entered the Sisters of St. Joseph in Edmonton and received the name of Sister St. Charles, after her father. During her religious life, she served many years at the Galahad and Killam Hospitals. She is now at St. Joseph's Convent in Edmonton.

After three very dry years and poor crops, Charles Strauss took a homestead in the Windfield district, about ten miles north of Mackay, Alberta. He constructed a house and moved his family there in March of 1935.

In April of that year, the family moved to a rented farm in the Hattonford district. Edward, Leo, Marcella and Velna attended Hattonford School; their teacher at the time was Mrs. Watson, a very charming lady. They made many friends there, but one very special friend was Jean Wagner. Jean later married Edward Strauss and is very near and dear to the Strauss family. Marcella's happiest memory of Hattonford School was in June of 1935, when she was promoted from grade three to grade five. Having been alone in grade three, she quite enjoyed her new class and classmates in September.

On November 13, 1935, Charles Strauss hitched his team of horses to the sleigh and took his children to school. He was feeling fine. That afternoon, as he and his son Raymond were sawing wood, Mr. Strauss suffered a fatal heart attack. Barbara rushed to the nearest neighbours, the Guignions, for help. It was about a mile and she froze her feet severely, as she had not taken time to dress warmly enough for the sub-zero weather. The Woodring and Strudwick families also came to their assistance. Marcella was only nine years old at the time, but remembers how the neighbours rallied around to help when the Strauss family really needed them. The Brooks family came over immediately after hearing the news and Marcella recalls that Mrs. Brooks did the cooking and helped wherever possible. What a godsend she was, as the family was in shock and could not have coped without her. She also stayed with the younger members of the family while Mrs. Strauss, Theodore and Raymond returned to Galahad for the burial of Mr. Strauss. Uncle Frank Kuntz also came to their assistance, leaving his home at Heisler to be with the Strauss family in their time of sorrow and to help wherever possible, particularly with the farm chores. What a blessing relatives and friends are at a time like this.

In the spring of 1936, Mrs. Strauss and her family returned to their home in the Windfield district, where Leo, Marcella, Velna, Julia and Josephine attended Windfield School. In the winter they skied to school, along with Neil and Lucille Shaw from the neighbouring farm. Their skis had been made by Edward and Leo, and although not stylish, always got them to their destination and home again. They always looked forward to the end of June, not only because it meant holidays, but also because of the Annual Picnic and Dance held at the school. What great fun they all had!

The family owned a gramophone and Alberta Slim (Wilf Carter) was then the top western singing star. He is still one of Marcella's favorites today. The family had many of his records at that time and when they hear him these days it brings back many memories. In 1936, Mrs. Strauss bought a radio, one of the first in the district. Mr. Cumming, Mr. Shaw, and Jack Facey would often join Theodore and Raymond to listen to the boxing matches, to cheer Joe Louis or his opponent Tommy Farr, Max Schmelling or whoever. Great entertainment!

When World War II broke out, in the fall of 1939, Theodore was the first of the family to join the Forces. He enlisted in the Army, followed shortly by Raymond and Leo. Edward and Barbara joined the Airforce. Before Raymond joined the Army, he moved his mother and four younger sisters to Entwistle. This was in January of 1941 and they made their home there while the Strauss boys were overseas and Barbara was stationed at Fort MacLeod, Alberta.

Marcella, Velna, Julia and Josephine attended the Entwistle School. Marcella took a secretarial course at McTavish Business College in Edmonton and then worked in an office at the G. W. G. Velna completed her education in Edmonton and became a teacher. She taught school in the Strome and Heisler districts. Julia graduated from the Misericordia Hospital as a registered nurse. She worked for several years at the Misericordia and for awhile in the U. S. A. Josephine completed her education at Wanda School and then worked in Edmonton.

Mrs. Strauss received many telegrams while her sons were overseas, as Ted was wounded in Sicily, Raymond in France, and Leo in Italy. Edward was a Prisoner of War for sixteen months in Germany. One telegram that brought much happiness to the family at home was received on Marcella and Roger Kimball's wedding day, May 14, 1945, informing Mrs. Strauss that Edward had been released from the Prisoner of War Camp.

The family had many people to thank during those war years, but the most outstanding was Father Joseph Sullivan, parish priest at Entwistle. Besides keeping in touch with all the family members and delivering telegrams to Mrs. Strauss, he also kept all the family members informed of the telegrams received. There was the time that Father Sullivan phoned Sister St. Charles

to tell her that Mrs. Strauss had received a wire that Raymond was seriously ill and another the next day that he was dangerously ill. Father asked Sister to call Marcella and ask her to come home to be with her mother. Marcella was planning to go home anyway, as she was being married in the near future.

Raymond eventually improved and returned home in June of 1945, with both arms in casts. He spent some time in the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary. Theodore had returned home in 1944 and had spent several months in the University Hospital in Edmonton. Edward arrived home in June of 1945 and Leo in October of the same year, Barbara also received her discharge at about this time. The family had a happy reunion on October 14, 1945 at their home in Entwistle, with Father Sullivan also in attendance.

In the spring of 1946, Raymond Strauss bought a farm in the Heisler district. Mrs. Strauss and Josephine made their home with him there. The last years of Mrs. Strauss's life were spent with her daughter, Marcella, in Edmonton. She passed away on January 19, 1972 and was buried beside her husband in St. Donatus Cemetery at Galahad, Alberta.

During and after the war years, most of the family members married and settled in Alberta. Theodore married Vera Bruner on February 28, 1940. They were living in Edmonton at the time of his death on March 12, 1972. Vera passed away on December 24, 1978. Their family all live in Edmonton.

Raymond remained single and retired to the town of Heisler in 1970. There, he was very active in community affairs and served as treasurer of the Heisler Elks Lodge for many years. He also served on the Heisler School Board for several years. He was also a member of the Town Council until his untimely death on January 17, 1977.

Barbara married Roy Hann on May 9, 1949 and they lived in Ontario for many years. They now make their home at Granisle, B.C., where Barbara works as a secretary at Bell Copper Mine and Roy as a metallurgist at Granisle Copper. Roy served in the Royal Canadian Navy during the war.

Edward married Jean Wagner at St. Elizabeth Church, Entwistle, on December 31, 1945. Father Sullivan

was the celebrant. They farmed in the Hattonford district for many years before moving to Edmonton in 1970. They were living in Edmonton at the time of Edward's sudden death on May 19, 1972. Jean now lives in the Hattonford district.

Leo married Hazel Collett on May 3, 1951 and they live at Langley, B.C. Leo is involved in the real estate business. Hazel served in the Air Force during the war.

Marcella married Roger Kimball on May 14, 1945, one week after V.E. Day. Roger joined the Army in 1941 and spent thirteen years in the Service. After their marriage, Marcella and Roger lived in Calgary, Edmonton, Kingston, and Regina. He took his discharge in 1954 and returned to Edmonton. Roger worked for O.K. Construction for five years, then owned a service station for three years. He then worked as an electronic



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strauss

technician for C.N. Telecommunications for eighteen years and was employed there at the time of his death on May 27, 1980. Marcella and her family still live in Edmonton in the home they built for themselves in 1965.

Velna married Norbert Lorenz on December 27, 1950. They made their home in Peace River for many years, where Norbert had his own construction business. They now live at Taber, Alberta.

Julia married Melvin Gaudet on February 1, 1958. They live in Vancouver, B.C. Melvin works as an export marine supervisor for Eurocan Pulp and Paper.

Josephine married Howard Seibert on June 21, 1952. They make their home in Edmonton, where Howard has been self-employed in the trucking industry for many years.

The Strauss family have many happy memories of the Hattonford and Windfield districts and they like to return periodically to visit with sister-in-law, Jean Strauss, and to renew old friendships. Muriel (Cumings) Weber and Marcella made such a trip in September of 1981. They, along with Jean, visited the White Family and were pleased to see Dave and Mrs. White in good health and celebrating Dave's eighty-fifth birthday.



Mrs. Strauss and her family

Josephine and Howard Seibert often have the pleasure of visiting with Jean and her brothers. They go fishing with them at Shining Bank Lake in the summer.

Through Jean, the Strauss family have kept in close contact with relatives and friends in the Hattonford and Windfield districts.

EDWARD STRAUSS FAMILY

Edward, who was born October 1, 1921, came from Galahad, Alberta with his parents, Charles and Theresa Strauss in the spring of 1935. Edward had three brothers and seven sisters. One sister died when the bad flu struck in the thirties.

His family moved to the Jake Guignon homestead, which was then owned by Ross Woodring. Ed's father passed away there in 1935.

The family had other land in the Windfield area, so the family moved over east. From there, Mrs. Strauss and the girls moved to Entwistle, Alberta. The brothers farmed a little and also worked out, until the war.

On August 10, 1942 Ed joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He served in Canada and Overseas as a Sgt. Air-gunner. The crew went down in Germany on the 15th of March 1944, so Ed was listed as missing in action. His mother would send me her telegrams. Later came the word "Taken prisoner of war", which he was for fourteen months. When the war was over, he came back from overseas and was discharged September 19, 1945.

Ed and I (Jean Wagner) were married the thirty-first day of December, 1945 at the St. Elizabeth Church, Entwistle, Alberta.

We then went to Edmonton and bought a three-ton Ford truck, so Ed went into general trucking.

We moved to Mackay, Alberta in 1946. Melvin, my brother, was second driver with Ed on the truck, hauling fence posts and rails.

Our first son Dennis Arden was born the 25th of September 1946.

In 1948, Melvin set up a sawmill on his homestead in Hattonford and Ed, Dennis and I moved there. Ed worked on the mill and also hauled some of the lumber. I cooked for the mill crew.

In 1949 we moved to Maltson's camp. My brother, Harold Wagner and his wife, Gladys, were up there too. Harold and Ed worked on the saw mill. We moved out of there in April and stayed with my folks. Our second son, Donald Edward, was born in Edson Hospital on September 7, 1949.

Early in 1950, Ed filed on NW-28-55-12-W5. Earl Schomer owned this land at one time. Ed built a log shack, and in 1951 we moved over there. In the spring of 1952, Jess Bruner drilled our well. Ed was still trucking, so we bought some cows, got some clearing done, and started to farm in a small way. We built a house on the place, but Ed fell from the rafters and broke some ribs, so we never did get it finished, as he was laid up for some time. Vern Johnson came to work for us.

I bought my dad's quarter in 1955, SW-28-55-12-W5.



Ed and Jean Strauss

Then Villy Johnson came to work for us; Vern stayed with us, but worked out around the community until he moved to B.C.

In 1962 we bought the Jim Patterson's quarter over east SW-27-55-11-W5.

Dennis had finished school, so he went to work for the Department of Highways. He had just bought a Dodge Dart car, then on July 25, 1965, he drowned in the McLeod River at the age of eighteen. This having changed all our lives, we sold the farm in Hattonford to Walter Currie and moved to the Patterson place. Villy came with us. Ed had bought a new truck in 1963, so he was still trucking. Don was still in school.

In early 1969, Don went out to work and Villy moved to B.C., so we had our farm sale in the fall of 1969.

We moved to Edson and Ed hauled for 4-Way until he got his job with the commissionaires. We then moved our trailer to Spruce Grove. When we finally got a lot at the Casa Loma Trailer Court in North Edmonton, we sold our trailer and bought a new one. Meanwhile, Don had gone to work at Grande Cache in the coal mine. Then suddenly on May 19, 1972, Ed passed away. Don came home and we moved back to Hattonford to my brothers' farm where I still live in my own trailer.

Don worked out for two years. Then he married Connie Noreen Kjelland on August 10, 1974. They have their own business, and live at Niton Junction, Alberta.

THE FRED STRUDWICK FAMILY

by Violet Strudwick

In 1919 the Strudwick family arrived in Hattonford, to join the old timers who were already there and helped make Hattonford what it is today.

It was not an easy job for these pioneers who had to contend with poor roads, severe winters, flies and mosquitos and only one small store to purchase the necessities of life. For their children, there were two months schooling per year.

Hattonford has gone a long way since those early days, but these hardy pioneers deserve lots of credit in having the determination and fortitude to stick it out.

The year 1919 will be remembered as a very long hard winter. Frederick John Strudwick arrived from England the first week of October 1919. He had previously been a Chief Petty Officer in the Royal Navy, had served twenty nine years and retired. What a change from life at sea and particularly the last four years of the War!

Fred described coming to Hattonford this way. "I had been here only two weeks, barely time to look around, when it started to snow, snow, snow. It would ease off for half a day or less and snow again. This continued for some time. Potatoes and vegetables were still in the ground. Some crops were not completely harvested. This in turn made feed for cattle scarce and expensive. Some settlers lost quite a few of their cattle. The snow did not go until the end of May, 1920."

This short narrative, I'm sure, will begin to point out to the present generation why these hardy pioneers deserve so much of the credit for their determination not to be discouraged.

Fred purchased the quarter section previously owned by Herbert Ford, who lost his life in World War I. I came out to Canada in July 1920. Fred and I were married in St. Faith's Anglican Church, Edmonton, July 14, 1920; Rev. Ingram Johnson, Rector of St. Faith's Church officiated.

After a short stay in Edmonton we arrived home in Hattonford. The roads were very poor in those days and I remember looking out of the window of our house and not knowing which way we came in, north, south, east or west. There didn't appear to be a road anywhere. I guess I missed the green fields and hedges of England.

We settled down, made quite a few improvements to the house, and grew a good garden. It became home. A son was born June 23, 1921, Arthur R. G. Strudwick. Fred wrote to the Bishop in Edmonton requesting a minister to come out and baptise the baby. If I remember rightly, there were fifteen babies and children baptised that day.

Two and a half years later a daughter was born, Della Margaret, and Fred wrote again requesting a minister be sent out for Baptism. Four years later, John Edwin was born. Again Fred wrote the Bishop for a minister. By this time the Bishop said, "There's a district that needs a church!"

That is how "The Church Of All Saints" began. The people of Hattonford were fortunate in receiving a contribution of money from England to commence building the church. Most of the work was done voluntarily by the people, with exception of a carpenter. Edward Strudwick, carpenter, was chosen for the job. (brother of F. J. Strudwick). Shortly after this, a cemetery was planned and the land was donated by Frank Ford, across the road from the church. The Bishop of Edmonton came out for a service and dedicated this piece of land for the burial of the dead. This would include all denominations. Fred and I were both quite active in church and community work.

The school was usually open only for a couple of months during the summer, when other schools were closed, and University students were anxious to obtain teaching positions.

Fred and I were anxious that the children of the district be given a full term of education each year. Fred, at this time, was chairman of the School Board. The Department of Education in Edmonton passed the rule which said if a school was kept open for a full school year, it would be compulsory to continue to do so, for all time.

After some debate, it was passed at the annual school meeting that, in future, the "Beaver Meadow School" was to remain open for the full term. Arthur was six years old at this time. For several years he held the reputation of having perfect attendance. He was a healthy boy, who did not have to stay home for sickness or severe weather conditions. He had three miles to walk to school and back. He would come home from school, his cheeks as red as a rose from the cold - often thirty degrees below. He would say, "Hello!" to Fred and I, put down his lunch pail, then go out, get his sleigh and make roads on the garden patch, after the new fallen snow. Fred and I would watch him from the window and Fred made the comment, "How does that boy stand it? He doesn't stay in the house even long enough to get warm!"

Time passed, more land was broken, roads improved. Entertainment was provided for young and old; July 1st picnic, sports and dances, picnics to Lake Beta where there was fishing, boat rides, etc. The ladies would serve a delicious meal of fried chicken, pies, cakes, cookies and often strawberries. Our Agriculture Fair was discussed and organized. Albert Williams proved himself invaluable as secretary-treasurer and organizer. It was held every year in the late summer, when grain and vegetables etc., were at their best. Judges were provided by the Provincial Government, and this helped tremendously in making people more aware that Hattonford could produce excellent produce of all kinds.

Christmas brought the tree, also the concert which the teacher, pupils, and some of the adults put on. This was a great treat for the children. The ladies made the stockings, which contained oranges, apples, candies and nuts. A suitable gift was given to each child. Even the babies just born, or about to be born, received a stocking and a gift. Fred, for many years, was Santa Claus. He would arrive attired in a red costume, white beard, etc., with bells ringing, just as the concert was ending. Fred liked the children and he would inquire of each child, if they had been good, during the past year. Needless to say, they had all been very good. To add to the festivity, Mr. Fred Cundict, who was a baker by trade, would come walking in with a beautiful fruit cake, iced and decorated, which helped tremendously in giving the "Christmas Spirit" to the occasion. When New Year's Eve came, Bill Anderson, Albert Williams, and others would provide the music for the dance.

Eventually World War II broke out. The young men joined up, including Arthur, who was overseas for six years. Jeanette was five years old, when Arthur first saw his little sister. Fred became ill and died of cancer of the tongue in 1942, when our youngest child, Jeanette, was only six months old. I remained in Hattonford for a couple of years, then moved to Edmonton. So ended our sojourn in Hattonford.

Della had moved to Edmonton in 1941 and worked at the Hudson Bay Store. It was there that she met Cec Peacock and they were married in 1947. Cec and Della developed a fairly large farm in the Alliance, Alberta district, and raised one son, Fred, and two daughters, Gail and Kim. In 1969, they were recipients of the Alberta Master Farm Family award. In 1971, Cec and

Della formed a corporate company C & D Oil & Gas Ltd. and became active in the production of oil from wells purchased in the area.

John moved to Edmonton in 1944 where he worked as a bricklayer. There he met Della Johnson and they were married in 1949. They raised three sons, losing the eldest at the age of eighteen. John is presently employed by a drilling company, but spends as much time as possible on their farm, purchased in the Andrew area. John and Della still make their home in Edmonton.

Jeanette is teaching and living at Daysland, Alberta.



Fred, Arthur, Violet, Harry Ford, Joyce Cundict, Ethel Ford, Della and John Strudwick

THE ARTHUR STRUDWICK STORY

I was born in Hattonford in 1921 and lived in a log house that was built before the First World War. The logs were cut out on the underside and old newspapers were rolled up and placed in there to keep out the drafts. Many of the old log buildings had shingles on the roof that were cut during the cold weather out of clear poplar. A broad-axe was fastened to a large block and placed between posts; this was then pulled to the top

and the poplar block was set in place. Then the axe was dropped, splitting off one shingle; the whole procedure was then repeated over and over again. These shingles, once in place on the roof, lasted many years.

I started to school in 1927, the first year that Beaver Meadow School stayed open all winter. Parents would take their children by team and sleigh. I believe my first teacher was Mrs. Cargill and Mrs. Watson was the last, with many others in between. My father served as chairman of the school board.

During the latter part of the twenties, the Anglican church was built by the people of the district. My uncle, Ted Strudwick, who lived in the Windfield area, did considerable work on it. Reverend J. C. Matthews was the minister for many years. He often walked from Niton in order to hold a service. Mr. Larsen from Windfield held some of the services. In the thirties, a United Church was built near Dave Bowerman's house, but meetings were not held on a regular basis.

In the early part of the thirties, the only store was at Niton, run by Cec Robinson. We would travel over the very rough roads, mud to the horses' bellies, when supplies were needed. Everyone would try to travel through the "Big Bush" during daylight hours. Mail day was every Saturday. It was hauled from Niton by Mr. A. H. Bryant, who looked after the Hattonford Post Office at that time.

Some of the things I remember from these years are my parents building a frame house, close to the main road. Mr. Arnold did the carpenter work. More of our land was cleared, the work being done by Mr. Rear and his son, Ernie.

At the Hattonford Christmas party, my father was often asked to be Santa Claus. Some years the budget was fifty cents per child, but everyone was very happy with the small gifts they received, plus an orange, an apple, and a few candies. Performances were put on by the school children and dancing would last until daylight, when it was easier to travel back home. Everyone attended and cakes and sandwiches were brought by all.

The next big event would be the first of July picnic, followed by the fair around the first of September. Mr. Rear would take the prize for the best bread, and lots of garden produce and grains would be judged.

During the thirties, people came from the prairies because of drought and poverty. Almost every week men would call in, looking for employment - any kind of job to be able to get a meal or a place to sleep. Eggs were sold to the local store for five cents a dozen and you had to take goods in return. Butter was made without salt so that it could be used for grease on the wagons, etc. In the latter part of the decade, I was able to work on a threshing crew for Fred Cundict; my wages were three dollars per day for twelve or more hours.

In 1941, I left the employ of Mr. Cundict and joined the Canadian Army, Artillery Division. I spent three months training in Camrose, then to Brandon, Manitoba for three more months, and then overseas to join the Ninety-First Battery in England. I spent four-and-a-half years serving in England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

I returned from overseas in 1946 and was discharged from the army. I lived in Edmonton and attended technical school. I married Irene Fowler in November, 1948 and we had five children, two girls and three boys. In 1967, we left Edmonton to reside in Grande Prairie.

ABE TENNANT

by Margaret McCallister

Abe Tennant came from Vancouver; he worked with the telegraph lines in the mountainous areas of B.C. for many years. As well as telegraph line work, he quite often got roped into the cooking. Most men don't like that job but Abe didn't mind and was a very good cook, from all reports of visitors.

When working on the telegraph creek line to Alaska, he became very good friends of Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Mitchell. These three worked together for many years; then Mitchell decided to try something different. He heard about this beautiful quarter of land with a lake on it. After seeing the property, he found he did not have enough money to purchase the quarter and went to Abe and Dick for backing, which they provided. Dick was never too interested in the property, but Abe came out several times. After his old friend Mitchell

passed away, Abe decided to retire here and took over the property. Abe had a great love for nature, animals and birds, so was very happy here. He had a beautiful saddle horse, his pride and joy, which was always well-groomed. His big hat was a part of him; as he always said, he didn't feel dressed without it.

Abe had a nephew in Vancouver and often went to visit him and his family. On one of these trips he took sick and found he had to give up the farm. He moved to a Senior Citizen's Home in Vancouver where he lived until he passed away.



L. to R. - Harvey Setzer, Mrs. Peterson, Abe Tennant and Oscar Locklen

GIB THOMPSON

by Grace Cundict

Gib, a veteran of World War I, came from the United States and settled on NW-20-55-12-W5. He worked in the bush and for the farmers. He enjoyed working on the threshing outfits, but sometimes proved to be a danger with his wild team of horses. Gib froze his feet while walking over to the Brooks' home and neglected to care for them properly. The Karl Larsens took him out to go to a hospital at Ponoka, but he never recovered from the after effects.



L. to R. - Pete Larsen, Lena Brooks and Gib Thompson

SAM TUCKWOOD FAMILY

by John Richard Tuckwood

Sam Tuckwood was a coal miner in England. Born in Loughborough, he married Charlotte Walker, born in Liesterchire. Their first son, Herbert, was born in England. Ill health forced them to leave their homeland so they came to Canada. As years passed in Canada, Reginald, John, and Doreen were born.

When Dad decided to come to Canada he booked passage on the Titanic, the largest ship ever to sail the ocean at that time. When the time came to sail, the ship was loaded, so they had to take another vessel. This proved to be lucky for them as the Titanic hit an iceberg and sank on April 8, 1912.

Upon arriving in Canada, Dad, Mother, and Herbert made their way to Calgary, and took a homestead on the north side of the Red Deer River, known then as Lone Butte district. Times were very hard. There was no assistance or help of any kind; you ate what you could afford to buy. Dad worked amongst the ranchers and was able to get a crop of flax which was a good price then.

When World War I was declared in 1914, Grandfather came to Canada and worked with Dad, but things were very hard. Reginald was born and so more supplies were needed. Dad and Grandfather worked around Bassano and Gleachin, harvesting or whatever they could get. I (John) was born in 1917. In 1918 the war was over.

When I was nine years old, in 1926, Dad took another farm in the Clivale district. There we all worked hard. Dad kept trying to get ahead, but was held back by hard times, long cold winters, hailstorms (stones like golf balls) and dust storms. I recall a dust storm one afternoon while at school where you could not see the yard fence, as it was so thick and black! This was the last straw that broke a lot of farmers, the 1929-1930 drought.

We pulled up stakes and moved out to come north, my two brothers Bert and Reg, having come ahead in 1930. In the spring of 1931 we loaded two cars of stock, personal effects, and machinery and came to Mackay. The freight was paid by the Government to help the farmers out. We travelled by rail, which seemed to take a long time, but was actually only about a week. We unloaded our stock and equipment at Mackay siding and drove out to the homestead on Highway 16, where now stand the building and facilities of the Nojack campgrounds.

The trees and surrounding country was beautiful to see after so many years of barren country and dust, but we soon found that the pine soil was very poor for growing crops. The spring of 1932 we moved again north to the District of Hattonford; Dad bought a half-section, from the Soldier Settlement Board. This land was good and had once been owned by Mr. Ed Sterry. Here we farmed and worked in the bush taking out railway ties, just existing, never seeming to get anywhere, as there was not much money in anything, but lots of work.

In 1940 the Second World War broke out and many of the young men were called. I was exempted to stay on the

farm, as my folks were getting along in years. Reg was turned down, and Bert went to the States and worked in a factory assembling planes.

In 1944 the war was over but things had changed. I, John, married Angeline White, the oldest daughter of Dave and Evelyn White, who are now the oldest pioneers of the Windfield District. Angeline and I have five children who are grown up and married. We now have seven grandchildren. On December 27, 1980 we were married 35 years.

In 1946 Dad sold out and we all left for Cloverdale, British Columbia.

Reg married Gertrude White, Mr. and Mrs. White's youngest daughter, and they still reside at Cloverdale. They have four children, and now three grandchildren. Bert married a girl in Vancouver and now lives in Seattle, having two children. Doreen is married and lives on Vancouver Island.

Mother passed on at the age of 75 years. Dad passed on at the age of 78 years.



Herbert, John, Doreen, Reginald, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tuckwood



Kenny, Allen, John, Angeline, Florence, Carol, and Linda Tuckwood

PERRY VAUGHN

by Grace Cundict

Perry lived in the Windfield district for a short time on some land that Wildeboers now own. Not much is known about him except that he welcomed people passing by and in the winter kept his few chickens under his bed to keep them warm.

THE ALEX VIDA FAMILY

by Margaret Jozsa

In 1926, Alex Vida arrived in Calgary as a bachelor and found employment in Banff, where he worked on the Banff Springs Hotel. In 1929, he heard rumors of a girl arriving in Calgary from his homeland, Hungary. He had to see her.

The girl, (Amalia Tusz), arrived at a mutual friend's home where Alex met her and asked her to marry him. Within three months, he had won her heart and they married the end of October, 1929. He then whisked her off on their honeymoon trip toward a new home in the Leduc area. The promise of a home kept the young girl

anxious. She expected each house on the horizon to be hers, but she met with disappointment when he stopped in a wooded area with no obvious house. He pointed out the shack, which he called home. There was no furniture except for a stove, an axe, a saw, and some straw. It was so disappointing! Tears were the greatest comfort at this time.

The land was broken by means of human labour, since they had no money to buy animals. At one point, Amalia picked up the yoke to help plow the land. The seed cost one dollar per bushel, only to be sold for ten cents a bushel. What little money they had was used to pay the farm help, to try and purchase a few animals and meagre food supplies. Under these dreadful conditions, Amalia lost her firstborn.

A second child, Margaret, was born in Edmonton in 1932. Because they had no money with which to farm or make payments on a farm, they left the land in 1933 and returned to Calgary. Amalia was pregnant at the time, and, after delivery problems, gave birth to a son, Alex.

In the spring of 1934, they heard about homesteads being opened up in the Hattonford area. These included government assistance. They moved to the area to begin anew the labours of clearing land and building a home. Here they prospered and acquired four quarter sections of land. The children grew up in a loving home under the guidance of tender parents. This was truly a family farm.

In 1955, Margaret married a gentleman who had come from Hungary and she now resides in Calgary with her husband and son. Alex married a local girl, Idela Christensen, in the early 1960's. He died in 1972 and is survived by his wife and three daughters.

Amalia and Alex Vida moved to Calgary in 1968 to be near their daughter. In 1979, Alex died leaving his wife to be on her own. Their loving daughter has been a constant support to Mrs. Amalia Vida, who is in her eighty-sixth year.

When both Alex and Amalia came to Canada, they had dreamed of returning to their beloved homeland. Neither has managed to fulfill this dream. Canada, a land of unknowns and a land of heartaches, has

become their home and they are grateful to this land they have come to love.



Mr. and Mrs. Alex Vida Sr., their son Alex, daughter Margaret and Alex Jr.'s daughters.

THE JOSEPH WAGNER FAMILY

by Carl and Melvin Wagner

In 1904, Dad was twenty years old when he left his parents in Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A. and came to Alberta, Canada. He filed on a homestead in the Gadsby area (1908).

He also operated a coal mine for a while.

He became accustomed to the oxen team and also had a team of mules. Over the years he acquired enough horses to own two complete outfits for farming, plus the machinery - a Rumely tractor and threshing machine - and the land to farm.

He met Emily Nelson, who had come from Sweden, and they were married in 1913. They had a family of four; Carl Joseph - born June 25, 1915, Melvin Alfred - born December 20, 1916, Harold Wilfred - born April 1, 1918, Jean Emily - born October 23, 1923. By this time they were well into farming. Mother passed away

in 1923, but with hired help, Dad was able to keep the farm going until the thirties.

In 1931 there was a severe dust storm, with winds up to seventy miles per hour, which caused almost complete darkness. For four or five years the dry weather continued. This time became known as the "hungry thirties", that caused many families to move to a damper climate.

In 1933 Cecil and Lou MacMillan, Jim Hilton, and Dad decided to go north towards the Peace River area. Cecil MacMillan had a model A Ford so he drove them to Edmonton, to the land office, where they met Oscar Lockrum from Niton, Alberta. Oscar told them they could get homesteads in the Niton or Hattonford area.

As the old saying goes, "Go west, young man, go west"; they did. Dad found a homestead in Hattonford and the others filed on homesteads in Niton. Then they all returned to Gadsby, in 1933.

Melvin also filed on NW 21-55-12-W5 in Hattonford; this land had been Mrs. McDowell's whose husband was killed in the First World War. There was a small log shack on this quarter.

In 1934, Dad and the boys with the help of neighbors, loaded railway cars with twenty cows, twelve horses, and the farm machinery and headed for Niton, Alberta. Upon arriving they unloaded the cars, then moved everything to Hattonford. We fixed up the little log shack on Melvin's homestead and moved in. Jean was going to school, so she remained at Gadsby, living with the Penfold family.

In the fall of 1934, we bought greenfeed from Herb Bendall for the cows and horses. The horses ran off that winter, and were not found until the next spring in a small area between Mackay and Hattonford. All were dead except five head, and they were just covered with moose ticks. The snow was about three feet deep that winter, with 20 to 30 degrees below zero.

Not being used to having to cut wood, we had to get an axe and cut wood to keep from freezing. We sure learned fast as to what an axe and saw were for, so thought we would go from there and take out railroad ties. These ties were hewed with a broad-axe and were then hauled to Niton by horses and sleighs to Cecil

Robinson's (the storekeeper). We also had the Rumely tractor on Dave Hellekson's sawmill; Ernie Jager was the sawyer.

We then rented the Elston's place at Mahaska. Carl and Melvin filed on the quarters, SE and NE-26-56-13-W5 in Mahaska area, better known as the flats or meadows. Then we moved into a log house on Elston's place and Harold went to work for V. Spolintina.

In the spring of 1935, Dad went back to Gadsby, to bring Jean home, in the Erskine car. Mrs. Penfold and her two girls came back with them. They got stuck on Highway 16, and the car broke down, but they finally arrived at Jim Hilton's at Niton. Mrs. Peterson ran a boarding house there, where they stayed overnight. The next morning, Jim Hilton picked them up with his team and Bennett-buggy; from Niton they went over corduroy, water, mud - what a trip that was! Two days later they arrived at Beaver Creek, which had no bridge across and water overflowing the banks. They had to force the horses across, after a chain or two had been hooked to the Bennett-buggy. The rest of them had to walk a big log to get to the other side. Then there was the task of pulling the Bennett-buggy across with their clothes, etc. They lost almost everything as the water was running quite swiftly, but finally they arrived at the Elston's place.

Mrs. Penfold did not like this place - there were too many trees. Her husband, Dan, had filed on a quarter up in this area, but it was not proved up, and they all returned to Gadsby.

Jean stayed and in August, 1935, she moved to Hattonford and lived with John and Marie Alspach, so she could go to school. Elsie Watson was the teacher then.

In 1938 we helped clear the road to Melvin's homestead in Hattonford. Ed Sterry was the time keeper and Charley Irwin the foreman. We sure had our fill of cutting out roads. One was cut from Leonard Ingle's north-west over the sandridges and corduroyed in the wet places to the flats, then another two and a half miles to Elston's.

Once Melvin drove the Rumely tractor onto a bridge up at the flats. It broke through, pinning his foot, so he had to pull his foot out of his shoe, then pull the shoe free, and get a stump-puller to pull the tractor out. Stump-puller? This was something else new to us. By

this time we sure knew how to use the axe and swede-saw, as there were loads of wood cut to keep the home fires burning. We also had to build up a buzz-saw to cut the logs into firewood.

From 1935 on into the forties there were lots of moose, deer, elk, wolves and bear. Coming from the prairies, we sure enjoyed seeing the wild animals.

In 1938 or early '39 Alspachs moved back to Indiana, U.S.A. so Jean moved home.

In 1939 we left Elston's and rented the Jake Guignon homestead in Hattonford.

At that time the Young People's Club was in full swing, with lots of members, so times and entertainment were much better. After moving back to Hattonford, Harold went to work for Tom Clark, logging. He bought an Essex car, and drove home on weekends. By this time the roads were improving, so we were able to get out to dances. Anselmo had a great group of people. They would always attend the Young People's dances at the Hattonford hall.

Gladys Sterry and Jean collected for Christmas Concerts, riding horseback. Sometimes they would get really cold, but people were good and had them in for hot drinks and cookies. They also remember the homemade bread and blueberry jam at Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bryant's place.

Also good times were had when families would get together, pack a lunch, and head out to pick blueberries and cranberries which were plentiful due to the bush fires that ran over many acres of land. They came home towards evening, tired but happy.

In 1939 we bought a Harley Davidson motor-cycle, and the young people would end up at our place, just to get a ride on it!

Then there were the good old days of the threshing crews, and the stories that were discussed over the meals, a good many of which Jean and Gladys cooked.

The number of people that worked on the Wagner outfit were: Claude Hellekson, Ben Larson, Cecil White, V. Spolintina, Handy Hansworth, Berland Dressler, Bill Wigley - at Mahaska; Karl Larsen, Pete

Larsen, Fred Reseachnik, Jim Brooks, Gib Thompson, Jack Bartley, Ray and Peter Ford, Jack Long, Dave Bowerman, Lloyd Bendall, Allen and Frank Wiseman, Dave Wiseman, Ed Sterry, Pete Arnold, Ernie Sr. and Ernie Rear, Bill Jillett, Ernie Cox, Ted and Bert Cundict, Jim Babcock, Art Sonne, Alex Foster, Harry Hodges, Ed and Ted Strauss, George Bruner, August Staehle, John Maichen, Pat Moore, Arthur Bryant Sr., John Alspach, Ossie and Michael Ford, Stan Gilbert and Mr. Toby, all from Hattonford and Windfield areas, over a number of years.

Then came the war years - 1939 to 1945 - which changed the community again. Many of the young people were called into the services, and families began to move out over the next three or four years, as jobs were plentiful at that time.

Carl received his call, and joined the armed forces the first day of July 1942. He served in Canada, England and Sicily where he was wounded. He was discharged April 13, 1944.

Melvin received his call and joined the armed forces the twenty-third day of January, 1943. He served in Canada, England, Central Mediterranean area, and Continental Europe. He was wounded in Italy. He was discharged November 12, 1945.

At this time we received many telegrams, and were very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Bert and Alix Woodcock, agents at the Niton station.

Harold received his call, but was rejected because of a foot injury that he had received a few years earlier. He then came home to help move to Ross and Grace Woodring's farm, in 1944 named the Fickle place.

Harold then left to go to a logging job in B.C. and Dad and Jean took the farming over for that year.

In 1945 they moved to the Strudwick place. That year Carl returned from an army hospital, and later in 1945, Melvin arrived home from overseas. Also in 1945, Jean married Ed Strauss. They had a family of two boys, Dennis Arden and Donald Edward.

On February 27, 1946 Melvin bought Arthur Bryant Sr.'s half section E½ - 22 - 55 - 12 - W5. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant had the Hattonford Post Office in their home

for many years. Bryants moved to Edmonton. The Post Office was then moved to Woodring's and Grace became postmistress.

In 1947 Melvin was a member of the Hattonford Co-op Association. Also that same year we moved to the Bryant place. We bought a saw mill, had land cleared, and logged from 1948 - 1951.

In 1948 Harold married Gladys Sterry. They had two children, Dorothy and Walter. Also in 1948 Carl bought three quarters which were part of Ross and Grace Woodring's land: NE23-55-12-W5, called the Green-smith Place; NW24-55-12-W5, the Malstrom Place; SW25-55-12-W5, the Fickle Place. Now Carl and Melvin bought farm equipment, and had their own land to farm.

Dad worked hard over the years. Then in 1949 he broke his leg. It took a long time to heal, also his health began to fail. He passed away in an Edmonton hospital on June 20, 1958.

We were now busy getting land cleared and brush piled. Then in 1958 the house on Melvin's place burned down, and we lost all its contents. We then bought a small trailer and lived in it until 1960-1961, when we finished building a new home.



Carl and Melvin Wagner, Connie and Don Strauss, and Jean Strauss (Wagner)

Since then, we have farmed and are raising cattle.

HAROLD AND GLADYS WAGNER FAMILY

Harold Wagner and I (Gladys Sterry) were married in 1948, at All Saints Cathedral in Edmonton; then we went to B.C. for a month visiting old friends and neighbors. When we returned, Harold worked on a saw mill and I did the cooking. Harold was also a cat operator in different areas, working one winter at Cadomin, one at Wolf Lake, etc. Then Harold took out timber, sawing lumber and taking out pulpwood, for a number of years. I did the cooking for the crew.

We have two children, Dorothy and Walter who are both married. Dorothy and husband Carl, and their two children, Denise and Dean, live in Edmonton. Walter and his wife Colleen and their daughter Chantele live in Whitecourt.



Gladys and Harold Wagner

We still live on the family farm which we bought in 1960 when my folks moved to Entwistle. We also purchased the Mr. and Mrs. Hellekson Sr. homestead which we farm and graze cattle on.

MR. JOHN WALSH

I was born at Newbrook, Alberta in 1917. I know very little about my parents. Records indicate they both died during the flu epidemic in 1918. My brother, sister, and I were placed in an orphanage in Edmonton. In July of 1919, I was fostered out to the Yakima family; because of much abusiveness, I ran away at ten years of age. In the next few years, I lived with several different kinds of people and I also learned, in many ways, how tough it was to be a little kid by myself in this world.

I arrived at Hattonford on January 1, 1933 from Heatherdown, eight miles south of Onoway. Glen Ashmead met me at the train at Niton. It was two a.m. and a crisp, thirty-two degrees below. We travelled by team and sleigh to Glen's homestead. I came up to help him cut railway tie logs. My pay was 20¢ and board per day. I was just turning sixteen years of age, times were hard, and I felt fortunate just to have a job.

I met Dave Hellekson that same same spring and was tremendously impressed with his sawing operation. When he asked me to work for him I was pleased and so excited that I slept very little that night. Machines always fascinated me and I soon learned to operate the sawmill. Little did I realize then, this was going to be my chief occupation for many years to come and up to the present day. I worked for Dave for several years, helping him with custom sawing and at his own tie camp. Many people in those days would cut railway ties on their homestead land. Sometimes they hand-hewed, but the larger trees were sawn. Dave often moved his sawmill to different sites in the settlement. The crews were all locals working for lumber or working off their sawing bill, as little or no money changed hands. I remember most of the men I worked with. They were: Raymond and Kenny Ford, Peter Arnold, Jack Bartley, Charlie Hardie, Ernie Cox, Chester and Leonard Ingle, Ernie Rear, Jim and Lloyd Bendall, Bill Jillett, Ben and Dave Wiseman, Ambrose Bengert, Jim Bab-

cock, Ralph Williams, Joe Wagner, Jess Brink, Art Sonne, Earl Schomer, Harry Hodges, Bill Albert, Art Bryant, John Alspach, Glen Ashmead, Leonard, Ted and Bert Cundict. In 1934, I filed on the NE 23-56-13-W5 and built a log cabin.

The depression years in Hattonford will be remembered by most everybody. Survival took most of the time for a lot of people, but no one ever despaired. Perhaps it was the companionship that an isolated settlement bestowed upon us. We attended dances and plays in the winter, ball games and picnics in the summer. I remember one year Frank Ford's hot air balloon accidentally caught on fire and burned up during take off. What a disappointment, for this was a highlight on every July 1st picnic.

I left Hattonford in the fall of 1939 and then continued to saw for other sawmill operators. During spring breakup of 1942, I worked for the Ford garage at Edson. It was there that I purchased a truck which had been owned by Ted Cundict of Hattonford, and that same year I left to go trucking on the Alaska Highway. This was a decision I never regretted, for it was a wonderful experience and also financially rewarding. Dawson Creek was on mile zero - a boom town like none of us had ever seen before. Because of the wartime priority of this military highway, everything was being advanced at an unbelievably accelerated pace.

Today, when I travel this highway and think back to 1942, it sure was a different situation then. There were three ranges of mountainous terrain to cross to get to Whitehorse, Yukon. The tote road was just a cat trail, winding and treacherous, with icy, well-polished hills that were steep up and steep down. One very dangerous hill had a sign someone had made, "Suicide Hill. Be prepared to meet thy God." Winter driving was a hazard, the weather always a problem. Also, a lot of black ice was encountered. Runaways with loaded trucks were numerous and often fatal for many drivers. I saw many bad accidents during the two and a half years I trucked for Uncle Sam. I had my share of scares and close calls too. By December of 1944, it was all over. I sold my truck to a chap from Calgary. Sawmills were being set up in the Dawson Creek area, and as experienced sawyers were at a premium, I was never idle.

In 1947 I began using my family name, Walsh. When I married Lilly Coughlin, she had a little girl named

Faye, from a previous marriage. We had six more children. They are now all grown up and on their own. Faye lives in Prince George and has two sons, Greg and David, and a daughter named Shannon. Shirley lives in Calgary and has two daughters, Merna and Debbie. Donna lives in Fort Nelson and has a son named Harley. Jim lives in Fort Nelson and is engaged. Ken also lives in Fort Nelson and has a son named Joey. Janet lives in Kamloops and has a son named Dustin. Andy lives in Kamloops and has a son named Kyle. We now have nine grandchildren.

In 1953, at Dawson Creek, I started my own sawmill, not without its own problems. After five years, I had very little success to show for my endeavors. Therefore, in 1959, I packed all the family belongings and loaded up the sawmill and moved three hundred miles to Fort Nelson. After I reset the sawmill I devised some labour saving contraptions. These were crude at first because of limited finances but it was this sort of ingenuity that contributed to my success, got me quickly out of debt, and I prospered to a degree.

I never reunited with my brother and sister, although I pursued this many times. I retained lawyers, and our minister corresponded with the Bishop for me. Other



John Walsh

intelligent people also tried to assist me, but the results were always the same. I gradually accepted, over the years, that perhaps it was never meant to be, and that there are certain things in our lives that can never be changed.

I often think of the good old days at Hattonford and it holds many fond memories for me. I will always believe it was there everything really began for me many years ago.

CECIL AND NONA WHITE

Cecil White married Nona Tobber (nee Wright) and they have eight children. George, born September 6, 1966 and Margaret, born June 4, 1968 are still at home. Nona (Peggy), the firstborn of six daughters, lives with her husband, Silvans Girardi, and son, John Cecil, in Vancouver. Kathryn and Bill Eldridge of Tofield have three daughters, Elizabeth, Kimberly and Erin. Marilyn and David Price of Yellowknife have one son, George David. James and his wife Sherry (nee Williams of Shining Bank) live with their two sons, Ryan and Allan, at the Little Smokey. Betty Jane and Rick Grove live in Red Deer and Mary Ellen works in Grande Prairie.

Cecil and Nona live on the place (SE-9-57-13-W5) that was first homesteaded by a man named Mr. Brede, around 1904.



Cecil, Nona White and family

THE WHITE FAMILY

by Dorothy (White) Gladwin

In 1914, I was about five years old when mother, a widow moved from Bowden, Alberta, to Chip Lake. We stayed with Nellie and Bert Borest on their farm while the men built our log home another ten miles farther west through the forest. They also had to build bridges over the creeks and cut the road through the trees. Some hills were too steep so the road went around them.

Bert Borest had a dog team that carried his traps for his trapline and pulled his sled over Chip Lake in the winter. I went by dog sled once. It was very cold as the lake was seven miles across. At that time there was a post office called Leaman where the trains stopped and a school where I went for a few months.

Mother called our home Crystal Springs Farm. There was mother, my three brothers, David, Ted, and Jack, my sister Florence, and myself. My older sister, Millie, was married to Raymond Bruner. He and his two brothers, Fred and Jessie, also had farms. Another older sister, May, stayed with a family at Carstairs and is still there on her own farm.

We moved to Crystal Springs Farm on the fourth of August, 1914, the day the war broke out. My brothers, Ted and Jack, Florence and I walked the ten miles and drove some cattle ahead of us. I will never forget that walk, as I was barefoot and the road was very rough and full of rose bushes. I also got stung by a wasp. When we reached the new house, all there was on the table, which was made of rough lumber, was half-a-can of jam. Mother, the rest of the family and the Bruners reached there in the evening with the food and furniture, all in wagons, and driving more cattle.

Over the years the Bruners and David built houses and barns until everyone had a small farm. Wild game was plentiful everywhere - bears, moose, deer, coyotes, foxes, grouse and partridges. Dave set bear traps and caught many of them. I used to like riding through the forest with him to look at the traps. I could ride a horse very well by that time. We often brought a big black bear home. There was only one horse we could put the bear on; we called him Charlie. Brother Jack went with David more often than I did. They were both good

shots with the old .33 rifle. I also got pretty good with the little .22 rifle for shooting grouse and partridge. In time, I had my own little trapline and caught a weasel. Now and then it was hard walking through the snow, as it would be quite deep some winters and I didn't have snowshoes. Once I caught a skunk and had to shoot it. I had my horse that day and carried the skunk home on the horse. For some reason, the horse blanket never seemed the same again, even after soaking it in the creek for several days.

It was often my job to find the cows at night and bring them home. They would wander away for miles, which meant I had to stop and listen for the little tinkle of their bells. Sometimes I couldn't find them, so they stayed out all night. Once in awhile I was lucky enough to catch a cow and ride home. They are not easy to ride, but on a cold night they sure kept me warm. One night when Florence went for the cows, she couldn't find them. As it grew dark, she started home but met a mother bear and two cubs. She climbed up a tree and started yelling for help. Luckily sound carried a long ways and we heard her so off we went with a lantern, and a .33 rifle and a bayonet. Dave saw the bear and took a shot at it. It ran, so Jack didn't get to do much with the bayonet. Florence was glad to see us and it was really dark by the time we got home. Raymond had a bear he kept on a long chain. It was supposed to be tame. While the family was away, Florence and I went up to Raymond's place to feed the bear. While we were there, the bear got loose. We were in the house and the bear kept walking around outside, so Florence threw a loaf of bread out the back window. We went out the front door. When we got away down the road, we saw the bear coming. We went so fast that the bear gave up. I got all out of breath and had to sit behind a bush. I couldn't have run another step even if that bear had kept coming.

In the winter, David and some of the Bruner boys used to fish through the ice on Chip Lake. They had a small cabin on the ice to keep warm and mother had a bright awning she let them have to cover their supplies. One weekend when they were home, some of the young boys from up at Anselmo came by with a sleigh full of things covered with mother's bright awning. Mother spotted it, so David went down to Chip Lake and all their fish and everything in the cabin was gone. They sent for a mountie and in a couple of days he got to our place. He thought he was lost or never going to get

there. However, he saw the Union Jack flying at our place and came in. Mother always had a flag flying on the tallest pole Dave could find. The Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman had ridden his horse all the way from Junkins (Wildwood) to our place in one day and was just frozen. The next day he went on north to find the boys and made them bring all the stuff back. The awning had given them away. The Mountie stayed at our place a couple of days. One morning, Florence thought it would be fun to try his boots on before he got up. With her own boots already on, she put his on too, but she couldn't get them off. We all tried but couldn't move them, so Dave, Jack and I went to the barn to do chores and left Florence sitting there. She had to wait until the mountie got up and took his boots back. We all thought it was funny except Florence.

Very few strangers came our way. The roads were bad and we were a long way from town. Mostly forest rangers and surveyors came by. Once a crew of surveyors put their tents up right near our house. Their cook was a Greek. We kids thought he was wonderful. He always gave us lots of cookies and other good things to eat.

Another time a crew of forestry men camped by our barn and, after a few days, mother asked them all in for the evening. We had a wonderful time playing games and telling stories. The men said it was a treat to sit on a chair for a change. They got tired of bunks all the time. Before they moved away, I got sick and was in bed. One of them brought me a lovely, big orange. I thought it was the nicest gift I had ever had. I played with it for days.

I can't remember much about my brother Ted. He died when he was fourteen. Mother had not been away from the farm for many years, so the family persuaded her to go to a picnic down at Chip Lake. While we were there, a neighbour of ours, Bill Paterson, came and told mother that Ted had passed away after only three days of illness. I remember mother crying and wringing her hands because she couldn't get home immediately. The day Bill came, it rained so hard it had washed some of the bridges away or wrecked them so we couldn't leave until the next day. It took us all day to get home as the bridges were in such bad shape and it was still raining. Fred Bruner was a carpenter. I don't know if he made the casket or not. It took several days before we had the funeral. I remember us all walking

from Grandma Bruner's house to the little cemetery not far from her home. I think mother read a chapter from the Bible and said a prayer. Later on Fred made a beautiful white cross. It may still be there. Two babies and Grandma and Grandpa Bruner are buried there. We all called them Grandma and Grandpa, but my real grandparents were in England.

School was a problem, as there was no schoolhouse so Millie and Ray Bruner turned one of the rooms in their house into a school for a while. The children attending were three of Ray Bruner's, three of Fred Bruner's, Eva and Bob Larsen and myself. I can't remember any others going. I think our first teacher came from Edmonton. She was nineteen and her name was Peggy Smith. We all liked her very much.

David built a house half-a-mile east of ours and turned that into a school for awhile. Then in time, the farmers had a meeting and built a one-room school house over near Patersons and called it Windfield. That was over three miles south of our place and the Bruners, so we either walked to school or, if we were lucky, rode horses. When winter came we often missed school as it was too cold to ride or the snow was too deep. When the school had previously been near our house, the teachers boarded with us so we learned a lot from them in the evenings at home.

The Patersons were our nearest neighbours to the south. They had quite big farms. There was John, Jim, Bob, Bill, Peggy and Lizzie. They were all at home when we first knew them; then the girls got married and moved nearer to Hattonford where we got the mail at the home of the Bryants. One of the Bryant boys would go to the railroad at Mackay or Niton and get the mail. Then we and the other neighbours picked it up from their home. It was about eight miles from our place, which meant quite a cold ride in the winter. Often the snow was deep and the horse could only walk, so it took hours to get home and it was always dark. All we could do was sit and look at the stars and let the horse do the work. In the summertime, it was often fun going for the mail. We had to cross a swamp and in the evenings, going home, the air was full of fireflies all through the swamp. We had to be careful to stay on the road; if the horse had gone off into the swamp it would have mired down. The roads were narrow and not good in those days.

One day Jack and I were on our way to visit the Paterson's and two bull moose were by the road fighting, standing on their hind legs, striking at each other with their front feet. It was quite a sight! We even had a pet moose for several years. Finally he got so big we had to give him to a zoo in Edmonton.

We always enjoyed the dances in the Hattonford school. Everyone went and we danced all night. Everyone danced with everyone else, old and young together. That's where we met all our neighbours and friends - Mr. and Mrs. Potts, several of the Cundicts, the Bryants, all the Larsens, and the Fords, plus so many more I have forgotten. We also went to the dances up north at Anselmo. They were much the same as Hattonford, only much farther to go. They had better music and a hall instead of a school. Sometimes we took a short cut through the forest. There was a road part way, then none for some of the way. We came out at Jager's farm. Their son and daughter, Ernest and Frieda, always came with us. Sometimes we stayed all night at their place, then went on to Denningers who lived near Anselmo. My sister, Florence, married Carl Denninger.

We had a very good friend who lived about ten miles north of us. His name was Taylor. He had beautiful horses and lived by a large hay meadow. We kids liked him as he always made pancakes for us. Mr. Taylor had a dog that could climb up a ladder into the hay loft.

One winter Dave cut ties from the timber on Mother's land. With a horse, I helped skid them into piles near the road so they could be loaded. I don't remember whether he took them across Chip Lake or to Mackay.

When I lived in Windfield, there were no telephones or electricity in that part of the country, so if anyone was sick or hurt there was no quick way of getting help. Our neighbour to the south of us about four or five miles, Gib Thompson, got his leg broken while out cutting poles. Somehow he unhitched his horses and rode one to his cabin. He washed his foot, then got on the horse again and came to our place for help. Mother and Dave put his leg in splints, then got him back on the horse with a sort of sling, made from a bed sheet, to help hold up his foot. Then they rode ten miles to the Borests near Chip Lake. I don't remember if they

got a doctor to come there or if he had to go to Edmonton; if so it would take another day to catch a train. No one had cars that I know of. When we needed groceries, we drove to the town of Junkins. It took us two days to get there and back with a team and wagon.

In the 1920's Mother got remarried to Joshua Eastwood and we moved to Vancouver in March, 1928. I'll always look back on my early life on the homestead with great love and fond memories.

DAVID H. WHITE

as told to Grace Cundict

David White was born in England in 1896. Most of his father's family were in the British Navy for many years; David's father was an electrical torpedo operator. However, he decided to leave the Navy and look for a new country in which to raise his family. In nineteen hundred, the move was made to Olds, Alberta. The father's life in Canada was short, as he died in 1902.

Mrs. White struggled to raise her family here in Canada. Then in 1910, they went back to England. However, after a short time she found it even more difficult there. She was literally stranded, when an uncle gave them the money to return to Canada.

David had one year of schooling and two years of tutoring in arithmetic by an uncle. This comprised his formal education, but in the following years he taught himself to read and write.

In 1914, the family came up from Olds to file on a homestead. They moved into the Windfield area, along with the Bruners, on the day World War I was declared.

Dave filed on his own homestead when he was seventeen and one-half years old. He worked in the bush, but derived most of his income from trapping. He built a nice log house which he did not live in right away. The house was used for a school for two terms. Ethel Haggatt and Peggy Smith were the teachers.

In 1925, Dave White and Evelyn Facey were married

in Edmonton and returned to live in the house the groom had built. Again, most of their living for several years came from Dave's trapping. In all, throughout the years, he has taken three hundred bears.

Dave's mother later married Joshua Eastwood and lived on the homestead for a few years before moving to Vancouver.

The Whites and their neighbors used to come to Hattonford for their mail, to attend the dances and picnics, and to visit the people of the area. A few of the neighbors in Windfield were the Bruners, Patersons, H. Fletcher and the Cummings.

The Whites had five children, two girls and three boys. The girls married Tuckwood brothers; one lives in Vancouver, one in Windfield. One son married and lives in Windfield. Another son married and lives in Edmonton. One son is deceased. Mr. and Mrs. White still reside in Windfield.

Dave White has always been a good neighbor to all, ready and willing to help when needed. He along with a few others, like John Brooks, were a breed of their own, who had to learn how to survive against many adversities. They should always be remembered in the Windfield area as the real pioneers of that district.



Evelyn and Dave White

WILLIAM AND THELMA WIGLEY

by Mavis (Wigley) Mazeppa

William Charles Wigley was born September 1896, in the village of Sinfin near Derby, England. His father, who was a farmer and butcher, had heard how the Canadian Pacific Railway was subscribing for people interested in taking over ready-made farms in Southern Alberta. He decided he would like a new start in Canada.

The Wigley family, consisting of William, Eva, Daisy, Aimee, Olive, Wilfred, Father and Mother, disposed of their property in England and sailed for Halifax in early April of 1914. One married sister, Maude, remained in England.

When they arrived at their home at Champion, some eighty miles southeast of Calgary, there was a new house, barn and well. The land was fenced and a crop of wheat, oats and barley was already seeded.

In 1916 the family realized that it would be very difficult to pay for the C.P.R. land, so they decided to go homesteading in the Veteran area, not far from the Saskatchewan border. William was just old enough to file on a homestead of his own. This was a very dry country; in 1918 it did not rain at all.

During this time William had joined the Canadian Army and was fully-trained when armistice was declared in 1918.

In 1919, the family traded their Veteran homesteads on a half-section southwest of Olds in the Westerdale District. William spent three winters at Yahk, British Columbia, cutting railway ties to help the family.

In 1917, Bill married Thelma Jones, a district girl, and they farmed on the quarter section adjoining the Wigley Sr. farm. Bill and Thelma had two children, William (Billy) born in December, 1927 and Mavis, born in November, 1932.

In 1929, the great depression hit and in 1931 Bill lost his farm because he was unable to pay off a \$2500 mortgage, which he had used to construct new buildings; all because the cattle and hogs were worth almost nothing. He had seeded three hundred acres of grain, but after

paying for the threshing and twine, he was deeper in debt than before he put in the crop. Wheat sold at nineteen cents a bushel; oats were twelve cents a bushel; and three hundred pound hogs sold for less than five dollars each. Dad sold thirty head of cattle to pay the grocery bill.

Having been forced off his land, Bill's intentions were to homestead and start a new home. In 1932, he and his father-in-law started out for the Peace River Country, but the highway at Lesser Slave Lake was closed, so they turned west at Edmonton and got as far as McLeod Valley.

Bill made arrangements to rent a quarter, close to Fulham School, from Herb Fletcher, a real oldtime lumberjack. In 1935, he moved there with his family. Billy walked to Fulham School some three miles, often only wearing rubber boots on his feet. Many times I can remember Mom rubbing his feet with snow upon his arrival home from school to take the frostbite away.

Although there was little money, gardens flourished and there was an abundance of wild game and fruit. The Social Credit Government gave Dad and others winter work clearing road allowances, putting in culverts and cutting tamarack logs to be sawn into culvert planks. The government had given them eight dollars worth of groceries a month and this was how they paid it back. They were paid a low wage for this work, but were glad to do it.

Sometime between 1936 and 1938, Dad was offered the chance to rent a farm further east, across the McLeod River from Harry Hellekson. There was a house and barns on the property and it was close to the baseline. Mom's health was declining during this time and, at one point, she was taken to Edson hospital where surgery was performed. After the operation, her health continued to decline little by little. Her asthma became very bad, since she was allergic to hay and dust. I was now taking my schooling by correspondence and between Billy and I and the strict supervision of Mom, we did manage to do a lot of studying.

Billy and I were constant companions and I, being the younger, always did what my big brother told me to do. We had a neighbor about a mile down the road; he was a widower by the name of Mr. Dressler. Whenever we visited this English gentleman, he was particularly good to us children and treated us with chocolate bars.

One day he took us up into the attic of the house, which was filled with mementos and things that had belonged to his wife. They were strewn about for all to see. Naturally, Billy and I were more than taken by all this stuff obviously going to waste. One day (when Dad was away and Mom was sick in bed), we took off for Mr. Dressler's place, wagon behind, to collect a few things for our "playhouse". All the while we were loading up the wagon, Billy was threatening me with all the things he would do to me if I told and so my lips were sealed. Our playhouse was an old pigpen which we had cleaned out. It was the place where we spent many an hour doing our lessons or just playing. We set up our new treasures-lace tablecloths, crystal and china - and were having a real ball when Dad found us next morning with the loot. He knew immediately where we had gotten it and, after a thorough trouncing, he marched us back to Mr. Dressler's and made us apologize. I think it was the hardest thing I have ever had to do, because I felt so badly since he had been so good to us. Obviously he forgave us, because it wasn't long before the chocolate bars were offered again.

To a child like myself, this farm was very remote; often we would be fetching the cows and would see a coyote or timber wolf. Billy liked to tease me, so he'd call like a coyote and it wasn't long before one would reply. One day, when we were out picking raspberries, he started calling; only this time, a timber wolf came and he wasn't at all friendly. We both went scurrying back to the house, white with fear. Needless to say, that was the last time Billy did any wolf calling!

In 1939, the family moved to Hattonford so Billy and I could go to school. Dad worked in a lumber camp for three years during the winter and farmed during the summer. He earned thirty cents an hour and worked ten hours a day, but it provided the family with much needed clothing. There was a good garden and lots of wild game and berries for canning. During these years Mom's health continued to decline and I remember many a time seeing her under a towel steaming herself for her asthma.

In 1941, Dad had a chance to buy a quarter section one-half mile east of the Hattonford Store, Soldier Settlement land. Dad paid four dollars and twenty-five cents an acre for this land. This same year, Mom became very ill and was taken back to the Olds district and later to Calgary, where she had a very serious

operation. Complication from the surgery claimed her life in 1942. She is buried in Westerdale Cemetery.

Following Mom's death, Dad went to Ocean Falls, British Columbia, to work in the pulp and paper mill. Billy stayed with his Grandmother Jones of Westerdale, Alberta and I stayed with my Aunt Frances, Mom's sister, also of Westerdale. Billy was now fourteen years old and I was nine.

In 1943, Dad married Petra Haakeim at Ocean Falls, where they both worked in the mill for several years. I joined them in 1944, but Billy was already working in the oilfields and chose to stay there. Petra was a good mother to me; sometimes I felt she was a little too strict, but she taught me to be a responsible and dependable person. In my later years, I have thanked her many times.

Bill Jr. married Muriel Eggers of the Westerdale District, and they have two children, Gordon and Sherry. Bill left the oilfields after twenty-two years and took up farming, just two miles from Dad's original farm in the Westerdale District. He still works in the oilfield during the winter months and farms in the summer.

I went to high school at Evansburg and to a business college in Calgary. I married Dan Mazeppa, the youngest of seven children, from Evansburg and we live in Edmonton. Dan took up the printing trade and I have continued in my career as an executive secretary.

(STENERAGE)

Inspection Card for Immigration Officer at Port of Arrival in Canada

Name of Immigrant <u>Wm Chas Wigley</u>	
Name of Ship <u>EMPERESS OF BRITAIN</u>	Sailing from <u>LIVERPOOL</u>
Date of sailing <u>4 APR 1914</u>	Country of last permanent residence
Name appeared on Manifest, page	
Medical Examination Stamp	Civil Examination Stamp
Inland Exchange Order	Boards over
By	

MEDICAL EXAMINATION
 APR 12 1914
 HATTONFORD, N.S.

PASSED
 CIVIL EXAMINATION
 APR 12 1914
 CANADIAN IMMIGRATION
 HATTONFORD, N.S.

VACCINATION PROTECTED

..... Ship Surgeon's Signature

(SEE PAGE)



Billy, Thelma, Mavis and William Wigley

WILLIAM AND PETRA WIGLEY

by Dale Wigley

I was born in Ocean Falls, British Columbia, in 1945. In 1949, Dad became ill with cedar asthma and was advised to leave Ocean Falls because he was constantly being subjected to cedar in his work at the mill there. He decided to go farming again. My mother had a farm at Herbert, Saskatchewan and my dad had a quarter section at Hattonford which he had bought years before. We had also looked at land at Bella Coola, just south of Ocean Falls on the coast. We really would have liked to move there, but there was no road in there at the time. Mother sold her land in Saskatchewan and we moved to Hattonford in the spring of 1949. My sister, Mavis, stayed behind to finish that year's schooling.

We visited family in the Westerdale District while Dad bought a 22-36 McCormick tractor, a breaking plow, a three-bottom plow, a disc and a 1938 Dodge half-ton truck.

We then moved on to Hattonford to the old Bowerman place, which was a mess! The old barn was a wreck, the house, which only had one room, had lumber and a pile of grain in the middle of it. The well was full of drowned rabbits. The old tumbledown place was too much for Mother and she started to cry. I had my toy tractor with me and after spotting the pile of grain, crawled in and started playing; I thought this place was real nice.

We went back to Niton and my mother and I stayed at Mrs. Peterson's for two weeks while dad got the house fixed up good enough to live in.

Things went well for a couple of years, but soon our savings ran out and we had a hard time to even buy groceries. In 1955, we bought five jersey milk cows; soon we were milking ten or twelve, and they kept the farm going. We also had some pigs and chickens. I often say that I was raised on chickens and raspberries, because we ate plenty of them. Dad was always busy picking roots and clearing new land.

Dad did a lot of logging over the years. He worked with Ted Cundict, Bob Christensen and Ed Ophus at different times. In 1959, we got Calgary Power and things really changed. By 1960, the home quarter was cleared and we were able to buy the quarter north of us from tax recovery.

In 1965, we decided to build a new house. Most of the construction was done by Dad and Mother, using our own lumber. Unfortunately, when it was nearly completed, Mother became ill. She passed away from cancer September 30, 1966 and is buried in the Hattonford Cemetery.

Dad moved into the Edson Senior Citizen's Lodge in the fall of 1969 and stayed until his death in December, 1977. He was a very active senior citizen and enjoyed all sports activities. He enrolled in Senior Citizen Courses given by the University of Alberta, specializing in writing. In 1975, he married Julia Lepine who also



William, Dale and Petra Wigley

resided at the Edson Lodge. In the first years Dad was at the Lodge he took advantage of his good health and travelled about the country. His one dream was to see Alaska, but that dream didn't come true; on the eve of their departure, Julia was taken ill and the trip was cancelled. It was the following December that Dad passed away. Julia passed away suddenly in September 1979.

DALE AND DIANE WIGLEY FAMILY

In 1949, Dale and his family moved from Ocean Falls, B.C. to the present home at Hattonford. When Dale started grade one, he had to walk one-and-a-half miles to the old Beaver Meadow School. The teacher was always busy with the older kids, so he just goofed around and played with plasticine. When Dale finished grade one, he could hardly print his own name but passed regardless. Dale used to take his lunch in a lard pail. One day as he got ready to eat his lunch, he found he had taken the wrong pail - it was half full of lard!

When Dale was small, they had a team of big work horses, Zeke and Dick. Dick used to pick Dale up by biting his clothes and then would give him a good shaking. So, his love for horses wasn't too great. A few years later, Dale and Tommy Ophus were riding the same horse when he started bucking, Dale and Tommy went flying off in opposite directions. Tommy broke his right arm and Dale broke his left wrist. That finished Dale on horses.

In 1962, after completing grade ten at Niton Central School, Dale quit and went to Vermilion School of Agriculture for two winters. He started working on the oil rigs in 1965 and worked out every winter until he got married. During the summer, he helped on the farm.

Diane was born in March, 1950 at Mayerthorpe, where she was raised on a farm north-east of town. After graduating from Mayerthorpe High School in 1968, she worked as a clerk-typist for the Whitecourt Forestry until her marriage. Being a farm girl, she found the evenings in town very long, so to keep busy she got a job working at the Burger King in the evenings during the week. She went home every Friday night and wouldn't return until late Sunday night or Monday morning. Town life just wasn't her cup of tea.

Dale and Diane were married in June, 1969. They had seven children, Carolyn, Lance, Kevin, Kelly Lynn, Connie, Trevor, and William. Lance passed away March 15, 1972 at the age of eight months; he was laid to rest in the Hattonford Cemetery.

Dale worked several winters on rigs near home. He logged with Brian Cundict and Lee Davis a couple of winters, and has done some cat work for extra money during the winter months, but most of his time is spent farming.



William, Dale, Diane, Carolyn, Kevin, Kelly Lynn, Connie, and Trevor Wigley

KLAAS AND TINA WILDEBOER

Klaas and Tina Wildeboer were married in Holland in 1939, where they both had been born. After their marriage, Klaas worked on his father's farm during the summertime and in winter he was a truck driver. Shortly after the Second World War, they planned on moving to Brazil, because Klaas had his diploma from the Agricultural School and wanted to farm. In Holland, the land prices by this time had increased to about five hundred guldens (Dutch currency) an acre, and the going wages were only about forty guldens per week. They never moved to Brazil because of the unstable government situations at the time. One week they would help you get a nice farm, but then the government would change and they didn't even want you in the country.

By the end of 1950, Klaas had had enough of this and decided to try Canada instead. On the 13th of February, 1951, they were on their way to Canada with their three children, Bey, then six, Albert, four, and Tine, two years old. Because Tine had pneumonia and Albert the measles, they had to stay in Halifax for five weeks. This delay turned out to be a good thing, in a strange sort of way, because somebody discovered there, that they had train tickets for Fort MacKay, which is over three hundred miles north of Edmonton. They finally got the whole thing sorted out and arrived in Mackay on the 4th of April. They went to Charlie Haggart's, who had been their sponsor. After a few weeks Klaas got a job on the railroad, where he worked for eight years.

When Craig Foster offered to sell them his farm in 1954, Klaas didn't have much trouble deciding to buy it. In 1955, Mike Mills sold them his farm, where they lived until 1971, when they bought Catharine Woloszyn's farm and moved there.

After coming to Canada, they had five more children: Jacqueline, John, Ken, Jim and Bill. They still don't agree whether it was the good clean air or the cold winters they were not used to, but anyway they had lots of help on the farm. Klaas and Tina joined the

United Farmers of Alberta in 1954 and were active members, Klaas serving as President for two years in the Chip Lake District. In May, 1968, on Klaas's fiftieth birthday, they got their Canadian Citizenship papers. They have never regretted the decision to come here instead of going to Brazil.

Bey married Florence Tuckwood. They have two children, Earl and Debra. Albert and his wife, Heather Baskier, have two children, Jeffrey and Dawn Marie. Tine married Glen Hillier and has two boys, Byron and Darren. Jacqueline and her husband, Robert Scott, also have two boys, Richard and Shane. John married Charlene Dorvall; their three children are Angie, Michael, and Trina. Ken and his wife, Kathy Rawling, have two daughters, Candice and Jamie. Jim married Pat Rozko and their three children are Michael, Jackie Lynn, and Cory. Bill is still single.

THE CLARENCE WILKINS FAMILY

I was born in Jasper, where my dad was an Outfitter as well as a C.N.R. Conductor. Geraldine's family, the Wells, moved there from Bashaw, Alberta, when she was a year old. Her father was a National Park Warden in the Sunwapta Falls Area, before the existence of the Jasper-Banff Highway. In 1945 I returned from overseas service with the New Westminster Regiment, then for three years worked in Jasper as a C.N.R. brakeman and later was a National Park Warden for sixteen years. Our family consists of three children, Bert, Margaret, and Clare.

In 1964, we visited Manly Rehill and the Eatons, whom we had known in Jasper. Being mountain-raised, the foothill country, river and creeks appealed to us, so Manly drove us around to various places that were for sale. One weekend we picked up Bert at Rehills, where he worked that summer, drove to Beaver Creek, and camped. The next day we all walked over our present place, at that time vacant, and decided it looked like home. In 1964 we bought the W½-34-56-13-W5th., through the Harry Walker Realty Co. in Jasper Place.

For two years, Geraldine and Clare lived from May to



Klaas and Tina Wildeboer and their children on their 40th Wedding Anniversary

the end of October on the place, looking after grassers that we bought in Edmonton, while I came down each week on my two days off. The first stock the place had were two saddle horses, former wild horses from the Green Timber, which is an area lying between Hinton and Jasper, caught by Geraldine's dad. In the late spring of 1969, we bought some bred Shorthorn heifers, through the auctioneer, Doug McKeen. Following that transaction, we registered our brand. That fall, I resigned from the Warden Service and moved everything. We lived in a little house that was formerly a granary with a lean-to added on to the back and a porch added on to the front. I built an insulated room on behind the lean-to as a combined bedroom and storage for furniture, etc. We had a wood heater and cookstove, coal-oil and gas lamps and no telephone. We used to haul water from the creek, before re-cribbing a hand-dug well, down the hill from the house. Empty pails down, full ones up!

During 1970, Ed and Tom Ophus called a couple of times to persuade me to agree to stand as president of a saddle club that they and Lucy Robinson, among others, were trying to get started. I agreed and subsequently the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club became a chartered organization. I remained President for six years and Geraldine was Secretary for four and a half years. Our entire family had some wonderful times there. In October 1970 the Beaver Meadow Saddle Club had its first trail ride, with some thirty-eight riders, beginning north of Hattonford along Clark's road to the creek and then following the old road to Wagner's Flats and on to Beaver Creek at Wilkins' for a hot campfire meal.

In 1971, I had the electric power brought in from across the river and had the house wired. Harvey and Mrs. Setzer came over to witch a well site before having a well driller come. He witched a good one. For the present, Bert, married to Margaret Unrau from Saskatchewan, and their two sons, Jason and Travis, and Margaret, married to Ed Regnier from the Sundre area, and their three daughters Maureen, Christy and Shauna, have their trailers on our place. Clare married Rob Thorburn and is presently living and teaching at Fort Vermillion. Geraldine teaches kindergarten at Niton Central School.

The following history of the place was told to us by Harry Hellekson. Scotty Lowe, a fire ranger, who used to make a circle every two or three weeks from Whitecourt, filed on the NW $\frac{1}{2}$ -34-56-13-W of 5th. His first dwelling there was a dug-out in a hillside. In 1915 he



Clarence and Geraldine Wilkins

moved to Edson and had a hardware store. A man from New York filed on the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ -34-56-13-W of 5th. His brother drowned fording the McLeod River. His brother-in-law, Mr. Parker filed on the north quarter. He died as a result of operating on himself for appendicitis and is buried near Harry Hellekson's land. Frank Elston later bought the land, and built a log house, just below our present house. Wagners also lived on the place for awhile, working on three quarters of homestead land to the east known as Wagner's Flats. Orville Ar-



Rob and Clare Thorburn

mstrong bought the land in 1950 and sold it to Hans Tober in 1961. As previously mentioned, we became the next owners in 1964.



Bert and Margaret Wilkins

BERT AND MARGARET WILKINS

Bert and I met in Jasper in 1967, while I was visiting



Jason and Travis Wilkins

family there. In 1971, I moved to Alberta from Big River, Saskatchewan. Bert and I were married in 1972. We moved to the East Bank District in 1974 from Edson. We have two sons - Jason, age eight, and Travis, age six.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY

by Ralph Williams

Albert Williams was born in Wales in January of 1885. His wife, Mary Markham, was born in England in September of 1884. In 1913, when they were both immigrating to Canada, they met on the Empress of Ireland. (which, incidently, sank on the next voyage). Mary went to work in Toronto while Albert went to Saskatchewan to work on his brother-in-law's farm. In 1914 Mary joined him and they were married in Wynyard, Saskatchewan. They had a son, Ralph, in 1916 and went homesteading in Hattonford.

From Niton, Mrs. Williams rode horseback on 'Old Prince' as she sat on a feather mattress and hung on to a nine-month-old baby all the way with not even a shack to go to on the homestead. However, with hard work they were able to build a house which is still standing today. A daughter, Edna, was born in this house. In 1925 another daughter, Pearl, was born but unfortunately passed away from pneumonia at the age of six months.

After becoming established on the homestead, Albert Williams purchased a blacksmith forge and, through trial and error, became a very passable blacksmith. He made many of his tools and also did much of the repair work on machinery for the settlement of Hattonford. He also had a wood sawing and grain crushing outfit which kept him and his son, Ralph busy for a number of winters, sawing fire wood and crushing grain all through the settlement.

During the late twenties and through to the fifties he was also very active in all community activities such as community entertainment, United Farmers of Alberta activities, and was very active in getting a 'Co-op' Store started in Hattonford. He also had a hand in bringing into being the Northern Alberta Dairy Pool which had its beginnings in Edmonton many years ago and has now

spread to many cities and towns throughout Alberta.

Mrs. Williams was also active in many community affairs such as the Hattonford Women's Auxiliary and exhibiting farm products and crafts at the Hattonford fairs. These exhibits from the Williams family won a solid silver tray donated by The Robert Simpson Company as a trophy for the family winning the most first prizes in the space of three consecutive years at these fairs. Also, a solid silver rose bowl was won by Mrs. Williams for the most first prizes in the women's section. These trophies were much prized by the family and are still in their possession.

In 1928, the Williams family had one of the first radios with the big horn loud speaker in the community, which made for continual visitors coming to listen to the marvel of music and world events coming into the home from thousands of miles away.

During all the years that Mr. and Mrs. Williams were active in all community affairs, Mr. Williams and Ralph played for dances, umpired ball games and "came from the North Pole with sleigh bells on the reindeer, to give out stockings and presents to all the good girls and boys at Christmas."

In 1954 they sold their stock etc. and moved to Edmonton, where Mr. Williams worked for Canadian Kenworth for ten years. Mrs. Williams passed away in February 1971 and Mr. Williams in August 1979.



Cosmo Tindall, Edna Tindell (Williams), Ralph Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams

BEN AND IRIS WISEMAN

In 1930, my husband Ben and I were working on a farm at Macklin, Saskatchewan. Our first child, Jim, was born at the Macklin Hospital in September. We had been looking for land of our own, and had almost made up our minds to go to McReary, Manitoba, near Dauphin, where there were a lot of abandoned homesteads for tax sale. However, that fall our boss was hiring extra help for harvest; he hired Mr. E. Rear and his son, Ernie, from Hattonford, Alberta, which, they told us, was about fifteen miles north of Niton, the nearest store and railroad station. They said they had a homestead up there and there were many more to be taken for the sum of ten dollars, so we decided we were Alberta bound.

When the harvesting was finished, I went with our six-week old baby, to stay with my school days' friend, Grace Rockwood, and her parents at Phippen, Saskatchewan and Ben came west. He filed on our homestead, the southwest quarter of section 33, township 55, range 12, west of the 5th on October 13, 1930.

He stayed with Ernie Cox, a young bachelor who, with Ted Cundict and Art Sonne, helped to build our pioneer home - a twelve by sixteen cabin made of unpeeled pine logs with a slab and tar paper roof.

Mail service here wasn't like on the prairie. There was a local Post Office, run by Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, but the mail was only picked up at Niton once a week, unless someone went to Niton and got their own and their neighbors' mail. As a result, I hadn't received the letter, while at Grace's, telling me not to come for another week. As there was so much snow and cold weather at Phippen, I decided I had better head west, thinking the weather would be the same in Alberta, and I could get settled before it got worse. I arrived at Niton at four o'clock Sunday afternoon on October 26, 1930 - and no sign of snow and no one to meet me! My letter announcing I would be there on the twenty-sixth was still in Niton. However, on the train, I had made friends with a young girl, Vera Bruner, and her father who were also getting off at Niton. Her brothers, Earl and George, would be coming to meet them; they would be going north and I could ride with them. The storekeeper, Cecil Robinson, had told me my husband was staying with Ernie Cox.

When the Bruner boys arrived in a high-wheeled wagon and team of work horses I thought, "If this is Alberta, I think I'll go back!" I had expected some kind of car, no matter how antique, but this type of travel was something I had only done for fun on the prairies, because we did have cars and buggies with light horses. I guess Vera saw my look of consternation and explained that this was the way most residents travelled; some of the luckier people did have buggies or democrats and driving horses.

We left Niton about five o'clock and my journey into the unknown began. It seemed hours before we came to a road camp, about where Kokotoviches now live, and I had already found out why the heavy horses and wagons were used. After more hours and a number of miles, we saw a light. Vera said that it was Alspachs - American people that had moved in, and that we had only a few more miles to go, because she had asked her brothers if they could take me as far as Art Sonne's place.

Then, to me, a miracle happened! A team was coming toward us; one of the boys waved the flashlight and this team and buggy stopped. It was my husband with Sonne's outfit, heading for Niton to meet the train from Edson; Mrs. Sonne was coming home from the hospital there. I moved - how, I'll never know, after sitting squaw-fashion, holding a baby for all those bumpy miles - from Bruner's wagon to the buggy. We went back to Sonnes, where Art was looking after their two small boys. Although it was nearly midnight, he suggested I go to Mrs. Cundict's, only another half-mile. About then I was making a resolution - this isn't the life for me. But after meeting Mrs. Cundict and her family and being warmly welcomed, I was having a change of heart.

In a few days our cabin was finished and we moved in. Our trunks hadn't arrived from Macklin yet - and didn't come for two more weeks, but with the kindness of our new neighbors, who lent us dishes, bedding, etc. we survived. We were able to buy a small cookstove and a few cooking utensils. Regardless of our primitive start, by the time I had been here a month, my vow to get out was only a memory.

We spent our first Christmas in Alberta with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cundict and family, along with Mrs. Cundict's sister, Milly, her husband, and family from Ed-

monton, Mr. Rear and Ernie, and Ernie Cox.

During that first winter, we got initiated into the logging business, which all the local men worked at, mostly in the winter, to make a living. Permits for railway ties were purchased from the Department of Lands and Forests and you contracted sale of the finished product to the local storekeepers - Cecil Robinson at Niton and Sam Robinson at Carrot Creek. This enabled us to get credit at these stores and pay our bill when the ties or lumber were shipped out in the spring.

Our first log setting was just back of our cabin and the barn we had built for the team of horses we had bought from Art Sonne, a necessity to skid the logs to the rollway site. Then you waited your turn for a portable sawmill to come and do the sawing. It was Ernie Jager who came to our place with his mill. What a field day I had, cooking for six to eight men on my little four-burner camp cookstove, but I managed! We had no well, so my husband had to pack water from a spring on the adjoining quarter, owned by J. Babcock. That year there was little or no snow to melt, even for washing. Then in March of 1931, just when the men were able to get a three-ton, single-axle truck, owned by Joe Whalen from Edson, we got snow - about two feet of it. This didn't help to improve the new road areas to Niton, which had been built the year before with horse and man power, but by sheer effort and work, the logs were taken out.

Next came the big job of clearing the land by hand, stumping powder, and horses to haul the fallen trees into windrows to be burned. Horses and a walking plough were used to break the land, followed by endless root picking. One stipulation in filing on a homestead for ten dollars was that you had to have seven acres cleared and broken in three years to obtain your title. We made it! In later years, the Ryder Brothers from Flin Flon, Manitoba came in with brush cutting equipment and many of us got large fields opened up.

In the spring of 1931, a neighbor, Harry Hodges, helped dig a shallow well near the cabin. Then that same spring, Ben's sister and her husband, Floss and Ambrose Bengert, came from Saskatchewan. The three men dug another well out on the side-road where we were building another peeled log house. That fall we moved to this location, which brought us three-quarters of a mile from the main road to Niton and the Beaver

Meadow School.

In the fall of 1932, my friend, Grace Rockwood from Saskatchewan, came to stay with us; this was a big help for me, as she was nurse and housekeeper when our second son, Frank, was born. She took part in all the community activities that winter and became won over by our pioneer country. In the fall of 1933, she married a local resident, Ross Woodring, and still makes her home in Hattonford today.

The men in the district took work wherever they could, working for as little as a dollar a day. Very little cash was received for their work; mostly wages were taken out in trade for a horse, cow, pigs, or even vegetables. We bought our first cow and calf from Cecil MacMillan, a newcomer to Niton from Gadsby, Alberta.

Many of the local men would get together and ride the freight trains to the prairies in the southern part of Alberta or Saskatchewan to find work in the harvest fields until it was time to come back and prepare for winter work in the bush. Ben was able to get a job for a couple of winters driving truck for J. Forcade of Wildwood, hauling lumber and ties from J. Maltson's camp to the Swanson Lumber Company in Granada. He also worked for Tom Clarke, who had a camp north of the base line, for some years.

When our main road was finally being improved up to the line between townships fifty-five and fifty-six, everyone was pleased to see a really big mechanical machine move in. It was a bridge pile driver and the rickety old wooden bridge just south of the school was demolished and a sturdy new bridge was put in.

There always seemed to be something to go to or do. In winter, there were plays, starring all local people, which were even performed in Edson. We also had a Mr. La Roche come in once a month to show movies. Ross Woodring organized and put on a minstrel show, again all local talent, which was long remembered and talked about. At one time, we had a seven-piece orchestra; those taking part were the Anderson family, Mr. Williams and Ralph, Mrs. Elsie Watson and Betty, Ernie Cox, and Ernie Rear. Our community Christmas Concerts with Santa Claus (Mr. Williams) was a big event. We had as many as ninety to one hundred children receiving gifts and treats, because in those

days, you didn't have to be a member of a club to participate in community social affairs. Our scope took in the Windfield people and also the families of couples who were living at the logging camps - even if they had only been here a few days. Someone made a point of getting to a store so no child was forgotten. This affair always ended with a dance, the local musicians supplying the music.

In summer, we had our Sunday outings to the McLeod River; the Ashmead family, the Ingle family, and our family took picnic lunches and spent the whole day. This, of course, was done with teams and wagons. There were also picnics and fishing trips to McNally's (Beta) Lake, where about half the people in the area gathered on Sundays.

Small fall fairs had been held at the community hall, but the really outstanding one was the year Ross Woodring organized it. He had canvassed local businesses and several city stores and wholesale outlets for donations to be used as prizes - such as doorprizes, lucky number draws, and novelty dance prizes. These donations consisted of anything useful - household staple goods, small items of clothing, even hardware. There was a supper including all homegrown vegetables, to say nothing of the fried chicken and cranberry pies. The big day ended with a dance, music again supplied by the local musicians.

The people of the district were always ready to lend support to any project. Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford were one of the first to have a radio. They invited the children from the school to listen to the B.B.C. broadcast when Edward VIII made his abdication speech on December 11, 1936. In June of 1939, all those who owned a car volunteered to take the school children to see King George VI and Queen Elizabeth when the Royal Train stopped briefly in Edson. Our two boys, Jim and Frank, were able to hear and see both these events.

The years went by and things slowly picked up. In 1939, we got our first radio; one program we never missed, if static didn't interfere, was "Hello the North" from CJCA in Edmonton. Elsie Watson, who had taught here and was a longtime friend, used to talk to her daughter, Betty, in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.

During the years from 1930 to 1949, we had a family



**Back Row L. to R. - Frank, Iris, Ray, Bud, Mildred, Marian
Front Row L. to R. - Donald, Beth and Muriel Wiseman.
Christmas 1951.**

of nine children, five boys and four girls. Our eldest son passed away in 1941; the other eight have grown up and have children of their own. The one wedding in the family that will always stand out with us all, was the marriage of our eldest daughter, Mildred, to Peter Setzer on June 28, 1952. On our sideroad there was a slough and we had plenty of rain at this time so we left the house on a flat deck on a wagon, pulled by a tractor. The wedding party included the bride and groom, best man and bridesmaid, our family, the John Sim

family, and the Ed Strauss family. At the corner, we loaded into our respective cars and trucks and proceeded to the hall; the wedding went on, regardless of the problems getting there.

Presently, Frank, his wife, Edna, and family of four live in Barriere, British Columbia. The rest of the family live in Alberta. Mildred and Peter Setzer live at Niton; they have three children, two of them married, and four grandsons. Maryon Nasby lives in Spruce Grove; she has five children and two grandchildren. Bud and May Wiseman and their four children live in Drayton Valley. Ray, his wife Emma, and three sons live in Sherwood Park. Muriel and Bob Ralston live in Spruce Grove with their four children. Beth and her husband, Keith Jackson, live in Whitecourt; she has five children and one granddaughter. Don and Audrey Wiseman live in Fort McMurray with their two sons.

In 1966, we sold our homestead quarter and the adjoining quarter we had also bought, and moved to Niton Junction. In 1972, Ben's health failed and he passed away in November of that year - but life still has to go on. I live in the home we bought and have the confidence to go on, because I have the support of my family. I'm proud to be the mother of eight children and their families, which presently total thirty-five grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. I hope that our homesteading spirit of the 1930's will be an in-



Mildred and Peter Setzer's Wedding, June 28, 1952.



Iris and Allen Wiseman, 35th Wedding Anniversary

spiration to them to always look ahead and never give up.

DAVE AND KAY WISEMAN

In April of 1937, we came from Regina to my brother Ben's place in Hattonford. He and his wife had taken up their homestead in 1930 and were slowly becoming established. They had four young children - two sons, Jim and Frank, and two daughters, Mildred and Maryon.

This was certainly a new experience for us - having always lived in the city - but we soon became accustomed to life in the woods. We built a little log cabin on Ben's place. I worked with Ben that winter of 1937 and 1938, hoping to get a start in this new land, during the depression era. Hunting wild game and fishing was part of our means of survival, because wages were at their lowest ebb. In December of 1937, Kay got initiated into being attending nurse, when our sister-in-law had their third son, Bud.

The next spring we went to Dapp, Alberta and got work with a Mr. Lige Cochrane on his farm, then to the H. Rheise farm at Rochfort Bridge. When these jobs were finished, we made our way to the Okanagan Valley in B. C., taking seasonal jobs - most of which were picking fruit at different orchards.

In the fall of 1940, we decided to come back to Hattonford and take up land of our own. So, we left Salmon Arm, B.C. in the old Chrysler car we managed to buy. There was no Yellowhead Highway or Roger's Pass in those years, only the Big Bend Highway, which has long been cut off as a main road. (At the Bend is now the Mica Dam.)

We started our homesteading experience by purchasing the abandoned homestead that had belonged to my sister and her husband, Floss and Ambrose Bengert. It was the NE quarter of 32-55-12-W5.

The routine of life for us was the same as that of our neighbors - our country at war, limitations on commodities, cutting logs in winter, to be sawn into railway ties and lumber, and ration coupons for food. The

sawing of lumber was also carried on in slack times during the summer months, when we weren't busy clearing patches of bushland in order to get the land title.

During the next two years (1940 to 1942), we took part in what there was of community affairs and exchanged work with neighbors. On several occasions we took care of Ben and Iris's family, if they had to be away. Along with the many hardships, there were also some humorous happenings - one in particular - as remembered by our niece, now Mildred Setzer. We had a couple of goats we had bought from our nephew, Frank. One day we picked up the nieces and nephews to go with us to the local store, owned by J. Maltson. When we got home, everyone got out of the wagon to help unload; Kay had left her purse on the seat. The goats jumped into the wagon, proceeded to poke into the purse, and chewed up our ration coupons, which certainly caused a commotion, along with Kay's tears, and the considerable time it took to have them replaced.

In the winter of 1942-43, I enlisted in the army and left the homestead. For a time, I was stationed in Windsor, Ontario, prior to going overseas. When I returned in 1945, we went to Oyama, B.C. We worked in the orchards and other available jobs, before taking up land



Dave and Kay Wiseman, 1947

through the V.L.A. (Veteran's Land Act) at Dawson Creek. Later I was employed at Northern Freightways - now Canadian Freightways.

After several years there, we moved farther north to Fort Nelson. Upon retirement, we moved to Salmon Arm, where we still live.

BILL WOLFE

by Gladys Davis

Bill Wolfe came to Canada from Saxon, Germany, about 1912. He worked in Edmonton for a time before coming to Hattonford in 1930. Two jobs he had while in Edmonton were being a lamplighter and a dog catcher. He believed himself to be a jack-of-all trades and claimed to have made his most money as a preacher.

One of his many-claimed trades was that of cook and once, when the Prince of Wales visited Edmonton, Mr. Wolfe later told that he was the cook at the hotel where the Prince stayed. When the Prince drank his coffee, he thought it was the best he had ever tasted and asked to see the cook. Mr. Wolfe claimed that the Prince paid him money for his delicious coffee.

One time, Bill stopped in at August Staehle's when August was breaking land with the walking plow. He explained to August that he should have a twelve-foot handle on the plow. Bill said that when you came to a stump you could lift the handle up and, as you pulled ahead under the stump, you pulled down on the handle and the stump would pop right out. A likely story, but walking plows just didn't have twelve-foot handles!

Bill Wolfe was a very imaginative and entertaining person. He passed away in the Edson Hospital in 1962.

J. ROSS WOODRING

by E. Joan Stollings

My father was born and raised in Peru, Indiana. When he finished public school, he attended De Pauw University; after graduating, he went back to Peru to work on his father's independently-owned newspaper.

During a few summers, he did advance agent work for some of the circuses. (Peru, at that time, was winter quarters for such shows as Ringling Brothers and Hagenbach Wallace.) He shared many escapades and holidays with Cole Porter, whose home was also in Peru. This was just before he moved on to New York to try the "big time" in song writing and show business.

The next move for my dad was to Chicago, Illinois, where he worked on the "Herald". Then, when William A. Hearst bought the paper, four or five of the news staff quit and moved to Canada. Dad worked on an Alberta farm for a short time before moving into Calgary to work on the "Albertan". From there, he answered a call from Winnipeg and worked on the "Tribune"; he was there when the Armistice Agreement ending World War I was signed. In Winnipeg, he met and married Kay Bartley.

During some of this time, his mother was in Calgary. There she met a man named Joseph Guest, who told her of the Hattonford area, where he had some land. After arrangements were made, Kay's mother and brother, Jack, were brought west from Ontario and the Woodrings and Bartleys moved into Hattonford about 1921 or 1922. At first, they lived in a shack on Joseph Guest's land, but later that year my dad bought a quarter from Dave Guignon and moved onto that land.



Grace, Joan and Ross Woodring

In the years that followed, he acquired and improved more land. At intervals, he would go into Edmonton to work as news editor of the old "Edmonton Bulletin". It was at one of these times that he acted as honorary pallbearer for Constable Millin, the R.C.M.P. officer who was shot by Albert Johnson, the now-famous Mad Trapper.

My Grandmother Woodring passed away in 1930 and Kay died in 1931; they are both buried in the Hattonford cemetery.

In September of 1933, my dad and mother, Grace Rockwood who was staying with her friend, Iris Wiseman, were married. They lived on the farm until 1935, then moved to Edmonton and live there until 1943, before returning to Hattonford. My father passed away in 1946 and is buried in Edmonton.

During the years in Hattonford, my dad took part in and helped to organize many community activities, including the fall fairs and local plays. One winter he produced a minstrel show, with all local talent, that some of the "old timers" still talk about.



Ross and Joan Woodring bringing in water

THE BEN ZERB FAMILY

Our involvement with the Hattonford district actually began in 1938, when dad began hauling lumber out of that part of the country. He travelled back and forth from Leduc until 1949, when he purchased land from Pat Moore and began to operate a small lumber

camp. Dad worked hard in the camp and Mom in cooking and cleaning for the camp, as well as taking care of her family. They hired a young local girl, Nancy Sterry, to help and this made things a little easier for Mom. Judy, at five and I, at seven regarded the whole time spent in the camp a great adventure, because we were "town kids", and this life had town life beat by a country mile. But it didn't last long enough, and Mom and Dad decided to move back to Leduc so we could go to school.

Dad kept his land and added to it by buying Nick Kokotovich's property. From 1950 to 1954, he travelled back and forth between Leduc and Hattonford; in 1954 he decided again to settle in the country. Judy and I were ten and twelve at this time and not so wholeheartedly in favor of the move. We were reverted to "town kid" status again and didn't know what to expect. But move we did, and in a few weeks we were wondering what all our fuss was about. We were loving it! We were immediately accepted at school and enjoyed ourselves with our new pals. This time the sojourn lasted two years, with dad working hard to clear more land, and hauling lumber.

On the move again, Mom, Judy and I went to Vancouver, Dad staying here to continue his hauling business and improvement of the land. He joined us in Vancouver, but was unhappy away from the land, and so the decision was made to come back to Alberta. The year was 1960 and the family, except for myself, was living in Edmonton. Judy and I were married shortly after, leaving Mom and Dad on their own. In 1966 they moved back to Hattonford, where they have resided ever since.

My time in the district was not yet finished, because in 1967, my small family decided to be farmers, too. We applied for a homestead and built a house in Mom and Dad's yard, living there for four years, at which time we moved back to Edmonton.

Is our country sojourn over? Who knows? At this time, Mom and Dad are happy on the farm, Judy and I in the city. Dad is busy farming and selling machinery; he does not have enough hours in the day to do the things he still wants to do. The next generation of our family is growing up and hopes to carry on the tradition of country life. My two sons, Doug and Darryn, think the Hattonford district in general, and Mom and Dad's

place in particular, is the only place in the world to live and plan to do just that. Only time will tell whether they will fulfil their ambitions or not, but as long as the young people think this way the community will survive.

I am looking forward to reading a sequel to this book in twenty-five years time--- who knows the interesting stories it will have to tell?

THE HARVEY ZERB FAMILY

After serving five years in the army during World War II, I first came to this area in the winter of 1948 and worked in the lumber industry for my brother, Ben Zerb. In the spring I returned to my home at Leduc where I had tried farming after the war. After that season, I tried another winter up here lumbering. Then, as farming became more complicated in the Leduc area, in the spring of 1951, I decided to farm my brother's place up here in this country. But, to my surprise, farming had its drawbacks no matter where it was! When I came out here with my family we had five children and, as the years went on, as a rule crop failures were quite common, but one thing never seemed to fail - we had a new addition to the family just about every year. So, I figured it's not much for farming, but a good place to raise a family.

In my early years when I came out here, I enjoyed baseball and was quite active in the community. I promoted quite a few good old dances and donated to various worthwhile community functions.

As time went on I quit farming altogether and bought the place I'm on now, just for a home. I had to seek employment elsewhere, mostly on construction as a cat operator. I travelled to many different parts of Alberta on jobs. Wages were not too hot; I remember operating a cat for \$1.10 per hour.

Trying to raise a family of eleven, the wife, and myself was quite a struggle, but we managed to stay off the Welfare Roll. One time I remember cutting timber without a permit so I could feed my family and got caught doing so. I went to court and nearly had to go to jail for trying to feed my family. That sure made me angry! But, thanks to a certain magistrate, who took my plea into consideration, the case was dismissed.

Yes, there were certainly lots of ups and downs in my days, but also some good times. I enjoyed boozing and created a few problems for myself and a few for others. One New Year's Eve - I cannot say which year exactly, for around Xmas and New Year's it sometimes was not easy to remember everything, as many times I got loaded to the gills. But anyhow, I got into the old Hattorf Hall, which had a big barrel heater (no such thing as natural gas then). I was in the celebrating mood and I got up on top of the heater and did a little step dance on the hot stove. A number of the local ladies were present nearby and, believe me, they did not think too highly of me. But nevertheless, the world kept on going around and I sure enjoyed a lot of it. One time I was going to pack the family up and leave this country, but to my surprise, I could not afford a move much further than Niton Junction, so I stayed.

I'm quite happy to be living here in the country, as I'm getting up in age and am quite satisfied to slow down just a bit.

Six of our daughters have left the area. Marilyn Thibodeau lives in Edmonton and has two children, Darrin and Dawn. Gloria is married to Carl Leakvold. They live in Wildwood and have two children, Cheryl and Darcy. Maxine and her husband, Cliff Pugh, live at Fort St. John, British Columbia with their two children, Lorne and Shawna. Linda married Wayne



Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Zerb and Family, 25th Wedding Anniversary 1970.

Norman and they live at Onoway. Their two daughters are Shelley and Carrie. Shirley Ann lives in Edmonton with her husband, John Sorenson. Dianne also makes her home in Edmonton.

Our youngest daughter, Lorraine, still lives at home, as do all four of the boys - Wayne, Neil, Harold and Bruce.

MORE NAMES FROM THE PAST

R. Ayres - Homesteaded where H. Wagner is now - had three children - Bob was in World War I - returned and lives in B.C.

Jim Babcock - From South Dakota in the 1920's - a bachelor - made toys for children - good gunsmith - moved to Mayerthorpe and is buried there.



Jimmie Babcock

Jack Bartley - M. Bartley and son Jack came from Ontario in the 1920's - Mrs. Bartley Sr. is buried in Hattonford - Jack lives in B.C.

A. Bengerts - Lived in Hattonford a few years - worked in the bush - most of the family live in B.C. at present - Mrs. Bengert now deceased - was A. Wiseman's sister.

Lee Blue - Lived on SW-1-57-13-W5 - married and had two children who were buried on SW-1-57-13-W5.

Mr. Brede - Lived on SE-9-57-13-W5 from 1905 - 1921 - known for his step dancing.

W. Carroll - Lived a short time in Windfield - was a C.N. railroader from Edmonton.

M. Crawfords - Came from Unity, Saskatchewan - had three children - Mel cooked for Corsers at Wolf Creek.



Mel and Gertie Crawford

Roy Dressler - Lived on NE-2-57-13-W5 from 1914 - 1933 - wife's name was Alice - often worked out as a barber in such places as Jasper, the Coal Branch, etc.

Grove Elliott - Lived on SW-2-57-13-W5 from 1913 - 1921 - married to Grace - had two children - both boys,

Marion and Franklin - moved back to U.S.A.

Al Elston - Lived on SE-1-57-13-W5 from 1913 - 1928 - married Alice Hellekson - had one son, Dean.

Frank Elston - In area, 1911 - 1929 - married Genevieve who was Frank Handwork's sister - had two adopted children, Merle and Myra.

M. Foster - Came from Saskatchewan in 1933 - one child - worked as barn boss for Corsers at Erith - only stayed a few years.

W. Fulton - Came from the U.S.A. - died alone - is buried in Hattonford.

W. Herring - Homesteaded and lived in Windfield in the 1920's - daughter Edith married Charles Larsen - she taught at Windfield and Beaver Meadow.

John Hinkleman - SE-30-56-12-W5 - cleared approximately five acres - one day he went looking for his oxen - was never seen again - human bones with a rope tied around the middle later found - buried on SW-1-57-12-W5.

Eric Ingstrom - Bachelor - a tree fell on him when clearing - neighbors made a stretcher and carried him to Mackay to the train and medical aid - only stayed a few years.

L. Johnson - From Denmark - had three children - Verner, Velly, and a daughter, Vita - they now live in B.C.

Bob Kelly - A coal miner from England - liked to argue - joined up for World War II - came back to visit - then returned to England.

Scotty Low - Lived on NE-34-56-13-W5 - 1904-1916 - a fire ranger - moved to Edson - started Edson Hardware.

Jim McDonald - The family came from B.C. in mid 1940's - Mr. McDonald buried in Hattonford - daughters Alice and Ethel married to R. Ford and J. Bartley, respectively - families all live in B.C.

John McDowalls - Homesteaded NW-21-55-12-W5 - joined World War I and was killed - Mrs. McDowall

moved.

Mulcahys - Homesteaded on the SE-28-55-12-W5 in the 1920's - house burned - later moved to Edmonton - one son, killed in a plane crash near Whitecourt.

Don Perry - Family of two children - lived in Hattonford a short time, where Mrs. Hennig is now - Don is presently a coach of the N.H.L. Los Angeles Kings.

C. Raslar - Bachelor - lived and worked in Windfield in the 1930's.

Jim Rowe - Bachelor - lived where L. Brooks lives now.

H. Rutter - Homesteaded NW-32-55-12-W5 in 1919 - had two children.

Showen Family - Came in 1909 - lived south of Clarence Wilkins place - son drowned trying to cross McLeod River - Dad operated on himself for appendicitis and died.

Bronk Smith - Bronk's Hill and Bronk's Lake named after this man - lake is in the middle of Section - 12-57-13-W5.

Oliver Teas - Homesteaded near the fifteenth base line, moved to Mayerthorpe and is buried there.



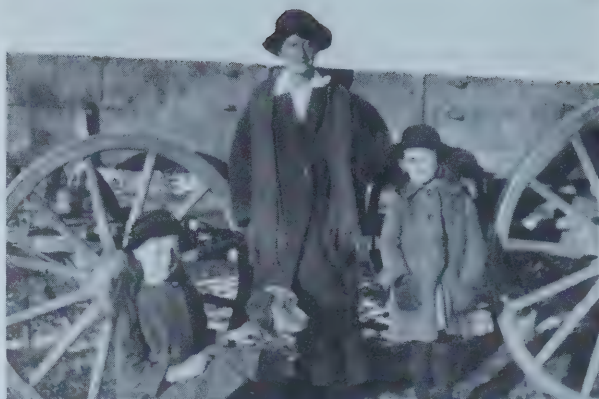
Oliver Teas

R. Toby - Lived several years in Windfield - retired to Seba Beach.

Chubby Warner - Proved up his homestead - worked on the railroad at Mackay.

D. Blades
J. Brink and Family
W. Bryant and Family
H. Chow
F. Dool
H. Ford
R. Franko
Greensmith Brothers
A. Hackett
R. Harvey

John Brady
A. Bryant and Family
Barney Carlson
Carl Ekstrom
Walter Fletcher
Craig Foster
G. Gordon
L. Gurber
Henry Hammill
W. Jillett



Mrs. Ethel Ford, Joyce and Nora.



Bill Jillett



Betty, Jack, Jim, and Harvey, children of Jacob Guignon.

Nykola Koszcun
Jack Long
McEwans and Family
Wick McMullen and Family
W. Miller
Del Moffat
Hans Olsen
William Reid
Johann Schlager
Morton Shook
John Steen
Ted Strudwick
Chris Vestre and Family

Julius Langner
R. Malstrom and Family
W. McMullen Sr.
F. Miller
Charles W. Mitchell
Jack Murray
Geoffrey Read
Fred Resechnik and Family
Johnson Shaw and Family
G. Sing
F. Strachan
John Vandreet and Family
Fred Woloszyn and Family
Arey Young



Jack, Rodney and Phyllis Jones, children of Margaret and Art Jones

PART V

Military



WORLD WAR I

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR I

taken from the David Bowerman Story

A call to arms for the “War to End All Wars” sent Herbert Ford and David Bowerman hurrying to Edmonton to enlist. After a short training period the Loyal Edmonton Regiment, the “Forty-niners”, was ready to leave for Europe. It was a volunteer regiment composed mainly of young farm workers, of which David, at twenty-six, was one of the oldest.

The train ride across Canada, the ocean crossing in a Cunard Liner, still luxuriously equipped for peace-time travellers, was an exciting adventure.

During the Battalion’s stay in England, David and Herbert had themselves photographed “in full kit”. Posing in full-dress made impressive photographs, but forced marches with their equipment was definitely work - harder work than homesteading. Something had



Edmund Sterry



John Larsen

to be done. They had volunteered to be soldiers not pack animals. Transfer, that was the answer! The Air Corps was always looking for volunteers, but further investigation showed that they would be less likely to survive basic training as airmen than as foot-soldiers. At last the answer came; they would be machine gunners. True, they would have to carry those heavy guns, but while the ordinary foot-soldiers were marching through the English countryside with their kits on their backs, they’d be in a warm, dry classroom learning the intricacies of their weapons.

In France, David volunteered to teach machine-gunnery. He was accepted and spent most of the war behind the lines, only being called up when a “big push” was on. Thus he managed to participate in, and survive, the war’s major battles - The Somme, Ypres and Vimy Ridge. After Vimy Ridge he was invalided home to England. Herbert was not so lucky. He was killed in action.



David White



Jim Moore



Dave Bowerman



Fred Strudwick and Harry Ford

Names of Those in W.W.I not in Pictures

Bill Anderson, Sr.
Peter Bacon
Arthur Bryant
Jack Calder
Harry Fletcher
**Herbert Ford*
Frank Handwork
M.H.Horsell
Harry Lawton
Bill Miller
John Skorobohaty
**Lindsay Strachan*

Robert Ayres
Herbert Bendall
William Bryant
John Cumming, Sr.
Frank Ford
Joe Guest
Harry Hodges
Len Humphry
John McDowall
Joe Moore
William Sterry
Francis Strachan

*killed in action

WORLD WAR II RECOLLECTIONS OF A WORLD WAR II VETERAN

as told to Grace Cundict

The decision whether to wait for your call or volunteer for the Canadian Armed Forces was perhaps one of the last meaningful decisions we would make for ourselves for sometime. After having joined up, these were made for us and we learned to live by the orders given, though often wondering about the whys and wherefores of our superiors.

We left home with mixed feelings; those of us not married or too romantically involved, could accept camp life a little easier. With so many different men from various backgrounds, we often thought, "How can we function together for the purpose intended?" We also found there were many a lot smarter than ourselves and that we could learn from one another.

The boat trip, a first for most of us, was interesting regardless of the crowded conditions and the danger around us. To foil a possible submarine attack, the boat changed course every seven minutes.

Arrival at our first camp in Britain was much different than in Canada. We grew to believe that surely there could not be many sheep left in New Zealand or Australia, as we must have eaten them all. Also, there was no need for a calendar when you came into the mess on Fridays. Where was all that good beef, ham, bacon, etc. that was being sent from Canada and other countries?

DOMINION OF CANADA
NATIONAL REGISTRATION REGULATIONS, 1940
REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE

This certificate must always be carried upon the person of the registrant.

Signature of Registrant: *George Albert Cooper*

Electoral District	No. 219	Jasper Edson
		(Name)
Polling Division	No. 151	Niton
		(Name if any)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
George Albert Cooper,
residing at Niton, Alta.,
was duly registered under the above-mentioned Regulations this 20 day of Aug. 1940.

W. A. L.
Deputy Registrar.

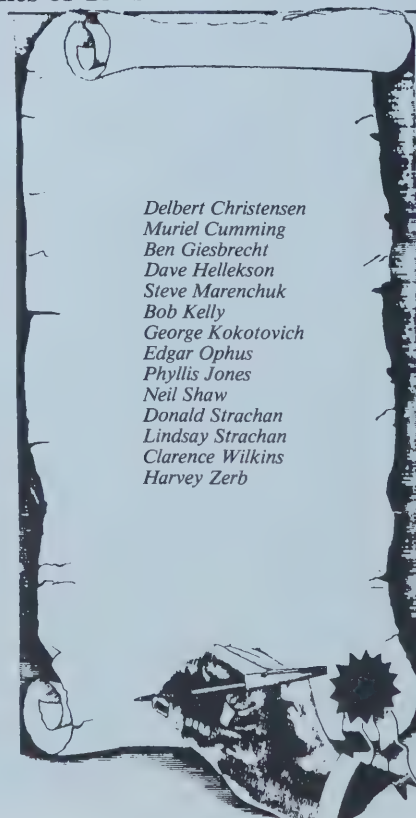
National Registration Slip

In a while our thoughts were like so many we met and got to know, "Let's live for today, for tomorrow, who knows?" We were often in awe of the people in Britain, and later on the continent, for their sacrifices and the will to take any part in the war effort, regardless of what it called for.

Most of us thought of the bombing as a waste of life, beauty and history. As the bombers were coming in waves over Britain, so were the Allies flying over Germany and other countries. It was just a trading of devastation. As we travelled, we were amazed to learn how so many men, so much equipment and arms could be kept in readiness, all under faultless camouflage.

The casualties were not all in the hospital wards. When a buddy would receive a "Dear John" at mail call, you tried desperately, with word or deed, to ease his feelings. We, of course, did not get to know of the horrors and deprivations faced by our prisoners of war until we started home.

Names of Those in W.W.II not in Pictures



LETTERS NUMBERS Prefix and Serial Number
No de Série (avec lettres)

YR 458021

LETTERS NUMBERS

Name
Nom *Bundick, Kathleen*
Last Name—Nom de famille First Name—Prénom

Street Address or R.R. No.
No et rue ou R.R. No.

City or Town
Ville ou Village *Katonford*

Province *Alta.* Telephone Number { Numéro de Téléphone

RATION BOOK 6

CARNET DE RATIONNEMENT 6

CANADA

Ration Book and Coupons

Name
Nom

Address
Adresse



PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DÉTACHER LES COUPONS



FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS



PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DÉTACHER LES COUPONS



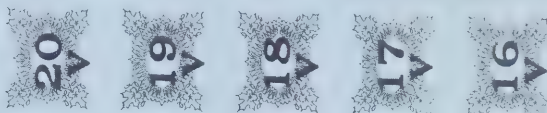
FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS



PREFIX & SERIAL NO.
No de série (avec lettres)



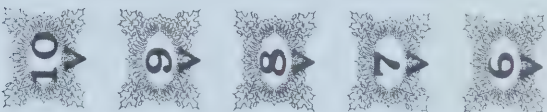
PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DÉTACHER LES COUPONS



FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS



PLIEZ SUR LA LIGNE AVANT DE DÉTACHER LES COUPONS



FOLD ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE DETACHING COUPONS



When the time came to return to Britain and then home to Canada, a lot of thought was given by many of us as to whether we should volunteer for the occupational army or for the Pacific.

Returning to civilian life had its good and difficult aspects. Perhaps our values had changed, as had some of the wonderful promises we had received before leaving.

By and large, we once again learned to make our own decisions and, in time, most were able to slip back into the mainstream of Canadian life.



Ted Cundict



Leonard Cundict



Lloyd Bendall



Jack Bartley and Frank Townsend



Harry Hodges



Alex Foster



Jim Guignon



Jim Moore



Bill Jillett



Leslie Hellekson, killed in action.



Raymond Ford and Kenny Ford



Jack Guignon



Barney Linderman



Louis Fjeld



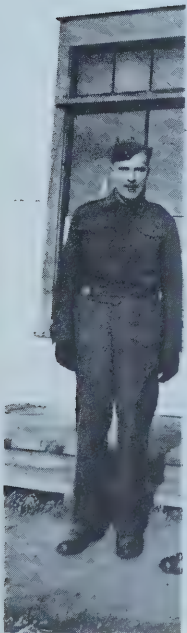
Jack Facey



Don Anderson



Jim Brooks



Carl Wagner



Bill Anderson



Johnny Cumming



Charles Larsen and Bob Larsen



Jack Long



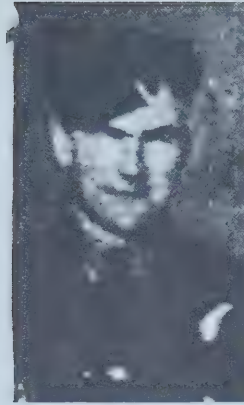
Melvin Wagner



Vern Moore



Ossie Ford



PO. E.W. Strauss



Pte. L.H. Strauss



Dave Wiseman



Rflmn. R.S. Strauss



Cpl. Barbara Strauss



Arthur Strudwick



Pte. T.J. Strauss

AN ENGLISH WAR BRIDE COMES TO HATTONFORD

by Kathleen Ford

I was born near Epsom, Surrey, England, one of a large family. I met Ossie Ford in early February, 1942 and married him in December of that year. Our son, Michael, was born in 1944. I received a telegram on Michael's first birthday, March 24, 1945, that I was to be ready to leave for Canada on the 26th of March, just two days later. We left for London and trained to Liverpool, where we boarded the ship "S. S. Brit-tanic". Michael and I were amongst hundreds of War Brides and their children; I heard it was the biggest convoy ever to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we docked on April 11, 1945.

There, we entrained for Alberta. The trains were enormous in size, compared to the trains back home in England. Every now and then, the train would stop at different places in different provinces to allow one or more girls off to meet their husbands or other relatives. I thought the journey would never end, even though the Red Cross and other personnel treated us royally.

Finally, on the fifteenth of April, it was Michael's and my turn to disembark at Niton. To my horror, there was no one to meet us! The telegram I had sent to notify Ossie's parents of our arrival was still in the Niton Post Office. To me, it was like being stuck in the middle of nowhere. All I could see were a few houses, the station house, and Robinson's Store, with a hitching rail in front of it. It wouldn't have surprised me to see cowboys and Indians appear! Mrs. Woodcock went to one of the houses and got Gene and June Peterson to drive us up to Hattonford in their car.

I had never seen such a road in my life - especially when we hit the "corduroy" by Mr. and Mrs. M. Kokotovich's place. We got stuck at the bottom of the hill below the Ford place. Gene carried my son and met Arthur, who recognized his grandson immediately, as he looked so much like Ossie. June and I were walking quite a ways behind and Arthur hadn't seen us.

Upon arriving at the house, I was asked what I would like to eat. I said, "Eggs!", as I hadn't had a real egg for years. In England there were only powdered ones to be had and they had been rationed

during the war. I ate six, which tasted fantastic! The morning after we arrived, I awoke to the sound of a cow mooing. At first, I wondered where I was, as I had been used to the sounds of war and then of travelling.

It took me quite awhile to settle to farm life. I had to get used to a wood cookstove; I'd been accustomed to a gas stove and kept forgetting to put more wood into the stove, but after many failures at baking, I finally learned. Also, I had to learn about measurements. I was used to pounds and ounces; now I had to use cups and spoons. I had to get used to asking for cans instead of tins and pails instead of buckets when shopping.

I had good neighbors in Mr. and Mrs. A. Guignon, who helped me and Ossie often. Mrs. Guignon taught me about canning and also kept me supplied with



Ossie and Kathleen Ford, December 1942.

books. Mr. Guignon was a great help in many ways. Mrs. F. Cundict taught me how to make quite a few different things with one batch of bread.

One of the things that sticks in my mind was the "outhouse". It was situated quite a ways from the house and I'm sure I broke Roger Bannister's four-minute mile record long before he did!

I found the winters very hard to take, as in England I'd been used to going out every day. I think I used to hibernate six months out of the year for the first few years, but when my family in England would send me

books, I'd walk to the post office no matter what the weather. If it wasn't too cold, I'd pull the two youngest on a toboggan while Michael would walk. In the summer, I would take the pram.

I made quite a few friends after joining the Women's Institute and had some good times visiting different houses. Max and Bessie Miller from Niton became very good friends too.

I lived in Hattonford for eighteen years, moving to Victoria, British Columbia in 1963.



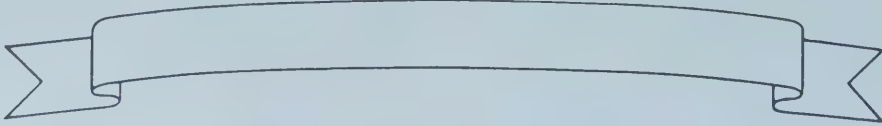
It's All Over! Nazis Give Up

The above headline appeared in *The Evening Telegram*, a Toronto newspaper, on Monday, May 7, 1945. The article went on to read as follows:

LONDON, May 7 - The greatest war in history ended today. Germany surrendered unconditionally to the Western Allies and Russia at 2:41 a.m. French time today. That was 8:41 p.m. E.D.T. Sunday. The announcement was flashed to the world at 9:36 a.m. E.D.T. today. The formal announcement on behalf of the "Big Three" was delayed. London reports said it would not come until tomorrow. Police dispersed crowds in Whitehall late today by telling them there would be no peace announcement this evening. The surrender which brought the war in Europe to a formal end after five years, eight months and six days of bloodshed and destruction was signed for Germany by Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl. Jodl is the new chief of staff of the German Army. It was signed for the Allied Supreme Command by Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, chief of staff for Gen. Eisenhower. It was also signed by Gen. Ivan Susloparoff for Russia and by Gen. Francois Sevey for France. The surrender took place at a

schoolhouse, which is the headquarters of Gen. Eisenhower. Gen. Eisenhower was not present at the signing, but immediately afterwards Jodl and his fellow delegates, Gen. Admiral Hans Georg Friedelburg were received by the Supreme Command. They were asked if they understood the surrender terms imposed upon Germany and if they would be carried out by Germany. They answered, yes. After signing the full surrender, Jodl said he wanted to speak and was given leave to do so. "With this signature," he said quietly in German, "the German people and armed forces are for better or worse delivered into the victors' hands."

The above article is taken from "The Canadians at War 1939/45 - Vol. 2" published by the Reader's Digest Association (Canada) Ltd. 1969. p. 654.



At the Gate of the Year

*I said to the man who
stood at the gate of the year*

*Give me a light that I may
tread safely into the unknown*

*And he replied,
"Go out into the darkness*

*And put your hand into
the hand of God*

*That shall be to you,
better than light*

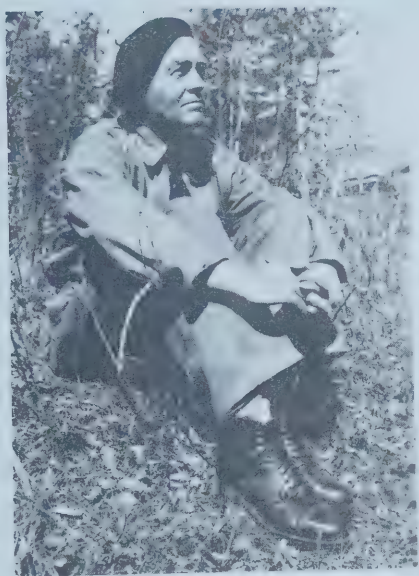
And safer than a known way."

George R. VI

(From an excerpt on an Empire radio broadcast during World War II by His Majesty King George VI)

PART VI

Reminiscences



Emigrant Thoughts

Sitting here I plainly see the Rockies
Backed by a rosey sunset all aglow:
Rolls a sea of spruce & pine between
that jagged line
And the humble little farmstead I call
home
I won't not have you think that I'm
repenting
The jump to day & makes the thing a go
But tonight my mind will stray
All those thousand miles away,
To the cottages where the stocks & jasmine
grow.

A nameless, formless, something brings a
message
My errand, wandering thoughts like
lightning, flee
By strange & filmy ways back to my
boy hood days
I've tried to round 'em up - they will
not be!
So! Let's wander, you & I fancy free
Across the breezy downs - just you & me
Oh! That'll be so blythe & gay ~~think~~
one to say no more

EMIGRANT THOUGHTS

by David Bowerman

Sitting here I plainly see the Rockies
Backed by a rosy sunset all aglow;
Rolls a sea of spruce and pine between that jagged line
And the humble little farmstead I call home.
I would not have you think that I'm repenting;
I'm going to stay and make the thing a go.
But tonight my mind will stray
All those thousand miles away,
To the cottage where the stocks and jasmine grow.

A nameless, formless something brings a message;
My errant, wandering thoughts like lightning flee
By strange and ariel ways back to my boyhood days.
I've tried to round 'em up - they will not be!
So! Let's wander, you and I, fancy free
Across the breezy downs - just you and me.
Oh! 'Twill be so blithe and gay
With no one to say us nay.

BACHELOR LIFE

When David Bowerman started homesteading, his first problem was housekeeping. He'd lived at home and then on the various farms where he'd worked. He decided to start with the basic food-bread. When it went into the oven, it was the size and shape of a brick. When it came out, it was the size, shape and weight of a brick. A friend from a neighbouring homestead came over and together they studied the golden-brown brick. It was decided that, if they could get through the crust, the inside would probably be edible. However, a knife couldn't cut it and an axe wouldn't chop it. An hour's game of baseball, using the bread for the ball and firewood for bats, never made a dint in its shiny surface. Even mold seemed unable to attack it. For months it was kept as a doorstop and conversation piece.

Harry Hodges and I, Bill Anderson, Jr., were working for Ted Cundict when he was taking the timber off his homestead. Ted's house was full so I was sleeping at Harry's place. Harry was a sort of skinny character and he slept in his shirt only. He had the skinniest legs in the world! He would get up in the morning (cold as hell), throw some wood and coal oil in the heater, throw in a match, and dive back into bed. In about two minutes the heater and chimney were red-

hot, right to the ceiling. Then I had to get up because I was afraid the shack would burn down.

Amid giggles, Mrs. Jack Calder told the story of Jack staying for breakfast one morning with the Clapp boys. They had flapjacks with syrup and lard on them. All of a sudden, from the cracks in the ceiling overhead, a stream of water ran onto the table. It wasn't raining, but the cat had gone upstairs and didn't come down when it should have. No, Jack didn't appreciate those days!

THE PICNIC

by Claude Hellekson

One July 1st, our whole family went to a picnic at Beta Lake in the wagon. We came back home to find the door of the house wide open. Mother went to the door and nearly passed out, just moaning, "My God!" The cows had been in there all day. You can imagine what the inside of the house looked like - loose cow manure all over the dirt floor, some even on the walls, the table upset, one hundred pounds of flour and oat-meal scattered all over. The cows had eaten a box of Royal Crown laundry soap, which thinned down the manure even more. Some mess to clean up! It seemed as though the cows had enjoyed their picnic as much, or more, than we had. Dad had to hitch up the team the next morning and make the long trip to McLeod Valley with the wagon for groceries.



One of the many picnics held at Beta Lake.

FAMILY WATER SPORT

by Claude Hellekson

Northeast of our homestead, on what is now Bill Lawton's ranch, was a long slough with a sand ridge right to the bank. Dad got the bright idea of making a dugout canoe out of a very large, burned-out black poplar. He worked it out good with an axe and adz, boarded up the back end and put a nice canoe point on the other end - really a work of art considering the tools he had. This and the slough would give us hours of good canoeing, so Dad thought.

The dugout was launched. Dad and Alice got in and everything was fine, until one of them moved. Then this lovely canoe turned over so quickly, leaving Dad and Alice standing in the water. They tried several times, always with the same result, so the canoe or dugout, was hauled out of the water and there it stayed for years. I don't know if it was still there when Lawton's cleared this part of the land. Dad, of course, raised on the bald prairie, did not put an outrigger on this craft, or it might have stayed afloat better. So much for Dad's dream of family water sport! Mother never did think much of the idea. Dad did give this craft a name, but it's not printable.



**Dad's boat wouldn't float like Mr. Strudwick's!
A SURE—FIRE VOTE GETTER**

by Claude Hellekson

Every homestead had a little log house, later frame, known by various names - outhouse, throne, little house - a real part of the so-called "good old days" back then. These one or two-holers always had an Eaton's and Simpson's catalogue hanging handy. I

think a law should have been passed making mail order companies use only soft pages, no shiny, slick ones. Any politician making this a law surely would have won all homesteader votes! At forty below, one did not stay long to look at the catalogue.

VISITING OFFICIALS

by Claude Hellekson

I have always remembered a visit by an R.C.M.P. officer on a regular patrol, about 1914. It was a sight we all enjoyed when this red-coated Mountie came in on the trail from the west, straight and easy in the saddle, everything about both horse and rider so neat and proper. Always interested in saddle horses, I thought this well-groomed horse was really grand! The Mountie had dinner with us, telling a little news of the district, and some of the war. When Dad asked how the war was going, he said not good, but it was only a matter of time until the Germans would be defeated, as the United States would enter the war, and with her industrial might would turn the tide. He made notes in his logbook, asked Dad how we were getting along, and continued on his patrol.

We also had fire rangers visit us and stop for dinner during fire season. Just one man usually patrolled. He rode a saddle horse and led a pack horse which carried his tent, camping supplies, axe, shovel, and notices to tack on trees wherever there was timber. They, like the mounties, had some rugged trails to go over. If there was a fire, they would get the men to dig a ditch well ahead of it, start a back fire, and wait for rain. It seems today, with all the bulldozers, water bombers, etc., they still often wait for rain and God Almighty to put out the fire.

COWHIDE COULEE

(NE34-56-13-W5)

by Shirley Manary

On April fifth, 1917 the Alberta Government passed an act to encourage the increased raising of stock in the province. This act was officially called, "The Livestock Encouragement Act". Some of the local residents dubbed it "Cowbell".

Berland Dressler took advantage of the act and

brought a large herd of cattle into the country. The winter was long and cold and not enough feed had been put up for so many cattle. The cows grew thin and by early spring their numbers had started to diminish.

Rather than suffer a complete loss, Berland decided to skin every animal that died and to store the hides in the still ice-bound coulee that lay south of his farm. He relied on the ice and the salt that he sprinkled on the hides to preserve them until he could ship them.

Alas, the hides rotted there and thus gave the coulee its name, Cowhide Coulee.

THE HARD WINTER

by Kathleen Cundict

In 1919, the Hattonford area was hit by a very hard winter. The snow came early in October and stayed until May. The cattle and horses died from a shortage of homegrown feed and there was none to buy. Towards spring, our cows would go across the road, along the timber and, as the snow would melt around the roots of the trees, they would find a little dry grass. There were two big trees which had grown about four feet apart; that winter, they both blew down together. Their roots were sticking up in the air with some grass clinging to them. One of the cows saw this and decided to walk up between the trees to get it. Because the snow was still quite deep, she got wedged there. Another cow stayed with her, lying down under a nearby spruce tree. They were both dead when we went to look for them the next morning.

HORSE TALES

by Kathleen Cundict

I have always enjoyed riding and working with horses. I would teach the colts to lead and, when they were two years old, would ride them until they got too big, as they were Percherons. I would also hitch them up and drive the ladies to the W. A. meetings, to Niton, and so on.

Then, when Mr. Lawton came to Hattonford, he brought in some saddle-type horses and I got one of those, but he was sure mean and would kick and bite - I still have a few scars. I couldn't handle him, so



Kathleen holding the reins.

Chester Ingle broke him for me. He made a good job of it and I rode many a mile on this horse, which I named Barney.

He was good for hunting down other horses, as he would get on their tracks and follow them. One time, a big black horse of Dad's wasn't with the rest. I hunted everywhere and was just about to give up. As a last resort, I rode down to Dave Wiseman's abandoned place and started looking around. Suddenly, Barney whinnied and that told me there was a horse somewhere, but I couldn't see anything. Then as I rode past the old root cellar, I saw a big, freshly-made hole in the top. I got off Barney and looked in, to find the big black horse standing there. Apparently, he fell in as he walked over the top and was too big to get out the door. I went over to Harry Hodges' place and he gave me a hand chopping the door wider to get him out. The horse hadn't had anything to eat or drink for some time, so the first thing he did was get a drink. He drank too much, foundered, and was no good for work anymore.

Another time I was searching for the horses on foot, as my pony was gone too, and I had to take the ladies to a W. A. meeting at Williams'. I found them about three miles away. When I got them to within a mile from the house, I was getting pretty tired; one old fellow was sauntering along behind the others and I thought I'd hitch a ride. He let me catch him and I climbed on. Then the others started to run and he took off after them, with me hanging onto his mane. He had a very bony back and when I got home, my legs were so stiff that I had to sit down on the ground when I got off.

Another day, I went up to Anderson's on Barnéy. It was dark and a bad storm was coming up. I thought I would make it home, but I just got down to Three-way Creek when a brilliant flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder scared us both. He took off around the bends and through the mudholes with me hanging on for dear life, afraid he might fall. We made it home safely in no time!

Going up past Williams' place there was a pretty steep hill and Mum and I were driving up with the team and buggy. We were just about to the top, when a piece came out of the doubletrees, letting the buggy go back down the hill while the team went up. Poor Mum was scared stiff! The horses got to the top and calmly started feeding. I brought them back down the hill, hooked the buggy up again, and on we went to Anderson's.

MY FIRST MOOSE

by Kathleen Cundict

It was cranberry picking time, so I decided to get my pail and my pony called Polly, a little white horse, chunky and easy to mount. Something told me to take the 30-30 rifle along, too. I decided to go north up along the pines. There I found a small patch of cranberries and had just got nicely picking, when something came crashing through the bush. A big, six-point bull moose charged up and stood a couple of hundred yards away. I aimed at him, but had forgotten to put a shell in the chamber. He took off into the trees, so I thought he had gone and started picking again.

Pretty soon I heard him coming back. He was coming right at me this time, head down, tongue out, making a roaring noise. I jumped up and got the gun, which I had leaned against the tree after loading it. I aimed at him and pulled the trigger. He turned and left, so I thought I had missed. Deciding I had enough adventure for one day, I got on my pony and started for home. Then I saw him - he was down, but not quite dead yet. I cut his throat to bleed him and headed towards the house. The whole episode hadn't bothered me till then, but suddenly I began shaking like a leaf.

When I told Mum I needed some help, as I'd got a moose, she could hardly believe me, for I had only been gone a short time.

HEE — HAW

by Ernie Rear, Jr.

As is well known when homesteading, the coffers are usually very low; so, I got a job working on the road about a mile north of Mackay.

One Saturday evening, two neighbours, Ernie Cox and Bert Cundict, and myself decided to walk home for the weekend. The journey was sixteen miles or so - quite a hike after working a ten-hour day.

However, when we got to the Hattonford School, there was a Young People's meeting in progress, so we joined in until the meeting adjourned. By that time it was quite late and we resumed our homeward way. It was a dark night and very quiet - "a silence you almost could hear".

Bert and Ernie reached their respective homes and I was all alone. I was crossing an opening approaching a stile I had built over the fence. All at once, there was a loud "hee-haw, hee-haw" as I was about to mount the stile. It is said a person's cap will leave his head if he is badly frightened. Well, I feel sure my cap took off, but, believe me, I caught up to it as I went over the stile! At the time, I didn't know there were any mules in this part of the country, but I sure knew from then on.

THE THIRTY—FIVE (S)CENT SKUNK

taken from the August Staehle Story

One time after the Social Credit government was in power and no seed grain was available in the area, the government brought a load to Niton from Peace River. On the morning August was going to get his grain, he saw a skunk at his place; he thought he would shoot it and skin it. He shot it and the skunk did the same, so August left the skunk hanging in the tree. On his return, he skinned the animal and let the hide dry for a about week. Then one day Mr. Maichen was going to Niton, so August thought he would send the skunk hide to Edmonton to sell. However, when Mr. Maichen tried to send it by mail, Mrs. Robinson said that wasn't allowed - that it would have to go in a baggage car, which came Sunday afternoon. Mr. Maichen brought the package home and on the Sunday, August took it

back to Niton. The baggageman, upon realizing what was in the package, took it lightly with two fingers and tossed it as far into the corner as possible. The next time August picked up his mail, he received a payment of thirty-five cents for his trouble.

A TRAPPER AND HIS DOG

as told to Louise Cundict by Wolfgang Fallbacher

Often while trapping, Dad had a pack dog, mostly for companionship. One of his pack dogs was Smokey. He was a large friendly soul who was adept at sitting on chairs and shaking hands with everyone. One winter when Dad and Smokey were home for Christmas, Dad went to get the mail. Smokey must have decided that he had been left behind or thought that it was time to get back on the trap line. Anyway, he disappeared. Two days later, Dad decided that he must go back without Smokey. When making his twenty-four mile cross-country trip back to Five Mile Prairie, Dad usually stopped at Taylors. When Dad stopped on his way back this time, they related the following. Mr. Taylor had come into the house and asked his wife, "Has Wolf been here?" She replied, "No." "That's strange," replied Mr. Taylor, "I just saw Smokey going over the hill." When Dad arrived at Gardiners, Smokey was there waiting for him.

Another interesting experience Dad and Smokey had, was the time they came upon signs of a freshly-killed moose just after the second cabin. Dad decided to check this out. He crossed the creek, following where the moose had been dragged. In a grove of rather small spruce trees, he discovered it, partly covered with snow and moss. By this time the hair on Smokey's back was standing up and he was pressed as closely to Dad's leg as possible. Dad turned around and there was a grizzly bear calmly watching him. Having only an axe with him and deciding he couldn't climb a tree, he backed cautiously away. Thump, thump, the grizzly followed slowly. When he had increased the distance between him and the bear, he turned and walked briskly away. He could still hear the thump, thump behind him for quite awhile. After that they circled that particular area, deciding to let it be the grizzly's territory.

Shortly after this, when Dad was baiting a trap, Smokey suddenly started growling. Dad listened and thought that he heard sort of a running sound. As he

came over the ridge, he saw a wolf. Looking around, he realized that there were seven of them spread out. They had flanked him. However, once they caught his scent and realized it was a man, they were off in a flash.



TRAPPING BEAVER

as told to Louise Cundict by Wolfgang Fallbacher

Dad trapped many beaver throughout the years. This is one animal that we all have developed a respect for. They are certainly intelligent and interesting creatures. Dad was always careful about how many beaver he caught. As soon as he caught a small beaver in a trap, that trap was closed. One time he came upon a small beaver caught by the hind leg. It just sat there looking at him. Then it proceeded to rub its front paws together. Dad wondered how he could release it. He grabbed a stick and held it out to the beaver. The beaver started to gnaw on it. Dad opened the trap and the beaver was free. Not knowing this, it continued to wring its paws. Then Dad said, "Getting going, you're free!" The beaver gave Dad one last glance and dove into the water.

A few years ago, I thoroughly enjoyed Dad's battle with a particular beaver. Dad would set his trap in an ideal location and, in the morning, he would go to check it. Sometimes he would find his trap moved neatly aside; other mornings it would be covered or closed. He never did succeed in trapping that beaver! Somehow, I don't think his heart was really in it. After all, "She was a smart one."



WHAT'S COOKIN'

by Margaret McCallister

Once when the cook in one of the lumber camps took time off, the men drew straws to see who would do the cooking. Norman McCallister and Metro Zabriski won. Not having had any rice pudding yet that winter, they decided to make some. They measured out one cup of rice per man and, as Metro really liked raisins, he measured out a cup of these per man, as well. The rice and raisins started swelling as they began to cook. As the pots got fuller, they transferred the contents to other pots until there were none left. So Metro said, "Don't worry, Norm. I'll clean out the wash tub." When the men came in and asked what was for supper, the cooks replied, "Rice, and lots of it!" The men didn't think it too funny when they saw nothing but pots and pots of rice on the table. The boss still laughs about this episode.

THE BABYSITTER

taken from the David Bowerman Story

Two months after his daughter Kit was born, David Bowerman, who had been a bachelor for many long years, felt confident enough to babysit.

"Will you be alright?" asked his wife, Minnie.

"Of course dear, I'm just going to sit here and work

on the Co-op's books. If Kit wakes up I'll just rock the buggy a bit - like this. No problem, we'll be fine."

"I'll just be up the hill at Graces' ---".

"Yes, yes go on." He looked over the frames of his reading glasses and smiled confidently.

Kit allowed her mother just enough time to round the corner, away from view and out of earshot, before letting loose. David calmly put down his pen and began to rock the buggy. No good. He picked her up. She screamed louder. He went through his mental checklist. Was she hungry? No. Was she wet? No. Was there a pin sticking in her? No. He walked the floor assuring her she was alright. The howling grew louder and her face grew redder. Panic? There was no telephone. Minnie wouldn't be back for at least an hour. What could he do? He grabbed his coat and rushed to the door. The cold November air hit him. He dashed back to the bedroom and swathed the baby in a quilt.

Up at Cundicts' tea was interrupted by the sound of a baby crying. Hurrying to the window Grace and Minnie were in time to see David, his pace reduced to a jog, cresting the hill. The wailing seemed to be coming from the bundle of bedclothes he was carrying. In another minute he was in the kitchen, snow dripping from the trailing ends of the quilt.

"Something's terribly wrong," he gasped. "She won't stop and she's going all red."

"She'll smother in there," said Grace, taking the wailing bundle from him.

"I was afraid I'd drop her if I didn't have something to hang onto."

The wailing had stopped. "She was just lonely," said Minnie, rocking the baby as Grace shook and folded the quilt.

"But I'm her father!"

"Yes, yes dear, she'll realize that when she's older."

MR. WOLFE

taken from the David Bowerman Story

David Bowerman had always loved books. They had been faithful companions during many lonely prairie winters. His attempts at writing had all failed - almost. One rejected manuscript finally had an audience. It was a children's story and Kit loved to hear it. She was the best possible audience - enjoying true stories, personal

reminiscences, made-up stories and re-told classics. He was very surprised, and at times embarrassed, to discover that his young daughter didn't realize that all his stories weren't true.

The first shock came when he was walking with Kit in the woods behind his house. A stooped, bearded man, leaning heavily on a stick, was coming down the path towards them. He passed the time of day with his old friend and then called to Kit to leave the blueberries and come and say hello to Mr. Wolfe. Instead of coming, his daughter turned and ran as fast as she could. Later he tried to make his three-year-old understand that the Mr. Wolfe they'd met in the woods was a neighbour, and not the villain from her storybook. He wasn't entirely successful. I was always terrified of that man!

Homestead Visitors

by Kathleen Cundict

Since visitors were not all that common during the early days on the homestead, several stand out in my mind - even after all these years.

In our first years here, there was a bum or hobo who used to make his rounds about once a year. Mum took pity on him and put him up for the night. She was sorry afterwards, as he was lousy and she had to destroy the sheets. That was the end of that! From then on, he stayed in a little shack on the Strachan place until it burned down. It seemed that after that he quit coming to this area.

Allington and Elroy Beach came in late one night, all in. They had walked from Niton, and, as the roads were drifted, they had gotten off the trail going across the valley. When they saw the light on the hill, they were very grateful to spend the night. It was a trip of twenty-four miles from Niton to the baseline, where they lived.

Allington, who later became a Singer sewing machine salesman in Edmonton, was the first one to bring a car to Hattonford. He took us down to Harry Ford's for a ride in his Model T Ford. Everyone enjoyed the ride but me, as I became carsick. For a number of years, whenever I rode in a car, I would get sick. Eventually, I discovered I could overcome this if I sat in the front seat.

I also remember the first policeman I saw. He came to get Dad to go with him to pick up a man who had gone out of his mind. They brought the man back with them;

he was handcuffed and was preaching, as he thought he was the Lord. He lived north of Guignions somewhere and had a little team of horses he thought the world of and hated to leave. Dad promised to look after them until he came back, but he never did and they were sold.

Indian Visitors

taken from the David Bowerman Story

In the early 1950's the Blackfoot Indians were still travelling with horses and wagons. One of the wagons upset at the foot of Cundict's Hill almost in the Bowerman's front yard. David hurried home from the Co-op. Minnie was a nurse and he could see that she had things pretty well under control. Besides the driver, only women and children had been in the wagon. The children were very frightened, but other than a broken leg, the injuries were minor bruises and cuts. Minnie had applied bandages and was now working on a prescription of milk and cookies. Where was Kit? Under the bed. He coaxed her out to see the beautifully handmade cradleboards with their soft linings of moss, the intricately beaded and quilted headbands and tumplines; things which, in a few short years, would be seen only in museums.

Qualifications for Teaching

taken from the David Bowerman Story

During the Depression, the School Board's advertisement for a teacher, offering a teacherage and \$25.00 a month, brought a mail sack full of applications from all over the continent. The decision was very difficult - the credentials offered by some professors were truly astounding! Finally, a young lady was chosen because her first name was the same as the daughter of one of the board members.

(X!!-?? X)

by Margaret McCallister

One time, a little fellow just out of the British Navy came to this area. As he was game to try anything, he decided he would haul ties. He had a big load on the sleigh and four horses pulling it. Everything went fine until he got stuck on the Niton railway tracks. After several tries and a few words you wouldn't find in the dictionary, he jumped off the load and ran up and bit the horses' ears! He was quite surprised when he heard loud cheers and laughter behind him. When he turned around, he saw a railway worker. The poor fellow never lived that one down. All that was needed was little snow shovelled off the track.

PART VII
Picture Gallery





Ingvold and Julia Fjeld, June 1913.



Fred and Nora Majer, April 30, 1938.



Julia (Foster) and Don McDonnell, 1934.



Ed and Jean Strauss, Dec. 31, 1945.



John and Roberta (Hartley) Adams, March 4, 1946.



Martin and Doreen Bauman, Jan. 11, 1952.



Leonard and Grace Cundict, Dec. 13, 1947.



**Sadie and Alvin Hartley on their wedding with attendants
Fred and Nora Major, November 14, 1952.**



Jack and Nancy Clark, May 8, 1961.



Thomas and Susanne Ophus, June 14, 1969.



Lee and Gladys Davis, October 30, 1965.



George and Gloria Lawton, June 16, 1973.

WEDDINGS OF TWO GENERATIONS



Steve and Pearl Chalak, June 12, 1935.



Fred and Helen Smigelski, July 15, 1961.



Ted and Joyce Cundict, June 1937.



Brian and Louise Cundict, July 29, 1967.

WEDDINGS OF TWO GENERATIONS, CONTINUED...



Bill and Petra Wigley, July 15, 1943.



Dale and Diane Wigley, June 20, 1969.



John and Margaret Sim, Margaret Welby and Pete Setzer.
Dec. 5, 1947.



Bill and Marie Lawton, Oct. 8, 1966.

PIONEER HOMES



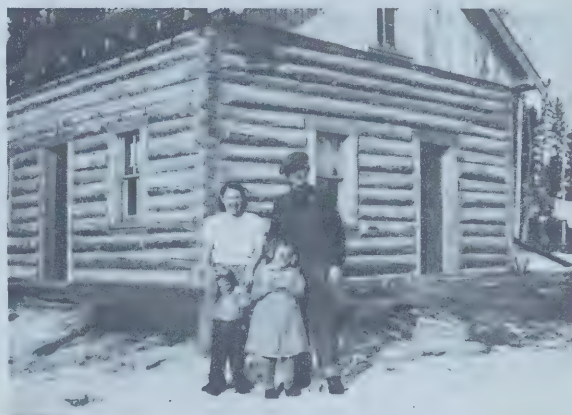
Putting up the walls



Starting the roof



Cumming's home.



Maichen's home.



Fred Cundict's first home.



Cox's home.

MORE PIONEER HOMES



Anderson's home.



Clapp's home.



Strudwick's home.



Paterson's home.

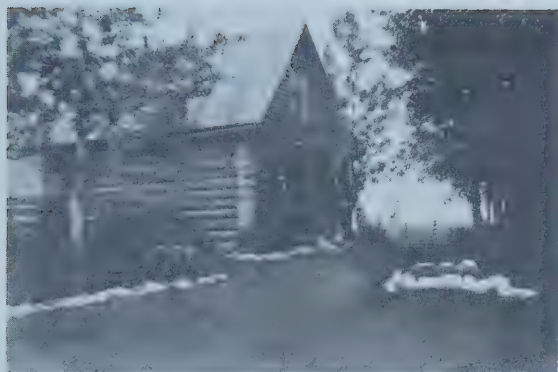


Christensen's home.



Beach's home

HOMES THEN AND NOW



Ross and Grace Woodring's home.



Grace Cundict's home.



Harry Ford's home.



Suzy and Tom Ophus home.



The Cundict home built in the 1920's.



Fred Priestley-Wright's home.

PICTURES OF THE PAST



Arthur and Renee Ford in their box sleigh.



Sleigh riding at the Ophus ranch.



Tom Ophus



Ellen and Nora Foster going off to skate.



Arthur and John Strudwick



Dorothy Cooper, Grace Cundict, Joan Woodring, and Frank Ford.



Picnic at Windfield School.



Isabel Cummings, Merry Larsen and John Paterson.



L. to R. John Hartley, Lena and John Brooks, Jim Brooks, Roberta Hartley and Lawrence Brooks.



Jim Brooks, Gladys Sterry, Mr. Sterry, Lena Brooks, John Brooks, Harold Wagner, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Sterry, Lawrence Brooks.



Taken at Windfield around 1933. Quite a little gang!



Ellen and George Bruner with sons, Kenny and Larry.



Ralph and Edna Williams



Hattonford and Windfield gang.



Stella and Helen Chalak



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Ayers



Jack Long, Reg Long, Bert Cundict, Ted Cundict and Frank Ford.



A summer camping trip to Shining Bank. Refer to Ernie Rear's Story.



Kathleen, Ted and Joyce Cundict with that special fish.



Bill Jillett, Joyce Cundict and Ernie Cox.



Lucille and Neil Shaw



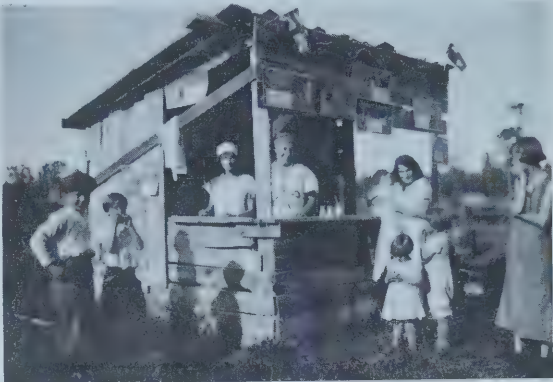
The Foster Family after seeing the King and Queen in 1939.



Mr. E. Rear, Joe Wagner, Ernie Rear, August Staehle, John Maichen.



Jim Brooks, Ed Strauss, Alvin Hartley and Lawrence Brooks.



Refreshment stand at the Hattonford Community Hall.



L. to R. John and Arthur Strudwick, Gladys (Sterry) Wagner, Jean (Wagner) Strauss, Harold and Melvin Wagner.



Church group at Hattonford.



Edna Tindall's Shower.



Joyce Cundict going to a masquerade in a Welsh costume.



Leonard and Grace Cundict with Joan on her graduation day



Masquerade: L. to R. at back - Erine Cox, Joyce Ford; Front: L. to R. - Kathleen Cundict and Frank Ford.



Jack and Peggy (Lawton) Tyler Wedding, August 20, 1955.



The car Dick and Brian fixed and drove. You had to turn the steering wheel right if you wanted it to go left, and vice-versa.



Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ford's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Only one held in Hattonford.



John and Edna Hartley, at their 50th Wedding Anniversary (April 16, 1969).



Betty Lou and Elsie Watson



Mr. and Mrs. E. Sterry



Suzy, Fred, Doris, and Peter Greiter



Beaver Meadow Schoolroom 1941



Mrs. Mabel Ford, Mrs. Minnie McDonald, and Frank Ford in front of the Co-op manager's residence.



Steve Marenchuk and his father, Peter, building fence.



Mabel Ford, Mrs. Williams, Granny Ford, Kay Woodring, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Strudwick, Mrs. Arnold, Ethel Ford.



Ted White and sisters Angeline and Gertrude skidding ties.



Alex and Toots Foster with their daughter Janet.

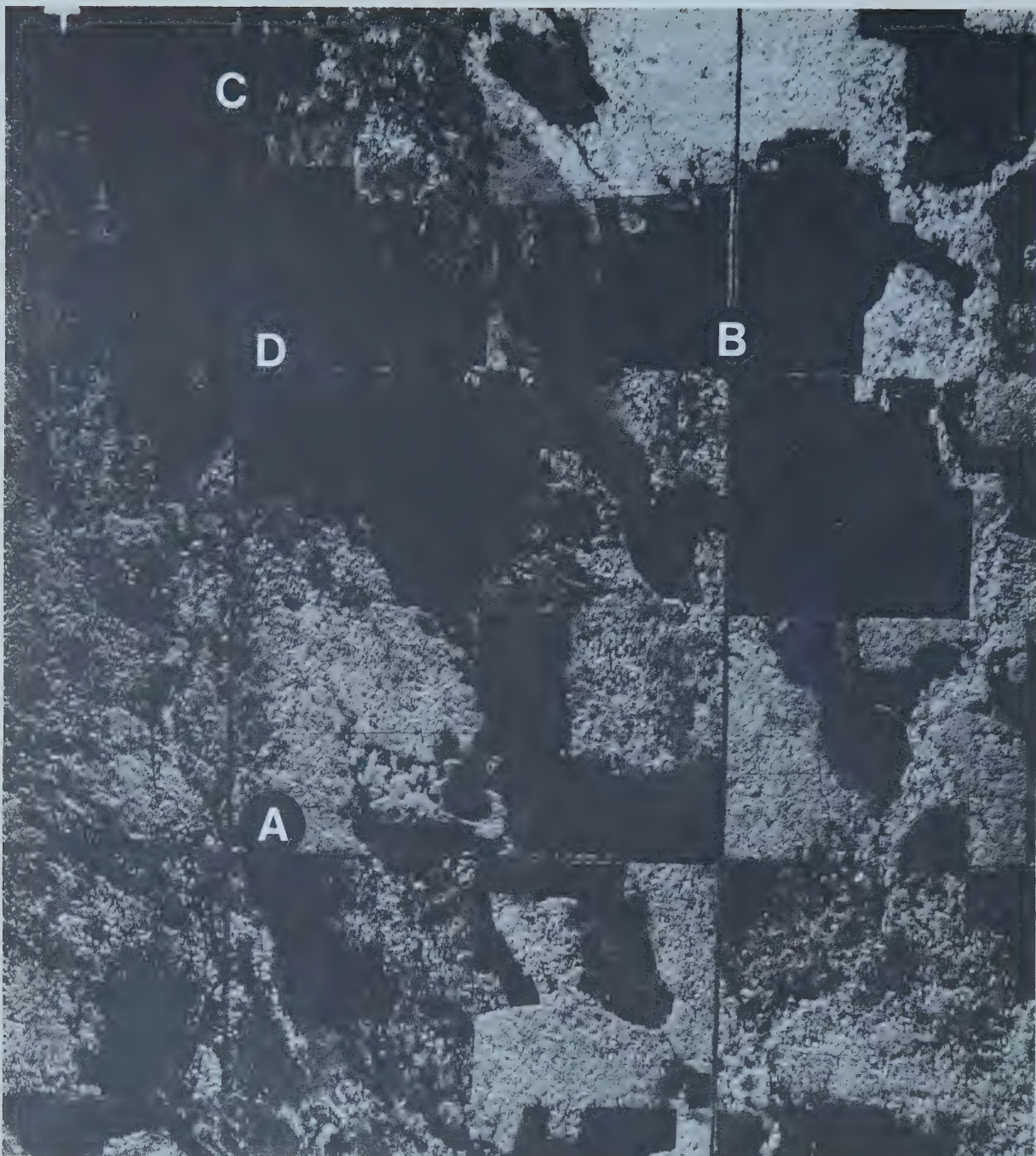
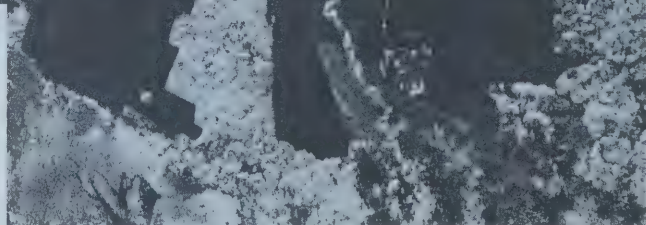


PHOTO # 1 1947

- A. Hattonford Post Office
- B. Anglican Church and Cemetery
- C. Hattonford Community Hall and Grounds
- D. Beaver Meadow School Site

Photo-Courtesy of Alberta Energy and Natural Resources



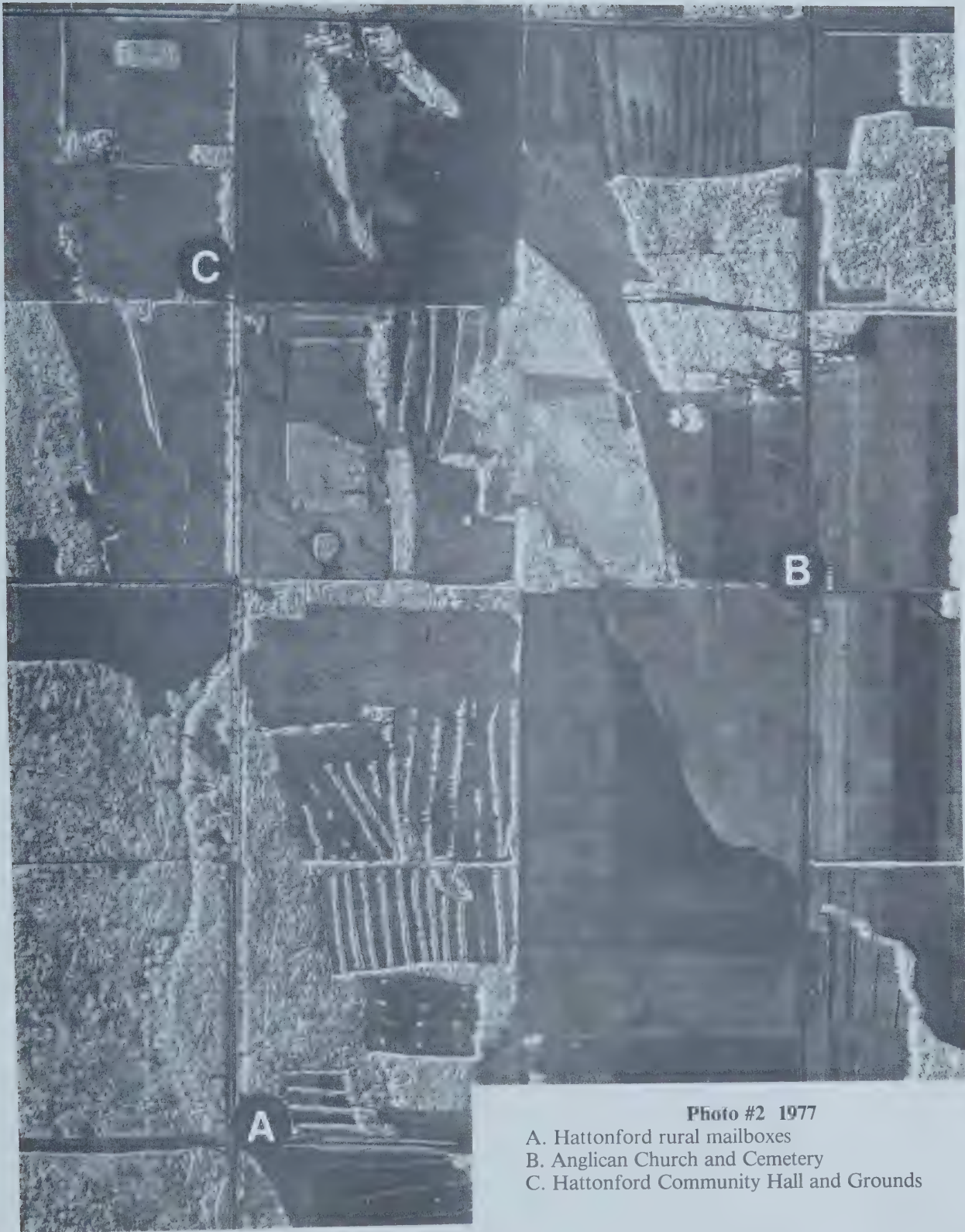


Photo #2 1977

- A. Hattonford rural mailboxes
- B. Anglican Church and Cemetery
- C. Hattonford Community Hall and Grounds

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